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THE Atlantic

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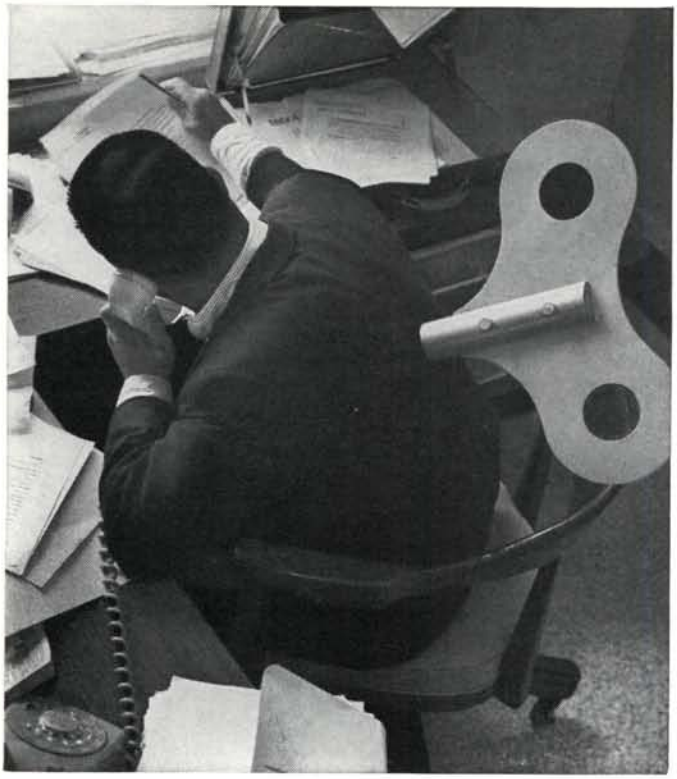

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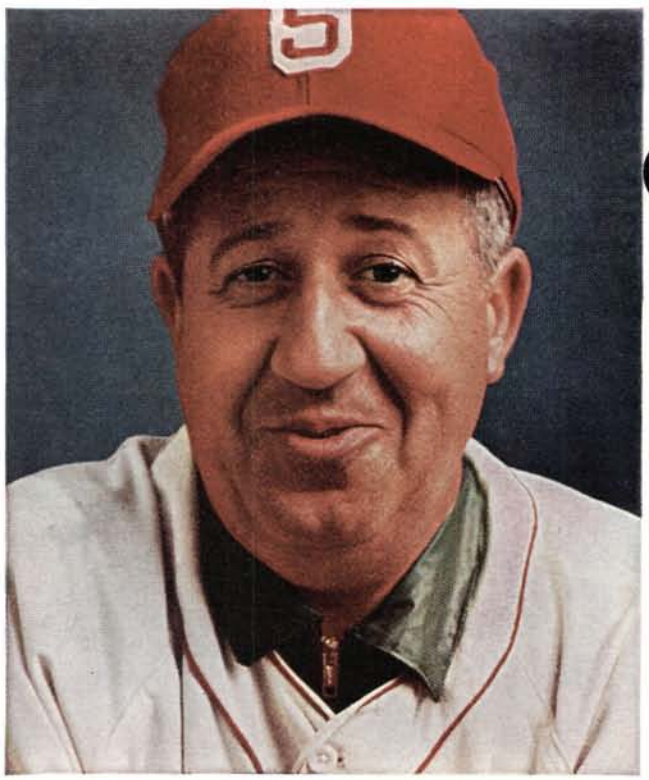

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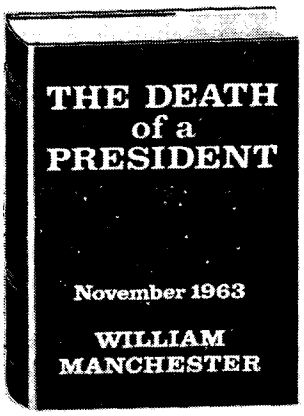

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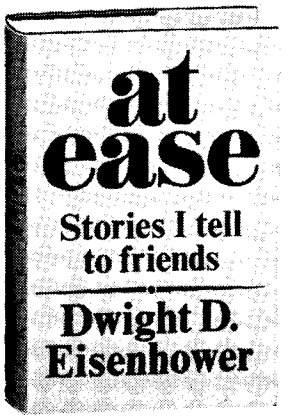

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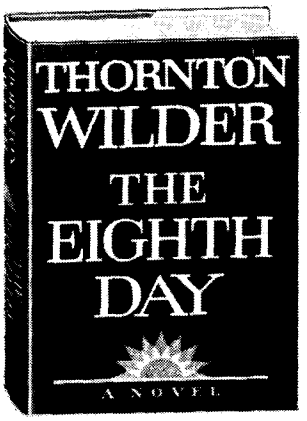

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THE Atlantic

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, September, 1967, Vol. 220, No. 3. Published monthly at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., 03302. Editorial and business offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., 02116. Second-class postage paid at Concord, N. H.
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reports

Washington

There was a convention of the central committee this summer, as usual. But it was largely a routine affair at which members dutifully applauded at all the proper times and dutifully endorsed all the decisions, which had been made in prior secret session by members of the party secretariat, the small, powerful inside group which really runs things.

Yet it would be inaccurate to state that there was no dissent at this year's central committee meeting. In fact, a small but vocal and insistent group of revisionists vainly attempted to persuade the committee to adopt a softer line in diplomatic negotiations with the enemy. Some of the sessions were rather stormy. But it is accurate to say that these so-called co-existence disciples were decisively defeated in their attempt . . .

Thus it was that at its national convention in Omaha this summer, the Young Republican National Federation openly defied, and in effect proclaimed, its independence from the Republican National Committee. They demonstrated once again that the Young Republicans in no way represent a majority of the nation's young Republican voters.

And they proved to anyone who has eyes to see that the spirit of Barry Goldwater Republicanism is not dead; it is only asleep, and it is going to wake up with a surprisingly loud, insistent, and demanding roar sometime in the months ahead.

Young Republican defiance

It has been a political rule of thumb that the Young Republican convention usually provides a clear indication of what will happen a year later when the Republican Party convenes to choose a presidential candidate. For example, the 1963 YR convention provided the first dramatic evidence of Goldwater's strength. In this regard, it is well to remember that the Young Republicans aren't all that young; the maximum age limit is thirty-six, and many of them are delegates to the National Convention.

The smoke signals that went up this year in Omaha are not so distinct. They are harder to read, but studied carefully, tell their own, interesting tale. The first, unmistakable fact is that the ultraconservatives who managed to gain control of the Republican Party four years ago are not about to surrender control of the party apparatus voluntarily to moderates and liberals.

The humiliating 1964 election results decreed that the conservatives give up their control of the Republican National Committee. Thus, Dean Burch was replaced by Ray Bliss, and subsequently Bliss's authority was reinforced by the good showing the GOP made in the off-year elections last November. But that authority still is restricted largely to the national level, and national committee power over its local and its affiliate organizations exists for the most part in name only. The events which occurred at Omaha demonstrate this important fact of life.

Since the national committee subsidizes the Young Republican National Federation to the tune of about $90,000 a year, Bliss concluded it should have a little something to say about YR activity. His principal demand was that the rules be changed so that the national committee chairman henceforth would appoint the YR executive director.

The Young Republicans turne him down cold. There was a hot session at headquarters with YR national chairman Tom Van Sickle, and as a result a compromise was reached: Van Sickle himself would sponsor a move at Omaha to give Bliss the right to "advise and consent" on the appointment. True to his word, Van Sickle sponsored the amendment, then presided over the convention session when it was disdainfully rejected. As a sop, the YR's did vote to allow two members of the national committee to sit ex officio on the YR executive committee.

The most interesting aspect of this defiant show, however, was not that the Young Republicans did it, but how they went about it. First the rules committee met and considered all the organizational changes Van Sickle recommended — and rejected them all. The committee's report then was presented to the full convention, which did the same thing. Throughout all of this Chairman Van Sickle maintained a Brer Rabbit pose; the convention rejected all of his recommended changes, but it was patently obvious

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that he had constructed the brier patch and had given detailed instructions as to how he was to be thrown into it.

There was immediate speculation that the national committee would take harsh disciplinary measures in retaliation. But so far this hasn't happened, and one young lady who was a delegate from Georgia was no doubt correct when she dismissed such a possibility, saying, "They won't do anything. There's an election coming up, and they need us more than we need them."

On-the-rocks conservatism

The Young Republicans claim to represent a nationwide membership of about a half million young political activists who can be counted on at election time to man the phones, lick the stamps, and address the envelopes.

Others dispute this. The Young Republicans, they say, really are mostly a social organization in which young men and women of similar political persuasion meet to drink and party. In addition, the orthodox, on-the-rocks conservatism of the YR's has caused more and more politically active young Republicans of more moderate philosophy to shun the organization and operate independently. Sam Jensen, a personable young Omaha lawyer who served as the news director of the 1967 convention, is not a member of the YR's. "I did the job as a favor for a friend because I used to be a newspaper reporter," he said. And, he added, his position is the rule, not the exception, in Nebraska.

Chairman Bliss fully realizes the limited appeal of the YR's. Already he is organizing independent youth activity at national committee headquarters, in an effort to interest young moderates who feel the party gives them no outlet for their energy. But Bliss needs a unified Republican Party to win in 1968 and does not believe that a frontal assault on the YR's would contribute to that unity.

"Unity" was, in fact, the prevailing theme at the Young Republicans convention. One heard it all week long: the YR's will support whomever the party nominates next year. The important thing is for the Republicans to *win* in 1968. It's the party that counts. We've all got

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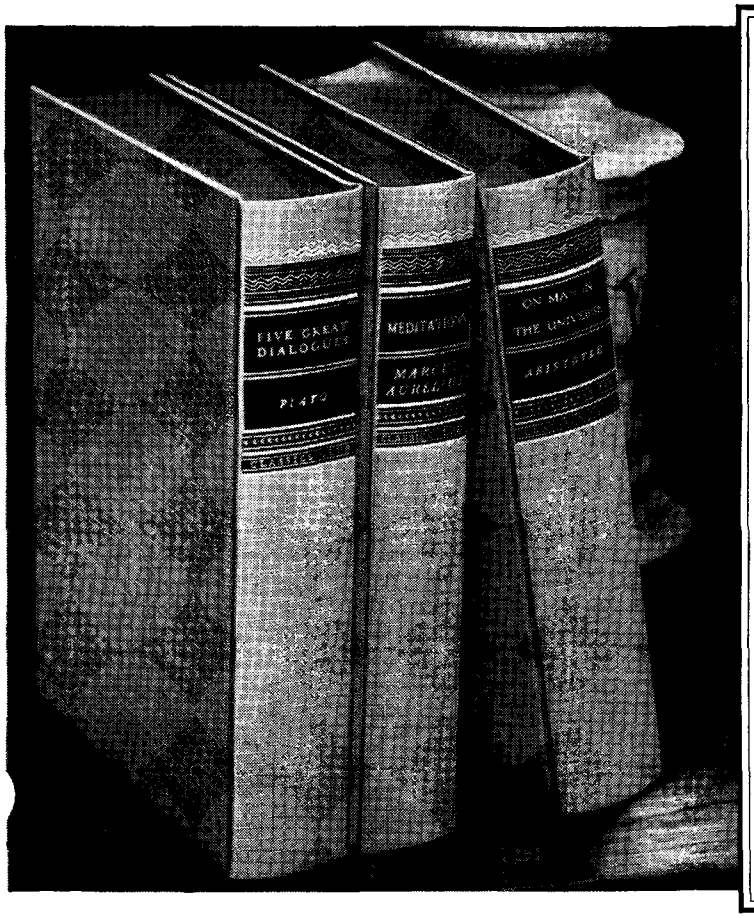

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Living Under the Sea: A report from General Dynamics

The public address speaker screams, "Dive, dive!" In the flickering light of a dank interior, sweaty bearded sailors tumble to battle stations. . . .

This Hollywood image of a submariner's life was, even during World War II, largely stereotype. It is a far cry from life in today's United States Navy nuclear submarines.

Even though about three-fourths of the ship's interior is taken up by machinery, weapons and stores, there's also room for up to 136 men to eat, sleep, relax, work efficiently and remain alert. The sailors who man these submarines on continuously submerged patrols for two months at a time lead a surprisingly comfortable life.

Here's a fairly typical day for nuclear submariner Bill Reilly, Electronic Technician Third-Class.

0700 hours. ET/3 Reilly is awakened by a shipmate. Along his bunk's 6'6" length—long, wide and deep enough for comfortable sleep—recessed fluorescent fixtures dispel the night. Another "day" has begun.

30,000 meals:

0715 hours. Reilly's baritone bounces around the private stall shower. He need not worry about quick sudsing and rinsing; nuclear submarines can distill an ample supply of fresh water.

0730 hours. Breakfast time. More than 30,000 individual meals will be served during the ship's extended patrol—prepared in a galley smaller than the kitchen of an average suburban home. The galley has been laid out to a careful time-space-motion plan. Provisions are stored for easy accessibility in planned sequence. Meat is pre-trimmed; chicken deboned to save precious space. Ice cream cones—by the thousands—are tucked into odd crannies.

0800 hours. Reilly's first four-hour watch begins. His job: monitoring a navigation computer.

All around him the ship stirs with action as crew members go about daily chores (just as Reilly will between his regular watches)—inspecting, cleaning, maintaining.

"Scrub, burn and filter":

Nuclear submarines do not need to surface to get air for their engines, but Reilly's still a deep breather. Carbon dioxide, exhaled by the crew at the rate of 110 cubic feet each hour, is removed by "scrubbers" before it can build into a dangerous concentration. Oxygen, manufactured by water electrolysis, is fed back to the ship's atmosphere. Over 300 potential contaminants are removed by filtration, electrostatic precipitation or catalytic burning.

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1200 hours. Lunch. On today's menu: chicken cacciatore.

Off-watch:

1250 hours. At the ship's laundromat, Reilly drops off his coveralls, made of lint-free polyester to eliminate one potential irritant from the atmosphere; he stops at the 2,000-volume library to pick up an electronics textbook he's studying for college credit.

1315 hours. Alarm signal! Reilly double-times to his duty station. This time it's a fire drill. It might have indicated a potential enemy's presence or a dozen other contingencies. Alarms are sounded at unscheduled times, day or night, throughout the patrol to keep the crew on its toes.

1415 hours. He routinely checks one of his alternate drill stations, then works off some lunch calories with a session on the exercise bicycle.

1600 hours. Reilly spends the next hour making some minor adjustments to one navigation computer that is temporarily "down." Each man on a nuclear submarine is responsible for the performance and maintenance of the equipment that he operates.

As he moves about the ship he continues to study its 110 miles of complex wiring, a requirement for many crew members so a fault can be quickly traced if necessary.

Versatile mess:

1700 hours. At one end of the mess, a checkers tournament is going on. At the other, Reilly—with one shipmate posing and two others kibitzing—is finishing off a watercolor.

The mess is the most versatile room on the submarine. At various times it becomes movie theater, gym, game room, lecture hall and music room. Two days from now, Sunday, it will become a chapel.

1800 hours. Dinner; lobster—a reminder that today is Friday. Last night the cooks surprised everyone with a Hawaiian luau. The night before, it was roast beef. Food on a submarine is a major morale factor for the crew.

Leftovers are inevitable. Garbage is compacted into a container, weighted, and blown into the sea, where it sinks to the bottom.

1900 hours. The mess has now become a movie theater—tonight Reilly and some of his shipmates enjoy a new James Bond picture, well before it's been released to the general public.

In the unseen world above the surface it is dusk. On extended submerged patrol, every effort is made to make life as comparable as possible to surface duty. The control room is "rigged for red," that is, switched to a dull red illumination; ordinary lights are dimmed to remind the crew that another day is passing into night.

Shhh!:

Despite 007's noisy battles—or later the sound of hi-fi music—nuclear submariners live in a quiet world. Sounds are muted by vinyl tile decks and acoustic tile overheads. Vibrations are minimized. Turbines, fans and other moving equipment are surrounded by special sound-deadening material.

2000 hours. Bill Reilly begins his second four-hour watch. Others, who are now off-watch, are relaxing, reading, getting ready to bunk down—and some are still sleeping before being awakened later.

2400 hours. Midnight. The ship is quiet. His watch over, Reilly bunks down, draws the curtains for privacy, turns on the overhead fluorescent and reads for a while. He yawns, adjusts the air vent at the head of his bunk, switches off the light. He is asleep.

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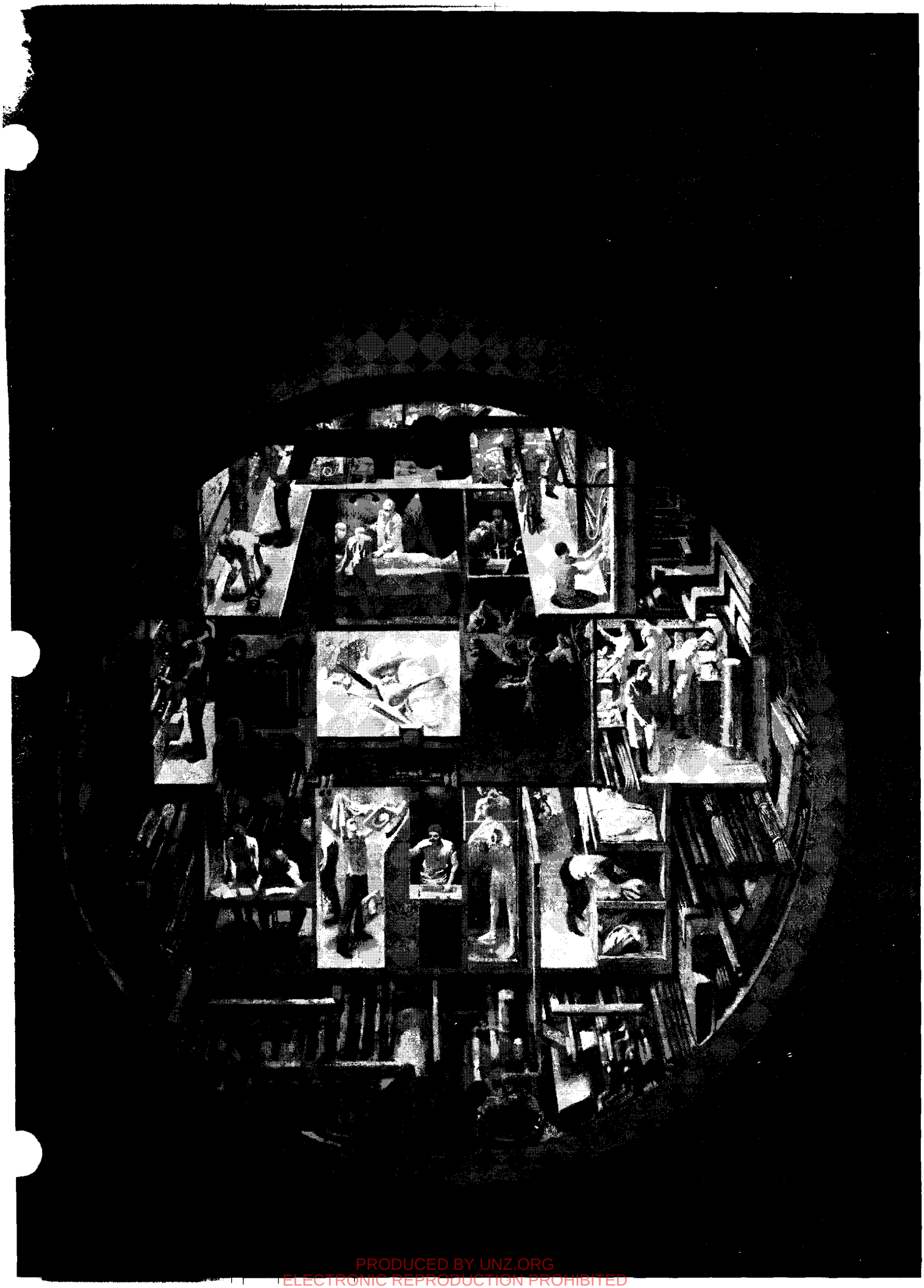

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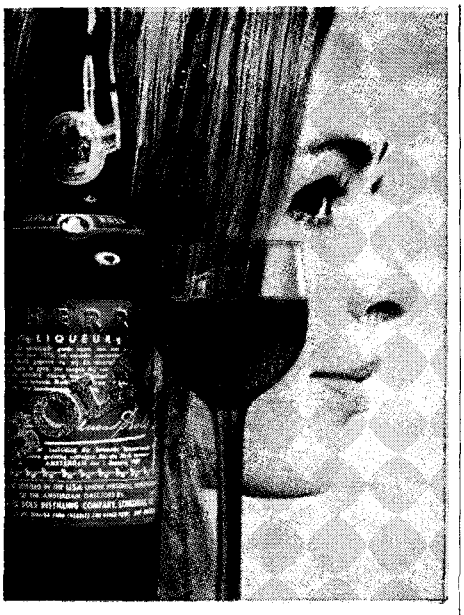

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Washington

to stick together this time. The enemy is Lyndon Johnson, not Nelson Rockefeller. But they suffer from that old failing of the man who protests too much. Unity, yes — but Nelson Rockefeller? It is almost impossible to believe that the YR's could find it in their hearts to unite behind such a man; after all, they were the people who led the jeering Rockefeller received at San Francisco in 1964. And to them, George Romney is even worse.

The fact is that the Young Republicans are trying to lie low, as most full-sized GOP conservatives are just now. They truly do want a winner more than anything, but their fancy — which rapidly is becoming firm conviction — is that the one Republican who can defeat Johnson next year is Ronald Reagan. Which stands as proof that people believe what they want to believe.

The syndicate

The Young Republicans are perhaps the best disciplined political organization in America. Their ruling secretariat is called "The Syndicate," and its control is absolute — so much so that many rank-and-file YR's take as much pride in their undeviating obedience to it as does the most fiercely dedicated young Chinese Red Guard to Mao. The Syndicate's candidate for national chairman this year was Jack McDonald, a conservative management consultant from Nashville. He was challenged by James Betts, a former All-American basketball player from Ohio, who was considered Bliss's handpicked candidate.

However, an even more interesting challenge was laid down by Ray Cooper, an ex-Democrat from Arkansas who now is on the statehouse staff of Governor Winthrop Rockefeller. Cooper is an old Jaycee, and in Omaha he campaigned that way, with pretty girls in white straw hats, plenty of posters and free drinks, and a hefty pep leader with a portable loudspeaker who worked hard to drum up enthusiasm for the candidate from the Razorback State. "Let's call the hawgs for good old Ray Cooper! *Soueeeeeee*, pig, *souee!*" The exhortation was sounded constantly in hotel lobby and convention hall.

Cooper threw a big free fried-chicken dinner, and Governor Rockefeller appeared before the convention briefly to endorse his man. ("All right, folks, let's call the hogs for the governor of the great state of Arkansas," the cheerleader suggested. But the result was only a halfhearted, polite response which may or may not be indicative of things to come next year.)

Despite all this outlay of energy, Cooper received exactly fourteen votes for chairman — those from his own state delegation. And afterward one delegate said of him, "He was foolish. He ran as if he were running for national Jaycee chairman. That's not the way we do things in the YR's. You don't buck the organization."

"Reagan, Reagan"

This year the Syndicate (which still is largely directed by Cliff White, the man who won the nomination for Goldwater) was anxious to display the flag of unity and to avoid giving the impression that the YR's had settled on their candidate for President before the Republican Party had a chance to do so. So they tried to walk on their tippy-toes in Omaha. The word was out: no special hoopla for any presidential candidate.

The rule could not be totally enforced, of course, so there were a few exceptions. The Michigan delegation wore white straw boaters with "Romney" bands. A young entrepreneur who set up a button table in the lobby featured "Reagan for President" buttons (25 cents), along with buttons which showed a drawing of a hydrogen bomb and, under it, the words "Drop It!" (50 cents). And the big California delegation tied a picture of Reagan to a cluster of balloons, floated it, and moored it with string to the state delegation aisle sign.

But all the careful planning by the Syndicate was undone by accident along about midweek of the convention. The string which moored the Reagan picture came undone, and the balloons carried the picture up slowly just over the main speaker's platform to the top of the auditorium. The effect was electrifying: except for the few moderate delegations from the East, the convention delegates jumped to their feet and began to cheer, then to chant, "Reagan, Reagan." "Up, up, and away," Chairman Van Sickle re-

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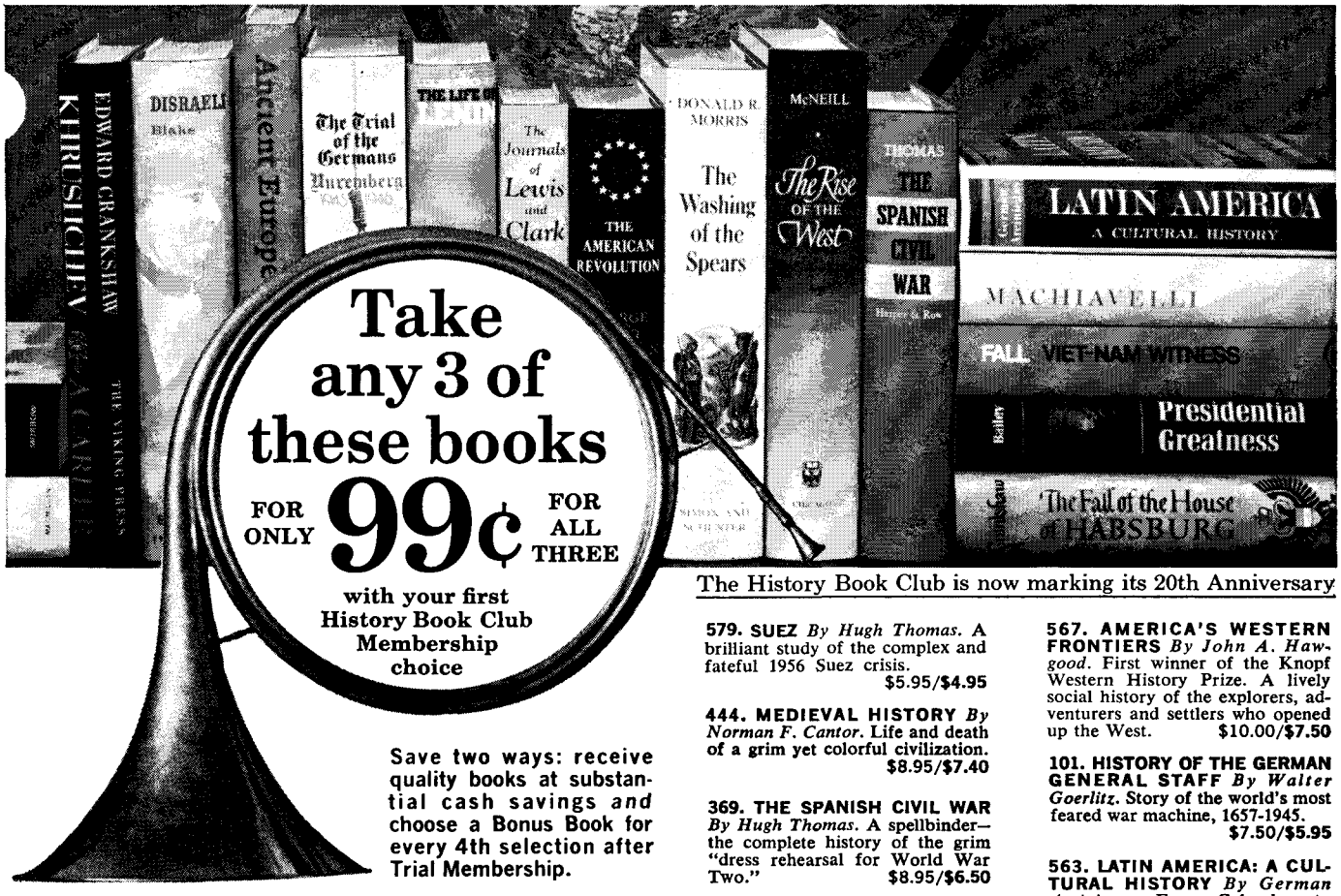

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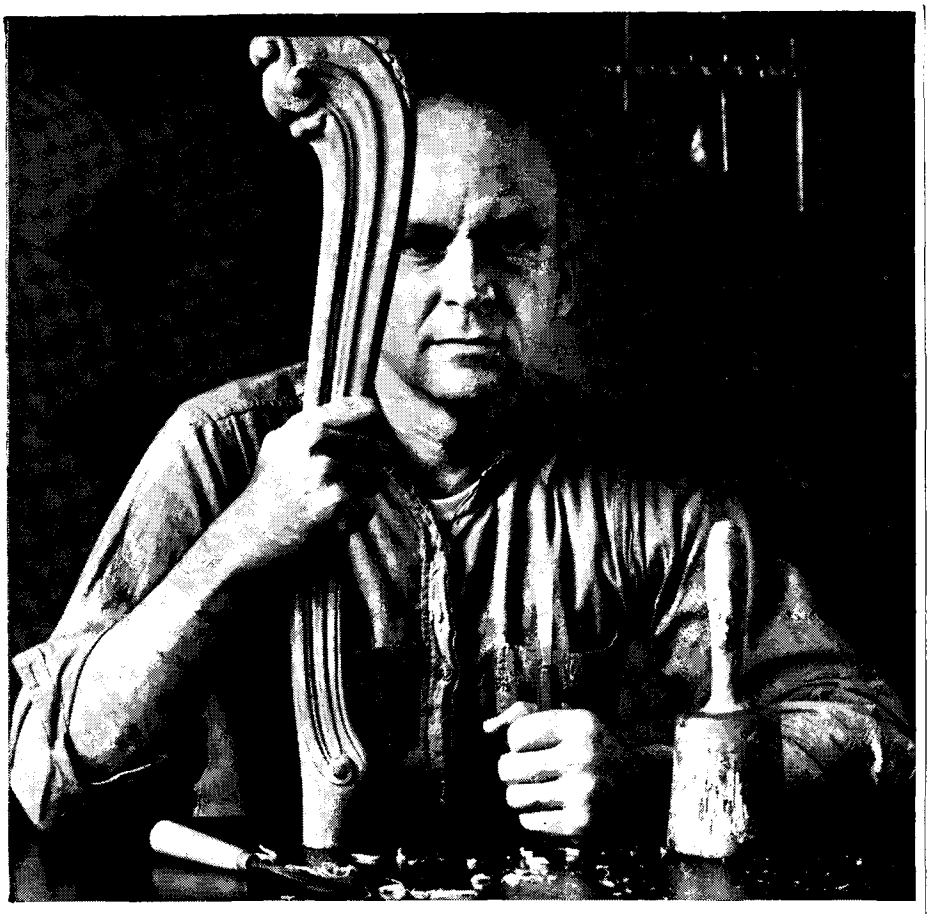

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Washington

marked over the microphone, and that drew another cheer.

After that there was no holding back. Groups of Reagan supporters began producing spirited cheering sessions whenever a television camera came into view. "Reagan for President" signs went up in all the hotel lobbies. And by the time the California governor flew into Omaha to address the closing night banquet, the YR's were ready for him. He was greeted wildly, the once and future hero at last recognized.

As for all that talk about unity, it just sort of stopped, and when Chairman Van Sickle tried to get the convention to approve a unanimous resolution in support of the policies and the programs of National Republican Chairman Bliss, the noes of those opposed nearly equaled the ayes of those in favor.

Devilment

One can accuse the Young Republicans of almost any political devilment and be accurate about it. They held their convention in Omaha in a deliberate attempt to discourage Eastern moderates from attending. They charged $45 a person just to sit in the gallery and watch the proceedings. They were arbitrary in everything they did. What was intriguing was the good-natured way they went about all this.

The makeup of the Republican Party is such that with careful advance work and planning, delegates representing a minority of the nation's Republican voters can nominate a candidate for President. The makeup of the Young Republicans is such that delegates representing a minority of young Republican voters have firm control over the National Federation. They are cheerfully but totally committed to their conservative beliefs, to such a degree that they really find it a waste of time to talk about it.

Time after time at Omaha, leaders of the few moderate delegations there rose to protest some pending action, only to be put down. When one such delegate tried to suggest that passage of a resolution urging repeal of the new Soviet-American consular treaty would, in effect, constitute a repudiation of practically every Republican member of

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MONA LISA by Leonardo da Vinci

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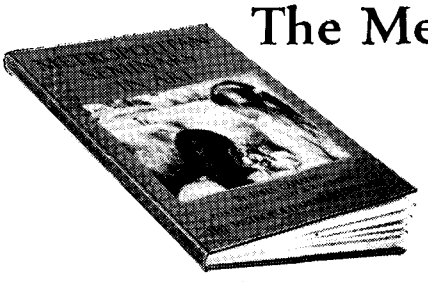

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the U.S. Senate, others shouted, "Oh, sit down. Let's vote." But after overwhelmingly passing the resolution, they were perfectly willing to get together with the moderates at the New York delegation's champagne party that night.

The lesson

Since about 70 percent of the delegates who will attend the 1968 Republican convention will be the same delegates who nominated Goldwater in 1964, perhaps there is an advance lesson to be learned from Omaha.

If the Young Republicans provide any clue to the future, it means that Republican conservatives are keeping quiet, biding their time, listening to all the talk, reading all the polls, but are just as cheerfully and completely committed. It means that, in the end, no rational argument by party moderates can reach them. And it means that Ronald Reagan of California is going to be the single most powerful figure at the convention. That may not get him nominated, but he will have a mighty lot to say about who is.

— Douglas Kiker

The War in Vietnam

Returning to Vietnam after an absence of several months, a correspondent whose experience in Vietnam covers the past twenty years dropped by the MAC-V information center to seek an updating on the current military scene. He was taken in hand by a lieutenant colonel who welcomed what he assumed to be a greenhorn with a richly embroidered and totally inaccurate account of Viet Cong reverses. Among his more exaggerated claims was the statement that with the exception of one major route all the main roads throughout the country were now secure.

"Do you mean I can drive from Saigon to Danang?" asked the correspondent.

"Why, certainly," the colonel replied.

"Now isn't that luck," said the correspondent, tongue in cheek. I've just hired a car, and I've always wanted to make that journey along the coast."

At this point, the briefing officer appreciated that he had overstepped the mark and qualified his statement with a reference to the need to check on local conditions from day to day. The correspondent went his way — which was not, needless to relate, through the Viet Cong domains on the coast road to Danang. The incident occurred this summer, but this sort of thing has been going on ever since the war began, sometimes because of ignorance, and sometimes because U.S. officials tend to equate facts with defeatism.

Kidding ourselves

The only truly significant advance in the war in the past year has been in the field of military intelligence. Yet to accept that intelligence as accurate comes close officially to admitting the inadmissible. At the time the MAC-V colonel was creating so cheerful and so positive a picture for the incoming correspondent, the same headquarters was wrestling with the problem of how to reveal that the combined strength of all enemy forces in-country was much closer to 392,000 than the figure of 292,000, which had been the official estimate since early in the year.

Since the problem posed political questions of credibility and also military questions of an even more disturbing nature, it was resolved, at least for the time being, by relegation to the appropriate pigeonhole. It was one matter to accept that Viet Cong armed strength jumped from 15,000 in 1961 to 45,000 in 1965. After all, this was the purely "advisory" period of the war. But to reveal that the immense American buildup had been accompanied by a complementary increase in enemy strength, including a jump of 100,000 during the year of heaviest fighting and heaviest Viet Cong casualties, was also to reveal a lack of real progress that very few would care to admit.

Thanks to the troop-carrying helicopter and the Viet Cong's present field deficiency in anti-aircraft defenses (by contrast, the anti-aircraft defenses in North Vietnam ar probably the heaviest any air for has ever been subjected to), pas estimates of the numerical superiority required to crush the insurgents in a revolutionary war of this sort are not applicable in Vietnam. Neither the ratio of 12 to 1, which the British thought necessary in Malaya, nor 64 to 1, which the French regarded as an appropriate superiority after their experiences in Indochina or Algeria, can be regarded as a realistic yardstick for this war. The Americans and the South Vietnamese not only have unprecedented mobility, they also have overwhelming fire support and other material advantages. No one has calculated, for instance, how many guerrillas equal a battalion of 105's, though such factors are obviously of importance in the equation.

When due allowance is made for these material advantages, however, it is readily apparent that there are not enough Allied troops on the ground. More specifically, the addition of roughly half a million Ameri cans, Koreans, and others has not succeeded in swinging the military balance against the Viet Cong and their North Vietnamese allies to anything like the extent Washington and Saigon expected.

The search-and-destroy operations with which General Westmoreland hoped to break up the main force enemy units of divisional and regimental size have been disruptive and richly rewarding in intelligence. But they have not succeeded in their primary purpose. The enemy is not abandoning his mobile and conventional war and falling back on purely guerrilla tactics, which, as Hanoi seems well aware, would be the beginning of the end. There have been some major Viet Cong reverses, notably in the secret base areas north and west of Saigon and in Binh Dinh Province in Central Vietnam, but in striking measure the late General Nguyen Chi Thanh, who was known to be in command of all Viet Cong and North Vietnamese troops in South Vietnam, offset thes setbacks by seizing the initiative in I Corps south of the Demilitarized Zone, and by posing a threat of substantial proportions in the region

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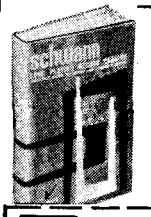

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of the central highlands in II Corps. His tactics were essentially diversionary, but they were successful. The effect has been to "fix" Westmoreland's main striking forces, thereby setting back his own plans for maintaining the initiative which he seized so brilliantly, if so briefly, in operation Junction City at the beginning of the year.

In turn, the loss of initiative has ended hopes for early and decisive improvement in the revolutionary development program. Pacification cannot be taken seriously at this time in I Corps. Elsewhere, revolutionary development cadres, government officials, and village headmen are increasingly the target for attack. No one can blame them for seeking refuge at night in military compounds, or in secure district capitals, but the result of this caution is simply to increase the sense of rural instability. Until there is security there can be no pacification. And the corollary to this is that without pacification there can be no settlement that does not open the way to an ultimate political victory by the National Liberation Front.

Hanoi's resources

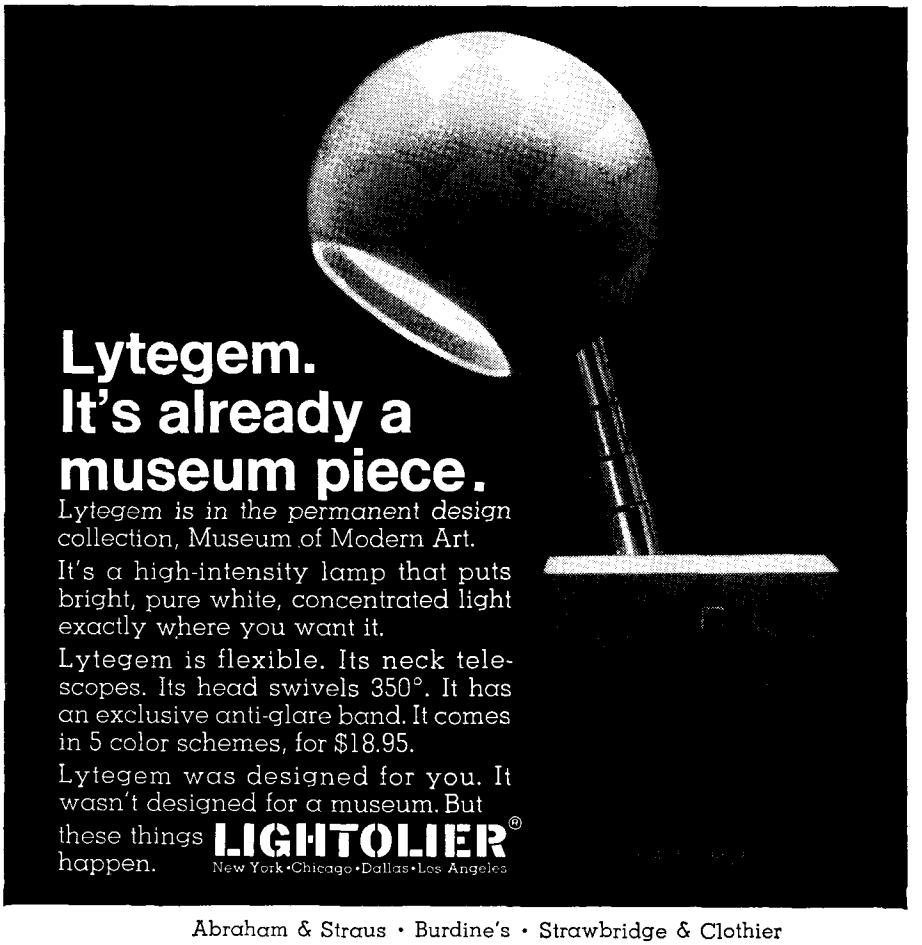
"Sure we hoped things would go much better, but, intellectually, I doubt that we ever believed they would," said a senior American official recently. This is true, perhaps, politically, but militarily there is no concealing the sense of surprise, and even shock, in the enemy's capacity to absorb American firepower and to keep on coming. Many Allied strategists analyzing the defeats inflicted by the U.S. Marines on the 324B Division of the North Vietnamese Army in the summer of 1966 concluded that Hanoi had no alternative but to abandon set-piece actions and to revert from mobile and semiconventional actions to guerrilla war. Every regiment in the 324B Division was cut to pieces in a series of actions which spread across the coastal plain south of the Demilitarized Zone into the valleys leading to a curious, pyramidlike formation known as the Rockpile and beyond into the jungle-covered mountains. Yet this year the 324B Division not only returned to the action in the same area but was accompanied by the 341st Division and the 325th and a whole range of new weapons, including field artillery and rocket launchers. The battles were bigger and bloodier than ever before, and on both sides casualties were heavier.

Multiplicity of wars

The figure of 1177 American dead in May, nearly one tenth of all those who have been killed since 1961, reflected the damage on the Allied side. Not all of these casualties were Marines, of course, though their losses were proportionately heavier than other units'. It is impossible to make an accurate assessment of the Northerners' losses, but, conservatively, they would run five or six times higher. For this outlay in blood, and in treasure, they captured no objectives of significance and added nothing to their territorial holdings. Next time — and no one doubts that there will be a next time — they may be expected to hit harder with bigger and more sophisticated weapons, including more effective anti-aircraft guns and artillery, and perhaps not to achieve more significant success in terms of territory won or positions captured.

What, then, is Hanoi's objective? It is, in fact, fighting not merely a multifronted war but also a sophisticated multiplicity of wars, each with an interlocking purpose and design. The main force efforts, launched here and elsewhere from the privileged sanctuaries beyond the borders of South Vietnam, have a threefold intent: to cause maximum American and Allied casualties; to "absorb" the expanding Allied forces in defensive operations, thereby preventing the concentration of forces needed to protect and to expand the pacified areas; and to permit intensified small-scale guerrilla actions against the pacification program in particular and the Allied rear and base areas in general.

Hanoi seeks for a cumulative effect rather than striking successes. One of the more closely guarded secrets of the war is the ratio of front-line U.S. soldiers to the total committed force. Without prejudice to this secret, it is obvious that if the Communist forces could maintain the momentum of their operations at anything approaching the April-May level, the casualty expectancy rates among the real American



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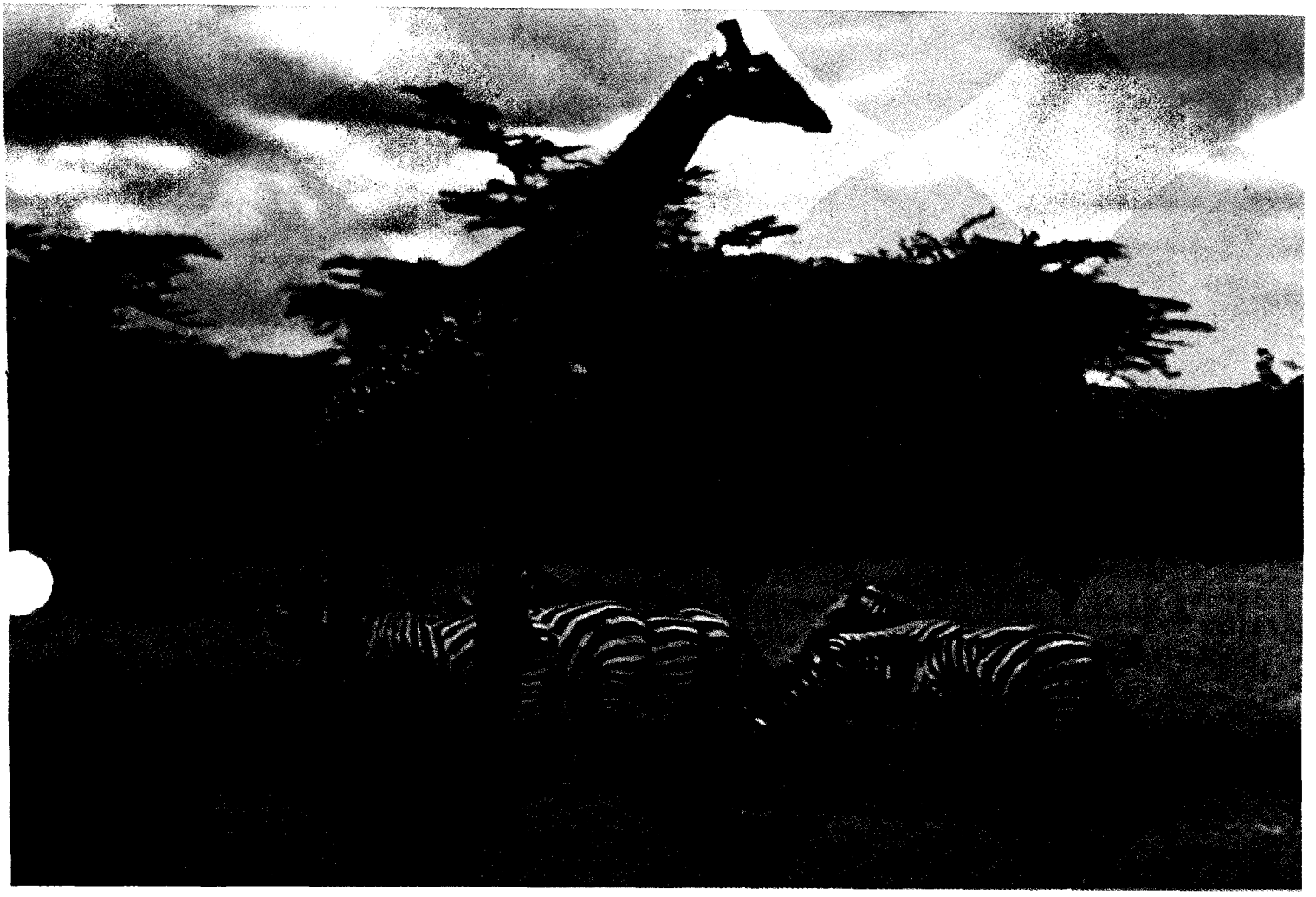

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front-line troops would far exceed those of the Korean War, or the cond World War. Time and gain in his important military manual, *People's War, People's Army*, General Vo Nguyen Giap, the North Vietnamese Defense Minister, emphasizes the point that a great victory like Dien Bien Phu is wonderful if the opportunity presents itself, but if it does not, a multiplicity of smaller actions can eventually have the cumulative effect of a Dien Bien Phu.

The erosion of manpower inherent in this type of operation is not confined to one side, of course. Everywhere, the cost to the regular units of the North Vietnamese Army has been high. But Hanoi is accustomed to, and expects, heavy casualties. Moreover, by the standards of the Indochina War, its casualties to this stage have been relatively light. Its trained and organized reserves in North Vietnam more than double its regular force commitment in South Vietnam; and Viet Cong recruitment in the rural areas, though suffering from competition th the Saigon government, is much ss critical than reports of the induction of fifteen-year-olds into the guerrillas and regular forces might seem to indicate.

The North's battlefield

Because of the nature of the terrain and the short haul for North Vietnamese reinforcement and resupply, the region immediately south of the Demilitarized Zone is likely to remain a major field of action. Unless Washington decides on a major escalation and approves the conting ncy plan to cut off Hanoi's forces in the zone itself by an amphibious landing, an act as tempting tactically as it might be disastrous strategically, there is no reason why the North Vietnamese should not continue indefinitely to "fix" a substantially larger American force here by the always promised and sometimes fulfilled threat of a major attack. Bombing and shelling harass, but they do not fully deter.

Although it is obviously easier to ploit, the DMZ front is simply one of several which the Northern command now has the capability to activate. The patient and laborious extension of the Ho Chi Minh

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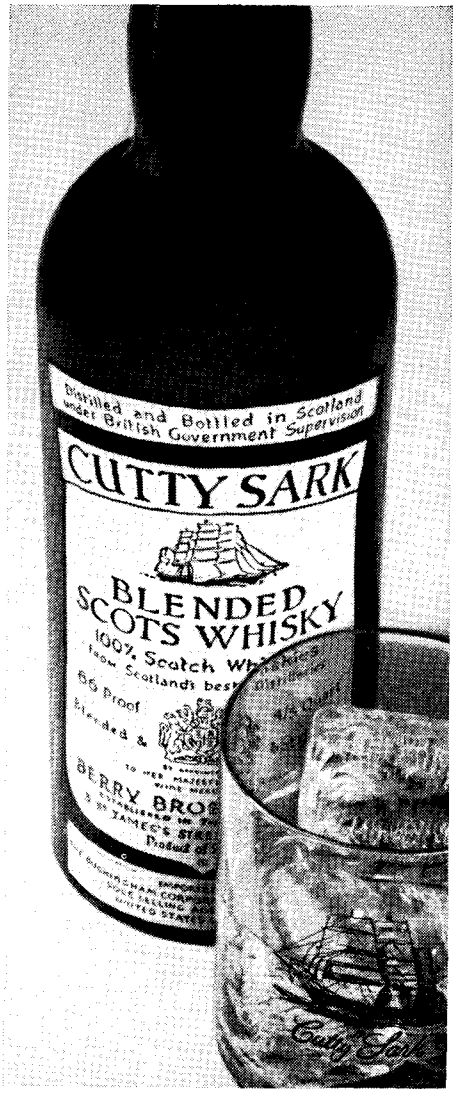

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To meet the threat from the DMZ in April and May, General Westmoreland had to strengthen his forces there by redeploying three brigades from II Corps to III Corps. Almost immediately a second threat began to develop on the High Plateau, which necessitated moving the 173rd Airborne from III Corps to plug the hole there. After their battering in Tay Ninh Province early in the year, the Northern troops, and the local main force Viet Cong, were in no shape to exploit this reduction in regional American strength; but equally, Westmoreland lacked the resources to continue his multi-divisional offensive here.

The simple answer to this stalemated situation might be to reinforce the American forces heavily, not by tens of thousands but by hundreds of thousands. Even Hanoi appears ready to believe that its tactics would not be proof against a force of a million Americans. Since any troop reinforcement appears likely to be modest, however, and the circumstances that have brought about this situation are not wholly military, other approaches are called for. As usual, though causes are not difficult to isolate, the effects sometimes seem almost beyond remedy. This was assuredly the case in Saigon until the last day of June, when Prime Minister Ky, under the strongest of pressure from the military Directory, abandoned his quest for the presidency and agreed to run for the vice presidency on the ticket led by the chief of state, General Nguyen Van Thieu.

The Ky factor

There have been few more important political developments in Vietnam in recent years. The combination of Ky's will to win and the fear that he might not had produced a reaction among his intimates and associates that threatened to destroy the legitimacy of the election on September 3 and to discredit both Vietnam and the United States. In particular, the use of politic[illegible] censorship and the activities of t[illegible] police were giving cause for th[illegible] gravest concern. Day after day newspapers appeared with large blank spaces in their political columns. Political censorship under Ky was worse even than it had been under the Diem regime.

In response to American pressure, Ky terminated political censorship in mid-July, but military censorship continued. Under General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the military security service has become one of the most effective, and also one of the most ruthless, organizations the country has ever known. Every major political group opposing Ky believed that Loan was rigging the election on his behalf — and worse. There were charges of assassination, which could not be proven, and of opium smuggling, which could be.

Brass knuckles and corruption

In a scandal involving the Vietnamese Embassy in Vientiane, Colonel Khu Duc Hung, the militar[illegible] attaché and a member of Loa[illegible] military security service, was dismissed from his post by the ambassador and sent back to Saigon. Countercharges by Loan that the ambassador himself was involved in the traffic led to the ambassador's recall but did obscure the facts, which were well known to the government and to all Western embassies in Vientiane. When Saigon proposed the appointment of a new ambassador who was known to be a member of Loan's military security service, Vientiane replied that the appointment would be unwelcome. It is impossible to estimate police profits from the opium and gold rackets and other extracurricular activities. A former cabinet minister gave as his informed opinion that the "secret" funds available to Ky's supporters from these and other sources ran to some three billion piasters, or more than $25 million. It is true, of course, that secret funds have always been a part of normal government operations. Beginning with the Die[illegible] era, all leaders have had access [illegible] handout funds for which no budgetary accounting was made. The important difference now was in the

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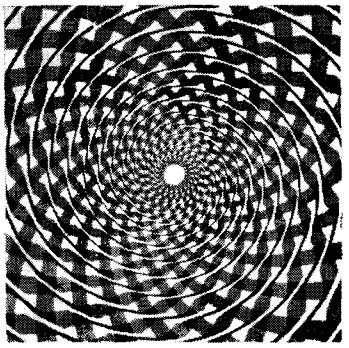

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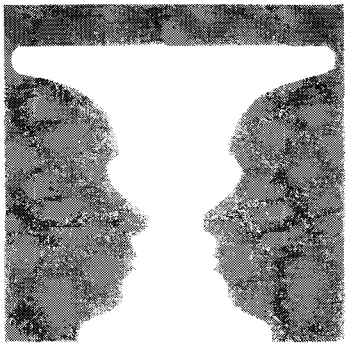

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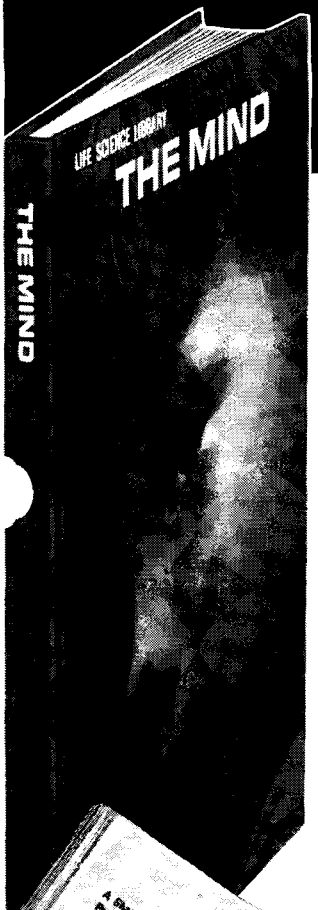

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And if nothing else, we've sympathized with him. At least our girls at the counters have. So much so, in fact, that an unwritten and slightly haphazard company policy has developed here at Hertz.

It sort of says, "Give the poor guy a break." If he doesn't have a place to sleep, help him find one. If he doesn't know his way around the area, give him a map and show him the way. If he's in a hurry, help him hurry.

What all this has resulted in is that our customers find traveling a little less miserable. Our girls find their jobs considerably more interesting. And we as a company find ourselves doing alright too.

Now it struck us that if our girls could give you all this help pretty much on their own, they could do a lot more if we gave them some tools to do it with. Which we have now done.

From now on when you come up to a Hertz counter in any large city, you can expect to get more than a set of keys.

If you're a stranger in any one of America's 28 largest cities, we'll give you the world's most complete guide on how to survive in that city. It not only tells you where to eat and sleep, it also tells you where to get a haircut, pawn your watch, and have a night on the town.

If you know where you're going, but don't know how to get there, we'll give you a special map of the area and diagram it to make it absolutely clear.

If you run out of money and you have a Hertz charge card, we'll give you $10 cash on your IOU, and tack it on to your rental.

If you know you're going to be late getting to your hotel, we'll call and tell them you're coming and to hold your room.

If it's raining and you left your raincoat home because the weatherman told you it was going to be sunny, we'll give you a raincoat.

If you're running to catch a plane, we won't make you stand in line behind people who aren't. Starting now—if you're charging your car—all you have to do is stuff your keys inside your rental envelope, write your mileage on the back, drop it on the counter and take off.

If you're going on vacation, we'll give you tour maps that describe the most interesting places to see and the most interesting things to do along the way.

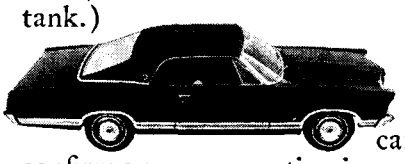
Now all this is not to say that we're overlooking the main reason we're in business. To give you a Ford or another good car with a minimum of nonsense.

We'll still let you pick up a regular sedan at any Hertz office and drop it off at any other Hertz office—in practically any major city in the United States—with no drop-off charge.

We'll still give you a choice of more different kinds of cars than any other rent a car company. (If you ever get bored renting plain four-door sedans, that's a nice thing to know.)

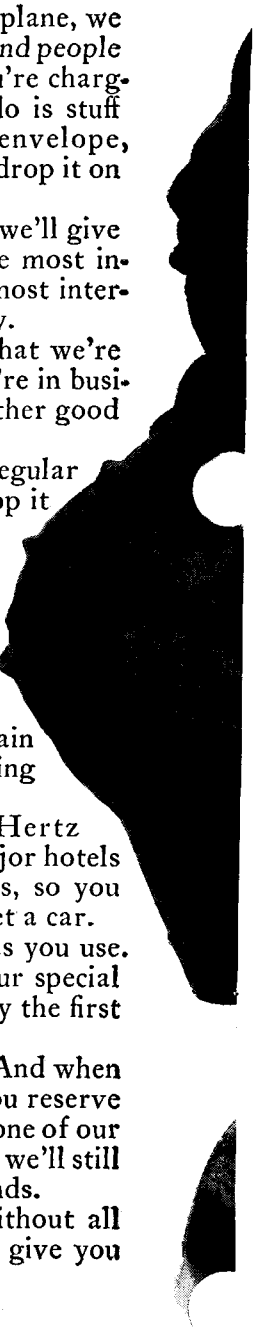
We'll still have our yellow Hertz phones in the lobbies of most major hotels and motels. They're direct lines, so you don't have to spend a dime to get a car.

We'll still pay for all the gas you use. (Unless you're getting one of our special rates, in which case we'll still buy the first tank.)



And when you reserve one of our cars, we'll still confirm your reservation in seconds.

After all, we know that without all these things, the extra help we give you wouldn't help.



Hertz

We can help a little.

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size of the fund and the purposes for which it was to be used. Loan and Ky's election campaign had become all but inseparable.

Beginning on May 10, national police and military security chiefs on the provincial level were summoned, Corps by Corps, to Saigon. Here they were briefed by Loan. "With me there is only black and white," he told each group. "I don't believe in shades of gray. Your mission in previous elections was to get people to the polls. This time you have a different mission. It is to ensure the election of the ticket by Nguyen Cao Ky." But the effect was to consolidate concern with Ky and his tactics on the part of Americans and the Vietnamese military. This led to Ky's last-minute withdrawal from the presidential race. It was hoped then that there was the prospect of an honest election.

Israel

Middle-aged soldiers with tommy guns over their shoulders and civilian briefcases under their arms; young men with the same weapon slung under one arm, a girlfriend, often in uniform, under the other. Israel: a gentle nation that knows it lives on the edge, and must be tough, and lives ready to transform itself on an hour's notice from civilian life to a rough but efficient military machine. The sense of a people acting as one because they had to. That was what was beautiful about the war. These things, and the skillful young Israeli pilots in their French Mirage jets, and the brilliance of Israeli tactics were what the people who said this was a surgically neat war, a good war, saw.

The terrible things

The terrible things were not so easy to see. I did not see Israeli jets napalm the Jordanian refugees as they fled along the road to the west bank of the Jordan. I did not see the refugee camps in Gaza when the bombs hit them. There were reasons for both attacks: there were thousands of soldiers fleeing on the Jordan road among the refugees, and the Palestine Liberation Army melted back into the refugee camps in Gaza. Yet napalm is no more selective in Israel than in Vietnam.

The pitiful, hideous face of the war that I saw was in Gaza, in the Sinai Peninsula, and in an Israeli war hospital, in each case a few days after the fighting had ended. The road south from Tel Aviv to Gaza City runs thirty-five miles through green farmland. The trees and green crops seem to defy the dry soil and the heat. Everywhere one sees the symbol of Israeli agriculture: fields spotted with sprinklers that send sheets of water out, each in a thin circular whirl. From afar the clusters of sprinklers look like fields of some exotic water flower, glinting transparent in the sun. Across the border of the Gaza Strip the land is still fertile but drier.

Gaza City teems with Israeli tanks dodging between the burnt-out carcasses of Arab and Israeli vehicles. As one drives south from Gaza City along a palm-tree-lined road, the country becomes sandier and less fertile. The road is studded every hundred yards or less with burnt-out trucks, tanks, half-tracks, jeeps, and civilian cars. One learns to recognize what hit them. When they are flipped eerily on their sides, partly burnt but often partly unscathed, it was a mine. When the tanks are charred but undeformed except for one neat hole, it was usually a high-velocity shell from another tank that turned the inside into an inferno with its heat. When a new Mercedes-Benz looks normal on one side but has been turned into scrap metal on the other, it is because the far side was run over by a tank. When all that remains of a heavy truck is unrecognizably twisted metal and the supporting frame, it was usually a rocket or bomb from a plane.

At checkpoints Israeli soldiers stand guard. Walking past them or sitting in the shade of palms are robed figures with camels and mules loaded with sacks. Shawl-wrapped women, gaunt and hollow-cheeked, thread their way past the twisted metal forms carrying straw baskets. White flags still flutter from crevices of adobe walls. Sometimes the tall palms have been cut through as clean as if with a buzz saw by tank shells. Along the edges of the road walk teams of Israeli soldiers with long white metal canes, tapping like blind men in lines three or four abreast as they search for mines. The roadside flutters with thin lines of white tape with which they demarcate the areas they have searched and the areas they have not. Dozens of tiny "old-man" wizened children line the road. They wave and clap their hands at the passing vehicles, chanting "cigarette, cigarette, cigarette, cigarette."

War landscape

There is a whole absurd landscape to this war: shell cases shining copper against the green cactus and mud-color sand; empty cans, crushed signposts, green pop bottles, cardboard food and ammunition cartons, steel anti-tank X's with a third steel girder bracing them firmly into the ground. "They're never going to clean this place up," a young Brazilian correspondent said dryly. "They're going to leave it as a tourist attraction."

There are stretches when the dry fields seem to be planted with dead men. Even when you cannot see them because they lie hidden behind the bushes of red and yellow semi-desert flowers, the smell of death, always nauseatingly sweet and indescribable, remains.

Outside El Arish, the southernmost city of Gaza, we drove down to the cluster of houses where the Yugoslav UN mission had lived. We were a convoy of five cars carrying sixty liters of water and forty liters of gasoline apiece for the drive across the Sinai Desert. This beautiful ocean beach was the last pleasant thing we would see until we reached the Suez Canal. The houses were empty and had been ransacked. Three fishing boats with Arabic inscriptions on the prow lay with their nets on the beach, one filling with sand and being washed over by the waves. Submachine guns and Enfield 303's were stacked against a tree while we ate sardines,

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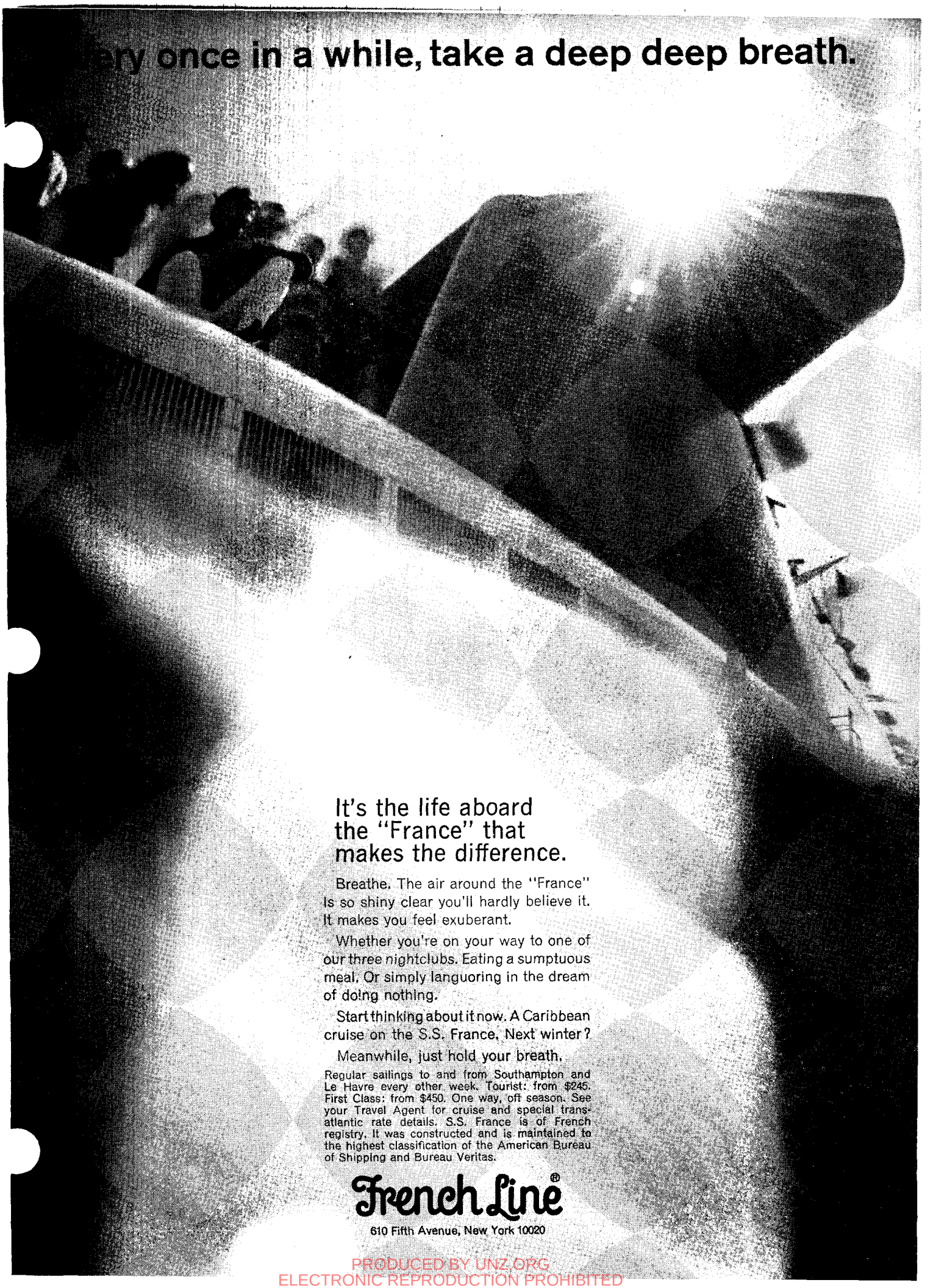

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fruit, olives, tuna, and watched the waves splashing toward us.

We drove through El Arish — winding arid streets between more adobe walls — and out into the real desert. Then we were back in a new war landscape.

Egyptian flight

The Israelis and Egyptians had fiercely contested El Arish. First the Israelis took it; then the Egyptians staged a counterattack. When that had been overcome, the Egyptian flight to the canal with the Israeli armor behind them, and then passing them, began. The first sign of the flight was boots — black military boots — and shoes. They lay singly and in pairs, hundreds and hundreds, stretched along the road in the sand. The Egyptian peasants had taken them off because they could run faster — and because the boots marked them as soldiers. Then there were pieces of uniforms, khaki shirts and pants, often better made than the Israeli makeshift outfits. Then a detail of three Arab prisoners and three Israeli guards burying a dead Egyptian soldier. It took two of them working with a pick and shovel four minutes to scrape a shallow pit in the sand. Then they picked him up by the arms and a leg and threw him in, filling the sand in rapidly on top. An Israeli soldier put an Egyptian helmet on top of the mound.

A few miles later, without warning, we came upon an Egyptian soldier, his head and arms wrapped in bloody cloth, blinded. He stood swaying by the roadside, holding out a stick with a blood-smeared white flag on it.

Out in the desert again we found a man lying in the sand covered with a blanket. A bullet had made his legs useless. When he removed the cloth to show us the wounds, they were swarming with bugs. He said he was a civilian, and held out his papers. The Israeli captain guiding the convoy gave him two bottles of water and crackers. Seven news photographers cursing each other for throwing shadows made the captain repeat the act of handing the man water twice. Then we left him. The next day he was gone.

Sixty miles south of El Arish there were suddenly waves of bodies beside the road. Some lay sprawled as though running or sleeping. Others lay on their backs, rigid, seeming to tilt their sun-blackened faces upward toward the sky. Walking single file were six Egyptian soldiers, the first of hundreds trudging along the road to Cantara on the Suez Canal. They stood waving their hands high in the air while the Israeli soldiers accompanying the convoy searched them. One had a Russian rifle down the pant leg of his civilian clothes, a cartridge in the chamber. Several had superficial wounds. All were burnt by the sun, and their feet were beginning to become bloody and raw.

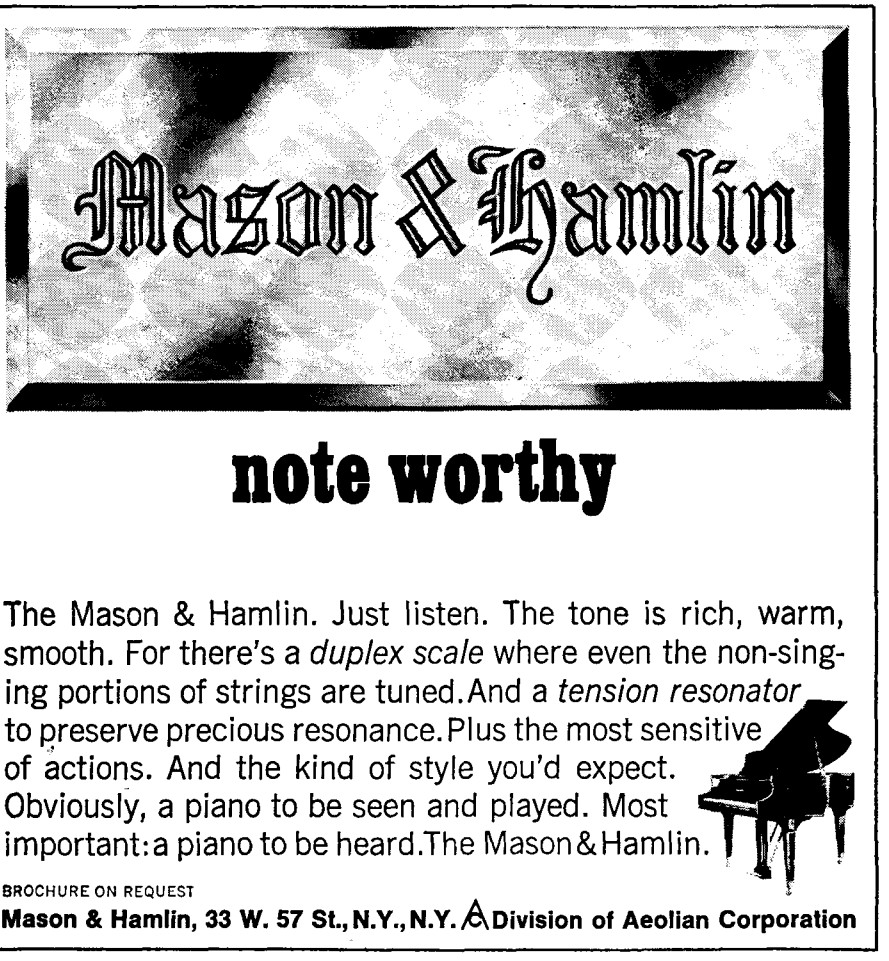
The refugees

From there on we saw Arab soldiers constantly as the convoy sped by; barefoot, in groups of ten or fifteen or singly, walking between the bodies of their dead parallel to the tar road and the line of telephone poles. Some waved and smiled horrible frightened smiles as we sped by. Others flapped their white surrender cloths and chanted "Long Live Israel."

I began to keep a tally: fourteen coming in off the sand dunes toward the road, their hands in the air; twenty-five walking together, two of them pushing a wounded man on a wagon. Some were old men who could not easily have been soldiers, although the Israelis claimed that they were almost all soldiers who had put on civilian clothes. But then, where were the populations of the tiny clusters of buildings near the road every fifty or sixty miles?

By evening we had passed over one hundred and thirty refugees on the road. Yet this was more than a week after their units had been defeated, and there were others I could not count and could barely see, too afraid still to come to the road, traveling through the dunes a few hundred yards away and parallel to the road.

Outside Cantara, the Egyptian town on the canal where the Israelis had stopped, the Israelis were gathering the refugees together as they came in from the desert. They had seated them in lines close together, the ranks forming a large irregular circle, on the sand. As refugees came in with their hands up, they were searched, deprived of belts, knives, and sometimes books or mementos. They were given crackers and water, and in cases of great immediate need, medical aid. Over five thousand



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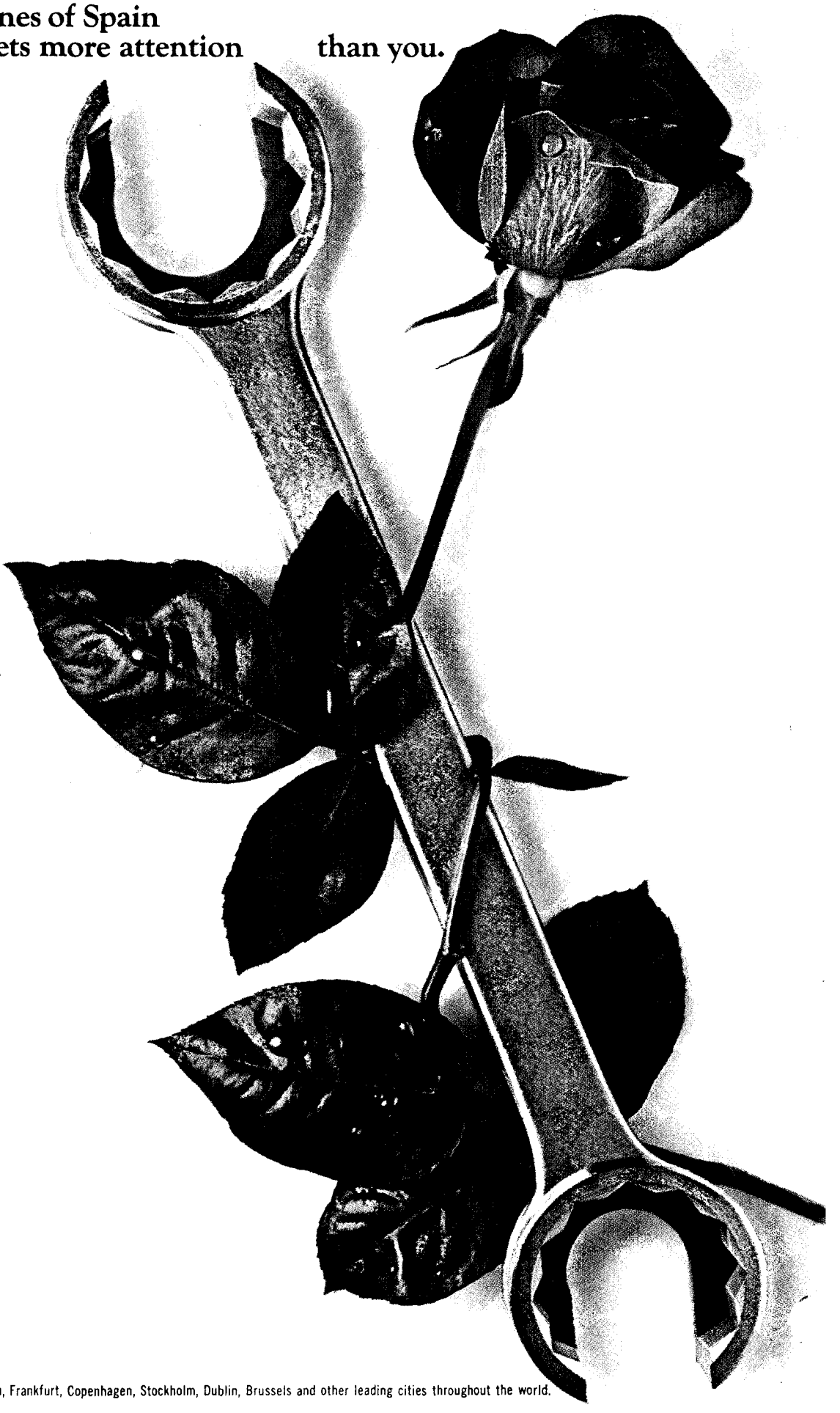

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refugees had passed through the camp already. From there they went to the canal, where Egyptian launches carried them to the western bank. The day before I came, a thousand had passed through; today there were four hundred and fifty.

In Cantara as elsewhere, the Israelis seemed humane captors. The refugees were not physically mistreated. The only shouting was being done by an Egyptian prisoner in a black leather coat appointed to keep the others in order. He moved up and down before the seated prisoners shouting menacingly, and occasionally swishing the air above them with a long stick.

The next day I watched the prisoners for several hours. By 8 A.M. the desert sun was uncomfortable even in the shade of the trucks. The prisoners sat without shade, in the same circle where they had sat all night. "We capture them, and then they make us work like beasts to provide food and water," a Tunisian Jew sitting in the shade of a half-track said softly. "Do you know what it would have been like if they had won?" He drew his finger across his throat swiftly from ear to ear.

Blood and flies

And yet I could not help feeling sick at the suffering of these silent Egyptian peasants. They had been given uniforms and the most modern weapons and sent forward, told to prepare for a holy war against Israel. One old man who arrived carrying an earthen jug filled with brackish water had walked six days across the desert from El Arish. Afraid of the Israelis, he had hidden in the dunes during the day. At night he had come down to scavenge for food or water in the abandoned vehicles along the road. Like others he had drunk mostly water from the radiators of wrecked cars — brown and dirty water. His face had cracked into wide open wounds under the sun. His feet, wrapped in blood-stained cloth, buzzed with flies as he stood waiting to be interrogated. The others were pitifully like him. Their stomachs were weak from the bad water they had drunk, but often their feet were too burnt to allow them to walk off a few hundred feet to relieve themselves.

Four or five had become too weak

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You can believe most things your best friend tells you. But when he starts rhapsodizing about J&B—don't take his word for it.

Take a sip of J&B instead.

You'll find the flavor is unique. Beyond all words. Beyond the scotch you used to think was great.

Now that you've discovered J&B's rare good taste, be careful. Don't you fall into that same trap.

Don't start trying to describe it, analyze it, explain it. Forget all the adjectives and just tell others to try J&B for themselves.

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The unique flavor of J&B Rare Scotch

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and feverish to do more than lie in the sand, heads on their hands or on another's legs, eyes half open, letting the flies cover them and their wounds without moving. The Egyptian water boys would lift their heads and give them water.

Then it seemed to me that those who speak of the war as a just, good, beautifully executed operation would do well to specify what they mean. The spirit of Israel and of the Israeli Army was indeed an extraordinarily moving thing. But the destruction and suffering that beautiful spirit wrought were then doubly terrible. The Israelis had not strained themselves immediately after the battle to stop the desert from taking its toll on the remnants of the Egyptian Army. Nonetheless, they had acted with remarkably little hatred and with a measure of magnanimity toward the refugees. Instead of keeping them hostage against a peace treaty, or even against the return of their own few pilots in Egyptian hands, or against negotiations, they had helped ten thousand cross the canal. And yet what the desert and the war did to those Egyptians — most of them simple people with little more malice than the Israelis — was terrible.

Victory in Jerusalem

The war was over. I stayed on to watch Israel return to peace. Israelis are almost as remarkable a people at peace as they are at war. The Israeli part of Jerusalem in the days after the war ended fluttered solidly with more Israeli flags than one could imagine the Israelis had cloth and capacity to produce. On every street, every apartment — often every window — showed a flag, white with two horizontal blue stripes and a blue Star of David between them. The taped, crosshatched windows and the sandbags blocking windows and doors were still everywhere, though in some places fast-growing ivy had begun to creep over the sandbags, giving them a look of antiquity and peaceful permanence.

The streets swarmed with soldiers, all of whom still carried their weapons. In restaurants they would pile the submachine guns on one chair. A student discotheque called Puss-Puss was filled with soldiers and those just demobilized. A bartender still in uniform served drinks. It was

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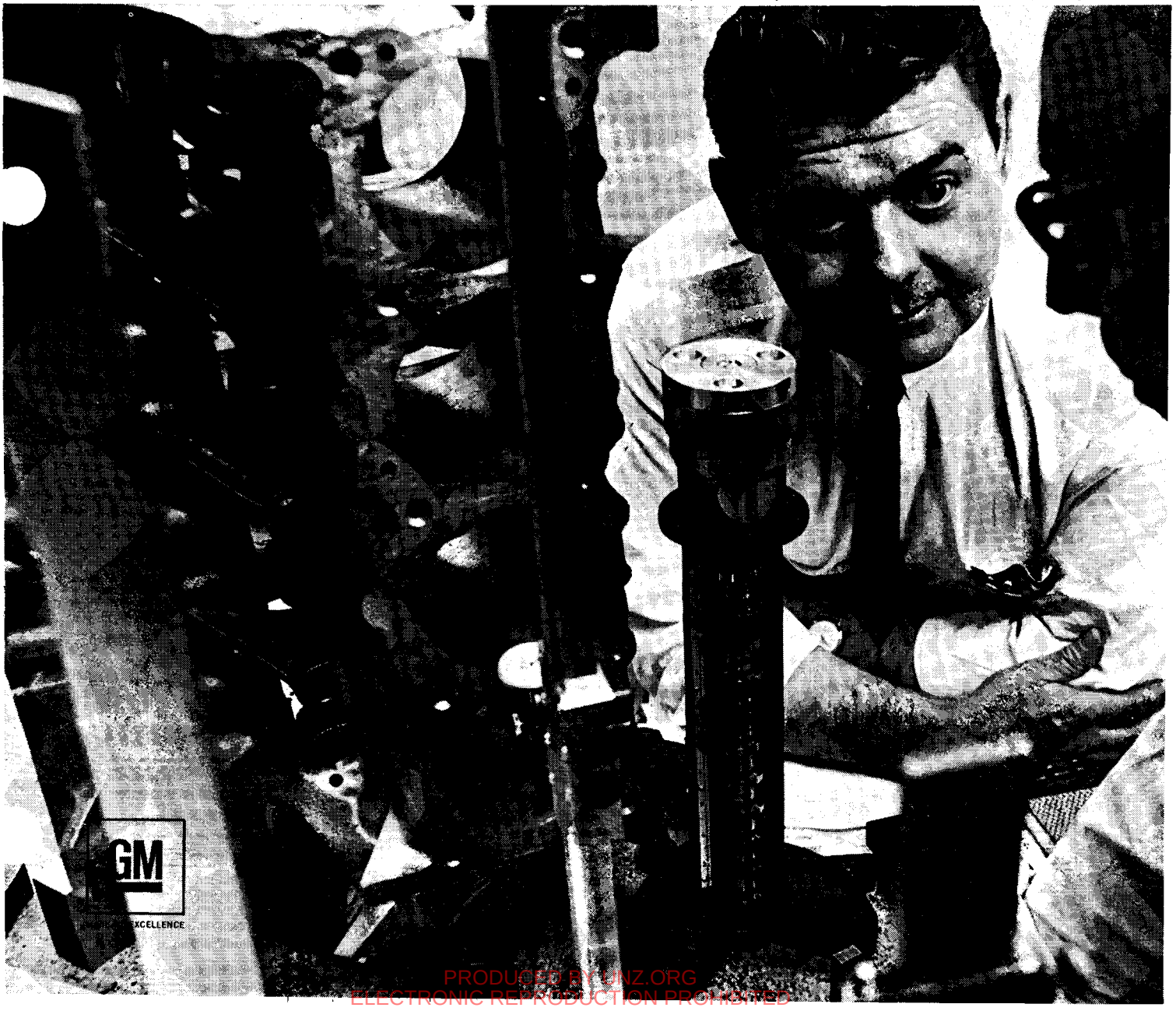

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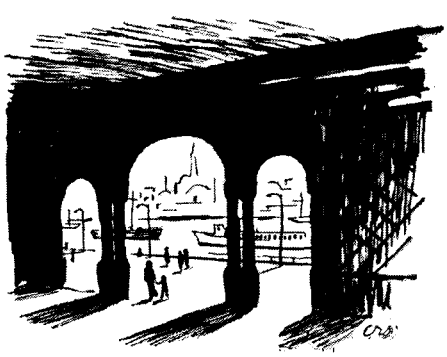
the only time I saw Israelis getting drunk, since for the most part they all drink soda pop or fruit juice.

"I'm sorry," said a young law student with blond hair, "I am just demobilized, and with the war and the cognac my head is reeling. You asked about the fighting in Jerusalem? The people who say it was easy to take were not there. The fighting was terrible. The Jordanians are good, very good soldiers, perhaps the best in the Middle East. I respect the Jordanian soldier. He is very brave." He took another cognac and poured it down. "But we fight there like crazy men. I fight like a crazy man and did things I can't imagine. And you know why?" He made an open fist and held it before my face. "Because of what Jerusalem means to us. Because of our whole tradition in Jerusalem. Because I was fighting to guard my own home, where my family lives, in Jerusalem. I don't know if I could have done these things in Syria or Sinai. And all the time — I am no hero — all the time when we fight I am afraid. I am thinking the next moment — whoof! No more life, no more nothing." He spread his hands flat on the bar. "No, the war was a terrible, terrible thing." — *Michael Lerner*

For an account of how the army won the war see page 56.

Turkey



There is a current saying in Turkey, "It is bad luck to wake up on your left side." The inference is obvious: in Turkey the "left," in the political sense, is uncomfortable. To the unsophisticated Turkish peasant — small farmers and agricultural laborers, along with their families, account for two thirds of the country's population of 33 million — the "left" can roughly be equated with Communism and the Soviet Union. Russia has been Turkey's traditional enemy for centuries.

It was therefore all the more surprising that the grand old man of Turkish politics, Ismet Inonu, adopted a left-of-center slogan in the 1965 elections for his Republican People's Party. The RPP had ruled for thirty-one out of the previous forty-two years; it was founded by Kemal Ataturk in 1923, at the same time he created the Turkish Republic and drove the last Sultan of the "Ottoman Porte" into exile. Inonu served as Premier under Ataturk, then was President himself from 1938 to 1950, and Premier once more from 1961 to 1965. Now eighty-three years old, Inonu should have had enough experience to know how much the great mass of Turkish voters, in the towns as well as the countryside, disliked "leftism," Communism, and the Soviet Union.

Young Turks and old

Inonu hoped to attract "modern" intellectual Turks to his banner; he believed that this would pay political dividends in an era of material progress which would carry "Turkey into Europe" and into the twentieth century. He did just that. But there simply are not enough modern, intellectual Turks for him to win on the basis of their support. The opposition Justice Party now in power is equally modern, but strictly practical. The elections in October of 1965 produced a huge parliamentary majority for the conservative Justice Party and a sense of considerable disquiet in Inonu's ranks.

There was every possibility of retracting the left-of-center slogan, or of letting it fade quietly into oblivion. Inonu, convinced of his role of national prophet, refused to do either. Those who know him well think that he may have been influenced by the success of the "opening to the left" in Italy, effected through a union of Italian socialist parties. Inonu persisted with his slogan, and early in May of this year, the RPP split asunder. Fifty-one of its 181 parliamentary members formed a breakaway group under the young, efficient, and matter-of-fact Turhan Feyzioglu. He believes that this group will become the real heir to the Ataturk tradition, which was coldly practical.

In the 1969 elections the group will go to the country with proposals for a precise program, in contrast to Inonu's slogans. It will carry some heavy guns politically. Feyzioglu has taken with him twelve former ministers in RPP governments, men who have played ke roles in constitutional reform a economic planning.

Inonu's young and dedicated lieutenant, Bulent Ecevit, intends in turn to press for a new, progressive RPP program. Inonu will back this to the hilt, but it is reasonable to suppose that his own political career is nearly over. Left-of-centerism may have even less hope of success when he departs from the political scene. And his Grand Old Party faces the prospect of a shattering defeat in the 1969 elections.

After Menderes

In the view of some observers the RPP split is the most significant event in Turkish politics since the revolution of May 27, 1960. Then, the army intervened sensationally to overturn the government of Adnan Menderes and subsequently to ban the Democrat Party. The army's objections against the Menderes regime seem to have been that it was ready to desert the Ataturk precept of the secular state, that it was corrupt, and that Premier Mender was building up a "personality cult" which would have led to one-party rule.

The assumption might be that the army was defending democracy, though armies seldom do that. It is more likely that the army, 600,000 strong and led by an elite officer corps, feared a diminution of its own influence.

Menderes' Democrat Party disappeared. Its place was taken only a year later by the Justice Party, which now rules Turkey. It preached the same political principles. It even included, as members of Parliament, Menderes' eldest son and the widows and daughters of his henchmen who were executed along with Menderes after the 1960 coup. Since 1965 the Justice Party has emerged as the main driving force in Turkish politics, strongly anti-Communist, sympathetic to private enterprise, and above all, intent on producing efficient administration. Since the 1969 elections are certai to confirm it in power, it is usefu to examine both its ideas and its record.

The present Justice Party Prime

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This meal no longer exists.

It was eaten in Switzerland, by the writer of this ad, for $2.55

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We were also amazed at how reasonably priced the hotels were. Everywhere. In one resort area we found a great little chalet-hotel for just $6 a day. It was a nice double room with a bath. We also had a marvelous view of those snow-capped mountains; great big fluffy feather bedcovers; and breakfast; and even a free shoeshine for our shoes that we put outside our door before we went to bed.

And I haven't even said anything about all those fantastic Swiss cheeses, those great Swiss fondues, that tasty Swiss wine and beer, those endless varieties of Swiss chocolates, that Swiss service and hospitality and cleanliness, those terrific Swiss trains, that romantic Swiss scenery and mountain air.

But, I guess I'll have to wait till my next ad to get into all these selling points.

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Turkey

Minister is Süleyman Demirel. He is half the age of Ismet Inonu. Portly, suave, and slightly balding, he is a man of common sense anc immense vitality. He depends for votes on the conservative, agrarian population, but he depends for help and advice on an emerging generation of businessmen and technocrats. Demirel has decided that political success will depend on how well he manages in bringing prosperity to Turkey. He has coined the phrase, "We should not be afraid of becoming rich, one day."

Demirel was born in an Anatolian village. He is a self-made businessman, who became an engineer, has traveled widely, and has studied business methods in the United States. He is well aware of the magnitude of Turkey's problems, which he lists in the following approximate order of importance: the population explosion and its effects, illiteracy (still around 50 percent of the population), housing, the balance of payments, and good foreign relations. In tackling these matters, Demirel is aided by the split in the RPP. He is not particularly concerned with any need for a strong parliamentary opposition or for the development of a greater "political content" (as the Turks word it) in the life of his country.

Too many people

The population explosion is his first preoccupation. In the last six years the population of Turkey has risen from just over 27 million to just under 33 million. Every improvement on a material plan tends to be overtaken by the need to provide more jobs, more food, more houses, more of everything. There is a need to encourage birth control, and the government has acknowledged this to the extent of launching a small family-planning campaign. So far, this has not gone much beyond the distribution of literature and the dispatch of a limited number of government health officers, who tour the country, advising the "economic limitation" of the size of families and supplying contraceptives on request.

In many of Turkey's 40,000 villages there has been a fair degree of interest. But the influence of the Muslim priest, the imam, has gen-

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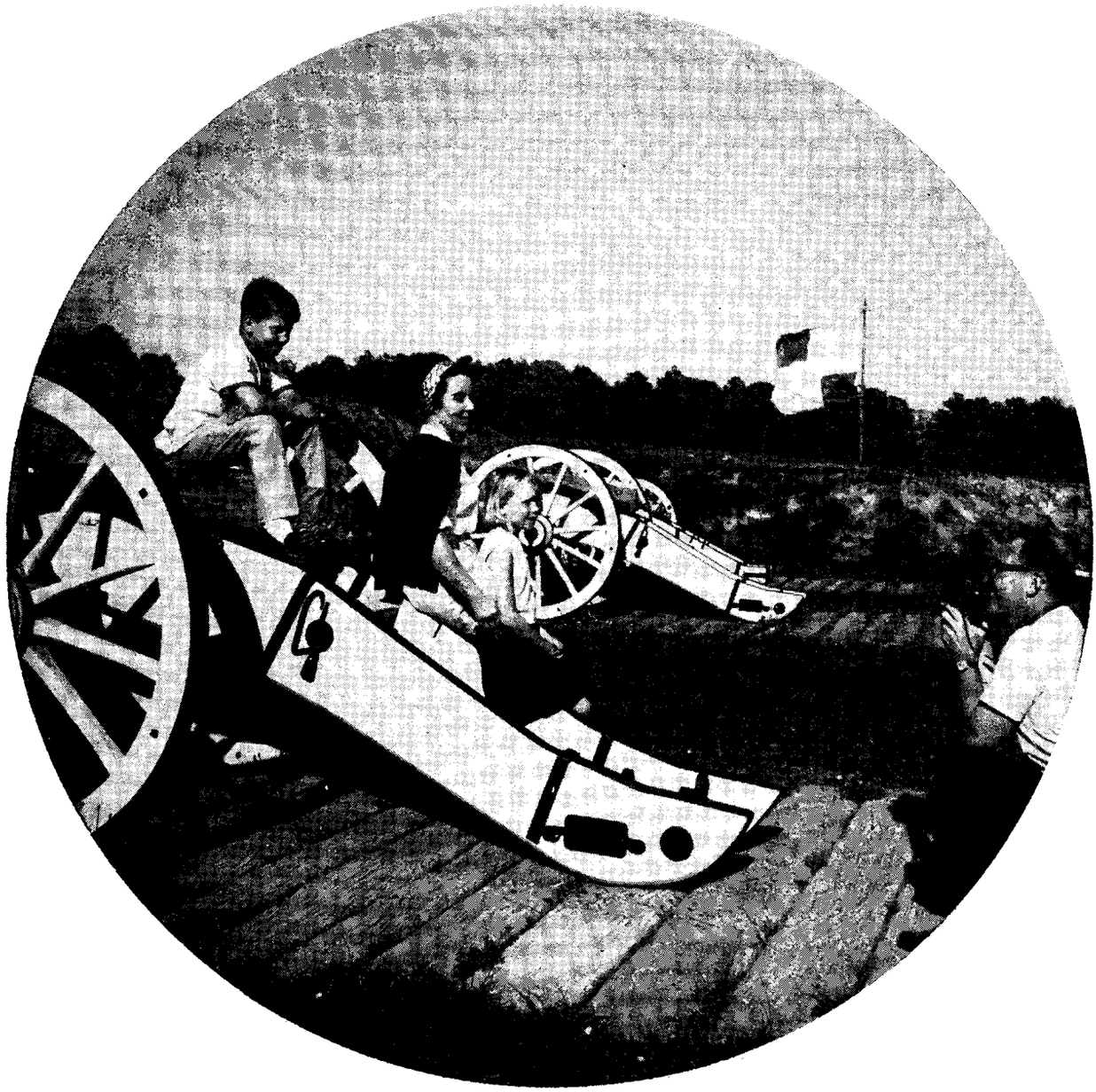

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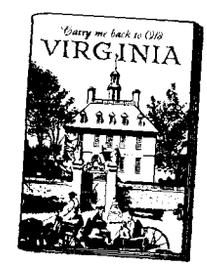

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erally been thrown against any form of birth control. For the imam still tends to believe that as Allah wills, so it shall come to pass. Big families are God's blessing, as well as God's will. And Turkish countrymen are still obsessed with the need for sons, who will support their fathers in their old age. It looks as if the population will continue to increase by around a million a year.

The lure

Meanwhile, the flight from the land to the towns will continue too. The population of Istanbul and suburbs has risen from 1.5 million to 2.5 million in fifteen years; that of Smyrna (Izmir) has doubled during the same period to over half a million. Ankara, the new national capital which was created in the heart of Anatolia, now has nearly a million inhabitants. Urbanization has been overdue, and it has brought painful problems. Within the city limits of Istanbul one in every three of the population lives in the shantytowns which have grown up as a result of the old Turkish law that a "householder" cannot be ejected who has built his four walls and roof between dusk and dawn. These colonies of "overnight houses" now exist in every Turkish city. Nearly all of their inhabitants are country-people, who have yielded to the lure of better jobs and pay in the city. On the land, the average income of a farmer or farm laborer is about $130 a year; in the towns it is about $700.

The shantytowns have become a huge problem. Istanbul's shantytown has a population of over 600,000; it contains shops and coffeehouses. The state, with some hesitation, has installed pumps and water troughs, road lighting and road surfaces, postal services, schools, and sanitary inspection. Life may be primitive in buildings of wood and corrugated iron, but youngsters play with abandon in the gutters and flock to their overcrowded classrooms. There is no sense of defeat or apathetic acceptance in the alleyways; it has required some initiative to get there at all, to build a semblance of a home and to go on trying to improve it.

Turkish municipal officials talk of abolishing the shantytowns in five years by moving their inhabitants to new government-financed public housing now under construction. A useful beginning is being made; but it will take not five, but twenty years to complete the task. For the total slum population of Turkey, according to Demirel himself, is over 2.5 million.

Illiteracy may be a more serious problem even than housing. Before the war, over 80 percent of the population was illiterate; today 50 percent of the people can read. Only 60,000 students reach universities and technical colleges, and only 600,000 children receive secondary education. Of all Turkish children of school age, about 20 percent get no regular education whatever, and most of the rest usually end their schooling after five years, at the age of twelve.

There is a Muslim tradition of putting children to work in order to build up the family income. Once again, the influence of the imams is retrograde. But villagers are displaying an ever greater interest in education, and outlying villages with no schools of their own badger authorities for "ambulant" teachers, often provided by the army, who stay for a week and leave behind a program of home studies whe they depart. Four new universit are to open during the next fiv years, and there are to be new teachers' colleges. The state is spending around 15 percent of its budget on education.

Sultanas and figs

The present government faces a tough balance of payments problem. In the 1966–1967 financial year imports cost $718 million and exports were worth only $491 million. Still, exports were $41 million over the target set under an existing Five-Year Plan, while imports were $7 million below. The government, justly, was pleased. It could point as well to two other valuable sources of foreign exchange. Tourism should earn the country around $30 million this year, and has immense potential for development, while Turkish workers in foreign countries send home $150 million a year. In addition, Turkey receives foreign aid amounting to $300 to $350 million a year, although virtually all of th is used for capital investment. Th there need be no acute balance o payments crisis.

But Turkey is overdependent on raw materials for its exports, and is at the mercy of lean harvests. A modern export trade cannot be created on a base of cotton, grain, tobacco, hazelnuts, sultanas, and dried figs. Turkish industry has to be expanded — and in the course of this, is being overprotected. And Turkish agriculture has to be further modernized. Many Turkish businessmen who have earned hard currency in West Germany aid in these efforts by investing their savings in tractors which they have imported into Turkey, or in motorcars which they have converted into taxis.

Turkey is already an associate member of the European Common Market, but it cannot hope to become a full member for a long time to come. So far, only 50 percent of its imports have been liberalized; the remainder are still subject to quo restrictions as well as import tarif

Home industries have to be mad fully competitive, and Turkey looks for help wherever it can find it. One of the biggest current projects is a

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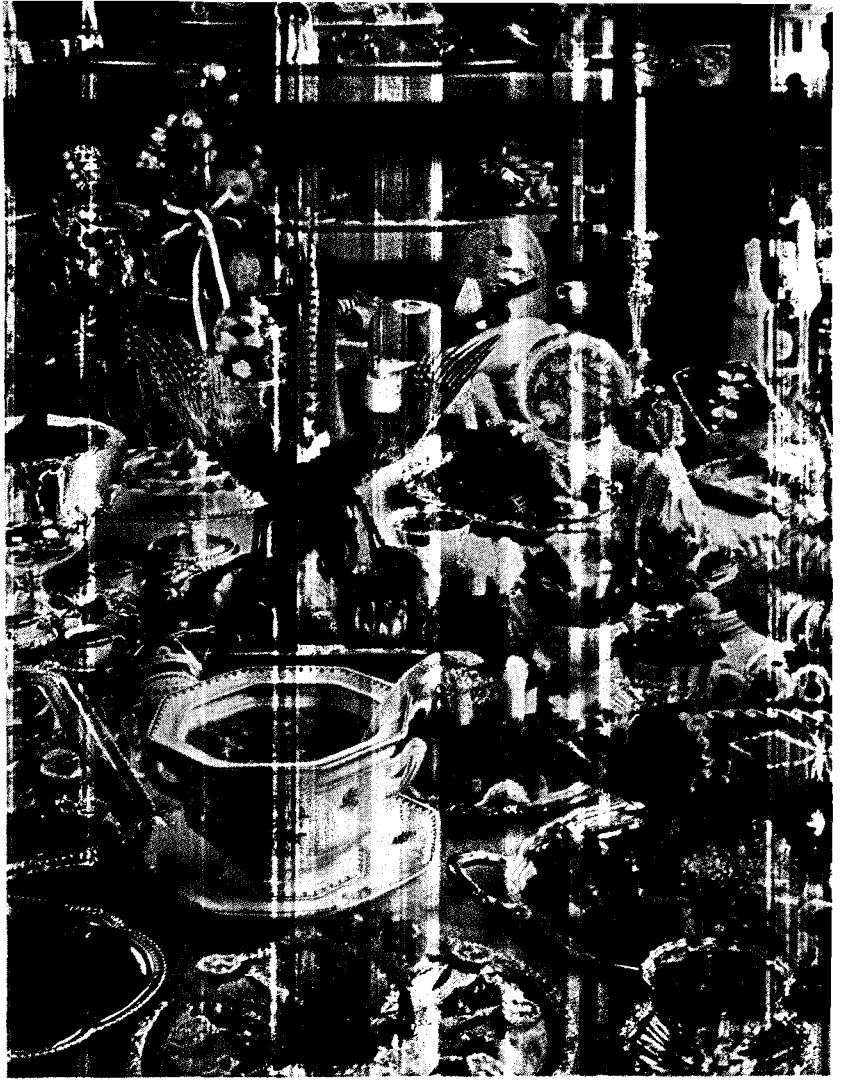
4 out of 5 of the In places to eat Out are always on the go



Four of the liveliest places to eat out also cruise around a lot. That's part of the charm of the Gala Resort Fleet—the ss MICHELANGELO, RAFFAELLO, LEONARDO DA VINCI, CRISTOFORO COLOMBO. While you're eating Beluga caviar, choosing your wine, or watching the maître d'hôtel flambé a steak, your magnificent restaurant is cruising to the sunny sites and shores of the Mediterranean. Or the Caribbean.

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Italian Line

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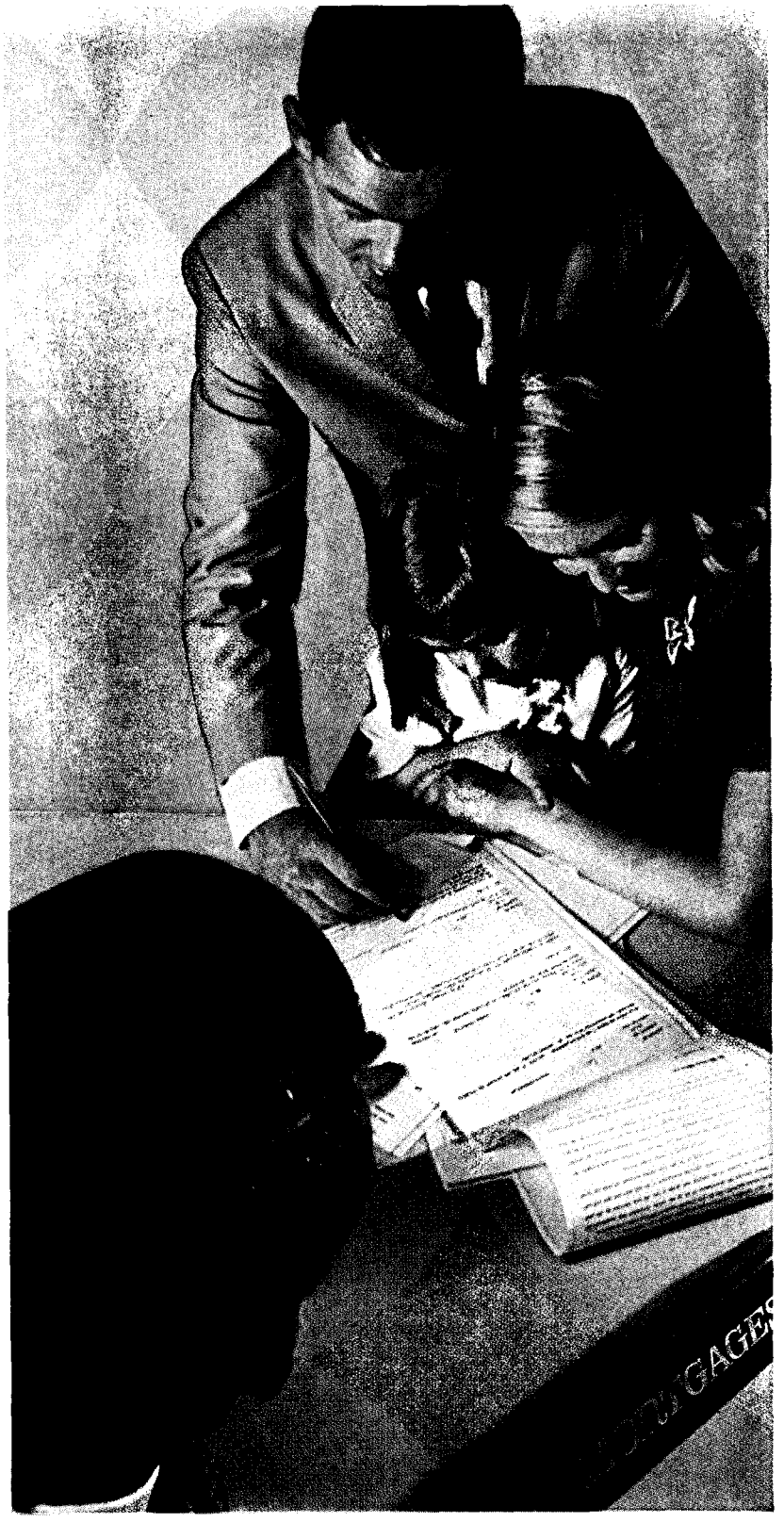

A General Electric computer enables banks such as Ohio National to offer new services – improve and expand others. Checks and deposits are processed in minutes instead of hours – loans in hours instead of days.

if businessmen get the facts to make better decisions...

General Electric computers feed Chrysler executives up-to-the-minute data on orders, production, inventory; help th up-to-the-minute decisions. One GE computer controls their teletype system, cuts message time from 26 minutes to 35 secon

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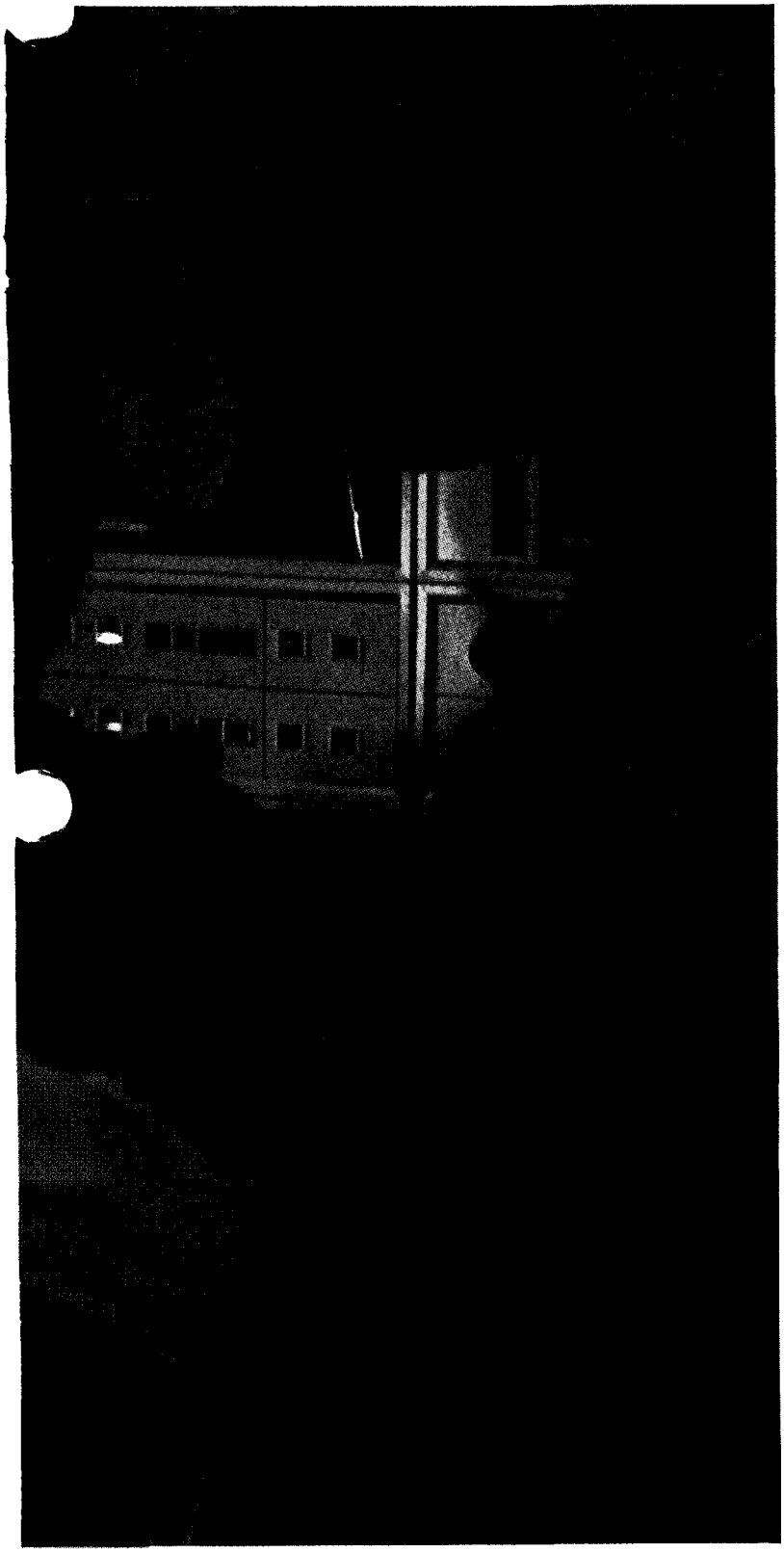
if students get a better education?



Cadets at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point use a GE computer on their second day in class; soon solve five tough math problems in the time it previously took to do one. Sophomore engineers at Dartmouth College solve advanced dynamics problems formerly tackled only by seniors.

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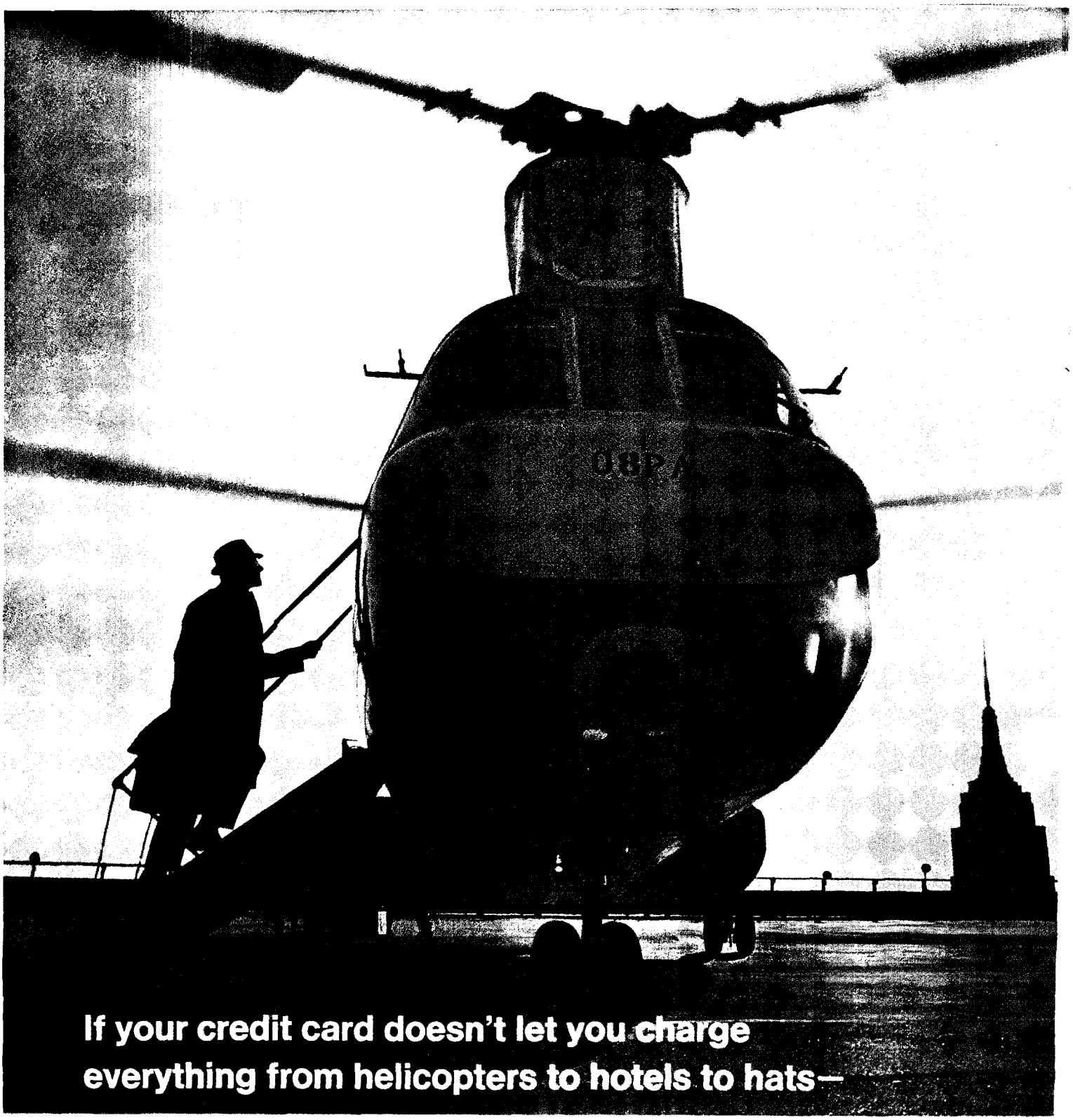

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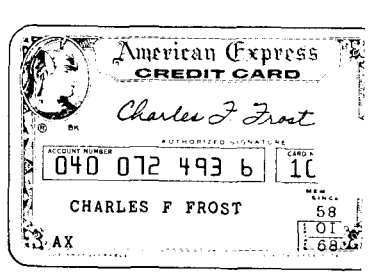

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$200 million Soviet-financed program for the construction of a hydroelectric power plant on the frontier river of the Arcanay, and of seven factories for the production of aluminum, woodwork, glass, sulfuric acid, and steel, and for oil-refining and vodka distilling.

Turkey in the middle

It is typical of Demirel's techniques that he is sponsoring the building of an oil refinery at Izmir, which will be supplied with Russian crude oil. Izmir is the NATO headquarters in Turkey, and American NATO officers may in future fill up with "Türkpetrol" made from the crude of the Caucasus. For Demirel believes both in détente with the Soviet Union, and in his country remaining a loyal member of NATO and CENTO. In May he paid visits to Iran and Pakistan to cement the CENTO alliance, and to West Germany, where he emphasized the fact that Turkey provided the biggest NATO army outside of the United States's. Turkey both maintains the strength of its armed forces and modernizes them.

The Demirel government has, however, suggested that nuclear land mines should be laid along Turkey's frontier with the Soviet Union in the Caucasus, thus sealing it off against all possible aggression. This proposal was not immediately accepted. It may have occurred to the United States that its secondary purpose was to allow the reduction of conventional forces and the diversion of greater manpower into industry. Demirel, at all events, desires no flirtation with the Soviet Union, but a guarded peaceful coexistence. This is in step with the détente which has taken place in Central Europe, and which could profitably be extended to the whole of the Middle East.

The army remains, to some extent, a power behind the scenes in Turkey. No one can forget that it overturned the Menderes regime in 1960. The younger army officers, almost all of them university graduates, remain politically aware. There have been signs that they are today more worried by left-wing trends than by the growth of a powerful, independent conservative political force. Demirel has treated the Army with calculated tact, and the President,

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Coming in the Atlantic

GENIUS IN THE ROUND: PICASSO AS SCULPTOR

The sweep of Pablo Picasso's artistry is marked in indelible colors and unforgettable images on the consciousness of his time. If more proof were needed, it now comes into view in an immense collection of his achievement as sculptor. More than 250 works, executed over 60 years, and most of them until recently secreted in Picasso's own studios, have been collected for a showing in London and will soon (October 11 through January 1) go on display in New York's Museum of Modern Art. The October *Atlantic* presents a preview of this treasure and an appraisal of Picasso in three dimensions.

ISRAEL'S SWIFT SWORD

From firsthand observations and long talks with topmost government and military leaders in Israel, Barbara Tuchman, distinguished author of *The Guns of August* and *The Proud Tower*, draws two reports for the *Atlantic* on the six-day Middle East war. The first, describing the nature of Israel's armed forces, begins on page 56 of this issue. The second will discuss the probable consequences of the war, "the view cleared by the explosion."

A full complement of other articles and features, including:

The Difficulties of Being Major. Peter Davison discusses the poetry of Robert Lowell and James Dickey, the two Americans fifty or under who deserve the accolade "major."

Lost in the Fun House. A very special literary romp in the talented company of John Barth.

"They" Never Sleep. A pair of railbirds named Irving and Arnold introduce Sam Toperoff — Mr. T. in turn introduces the reader — to some of the more esoteric mysteries of a day at the racetrack.

Death at an Early Age, II. More of Jonathan Kozol's has-to-be-told story of the tragedy of America's ghetto schools.

"Baboon and Young" 1951, bronze, 21 inches high. Collection Museum of Modern Art, New York, Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund.

ex-General Sunay, has been a useful link between government and the armed forces. It is significant that the Army showed restraint during the Greek constitutional crisis, and that it supported the government ' its refusal to exploit the situation secure concessions in Cyprus.

Difficult embassy

For United States Ambassador Peter Hart the present is not altogether an easy time. As in other countries where there has been substantial American aid, a vague sense of resentment has built up which today stops just short of the printing up of anti-American slogans of the "Ami-Go Home" type. Every well-informed Turk is aware of the extent of American aid, estimated at around $5 billion in the last twenty years. Credits currently promised by the United States are more than $70 million. American forces and their families currently stationed in Turkey number more than 18,000, and G.I.'s are given the most explicit instructions for dealing with a proud and somewhat remote people.

A Turkish-American agreement is being negotiated, which will consolidate the patchwork arrangements that have worked surprisingly we in the past. The agreement w cover American use of their own or joint installations, the status of American troops stationed in Turkey, and the adjudication of civil offenses committed by them.

The Turkish government does not believe that a new overall agreement will present any insuperable difficulties. The United States government, for its part, is likely to continue to regard Turkey as a most valuable ally and friend; a developing country with an important future in one of the world's most strategically vital areas.

— Terence Prittie

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Douglas Kiker, the ATLANTIC'S *Washington correspondent, is also on NBC's capital staff. Michael Lerner has been a reporter for the Washington* POST, *and was in Israel during the Arab-Israel war. Terence Prittie is diplomatic correspondent for the* MANCHESTER GUARDIAN. *In future issues, as in this one, some report will be unsigned at the request of their authors. The* ATLANTIC, *of course, assumes responsibility for them.*

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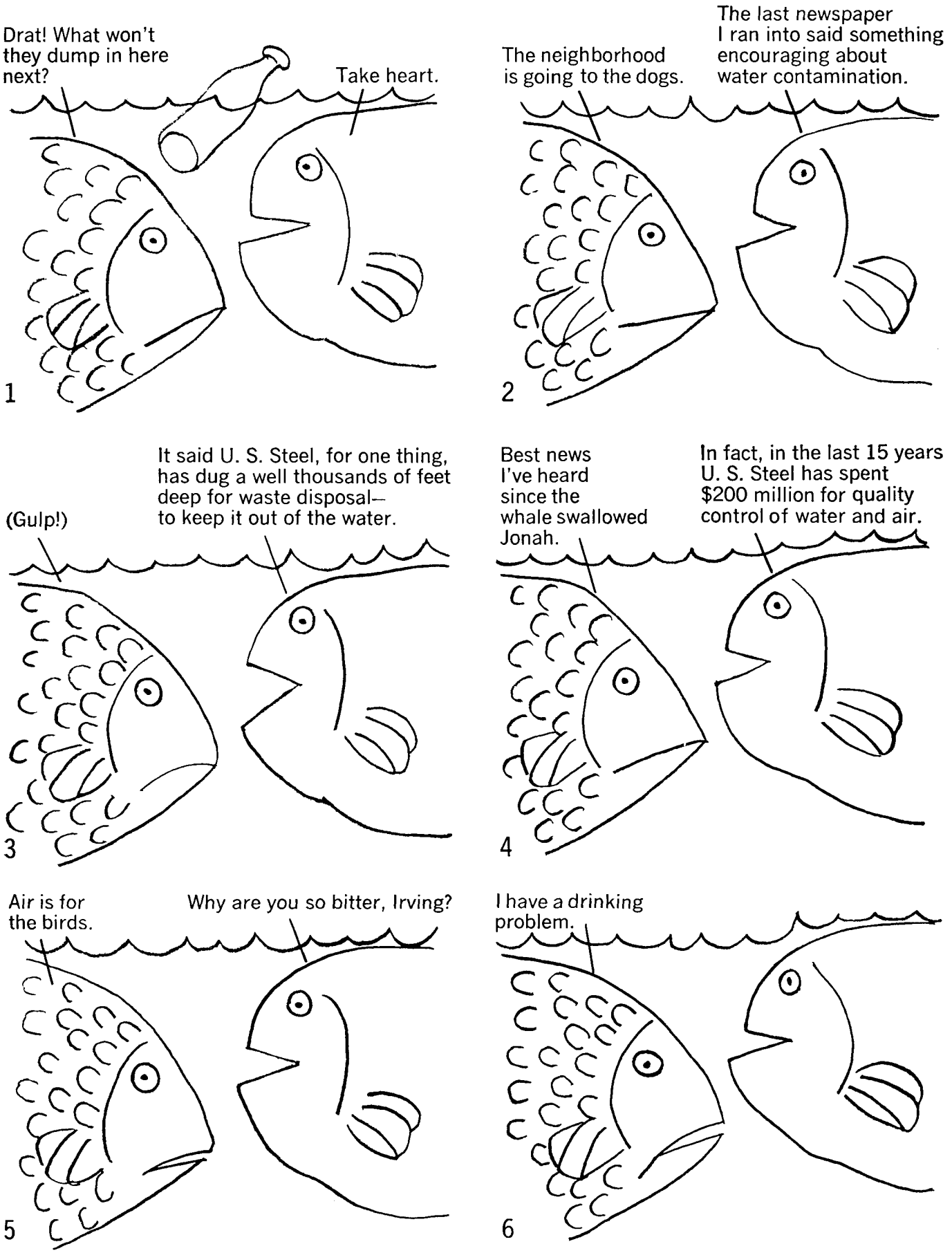

United States Steel

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letters

The Mexican-Americans

SIR: Congratulations on the excellent article "A Minority Nobody Knows," by Helen Rowan (June *Atlantic*), which focused attention on the development and plight of the Mexican-Americans in our nation. Too often their cycle of poverty is linked to the failure of our educational system to recognize such basic cultural differences among Americans as language.

To expect Spanish-speaking children to learn from English-only instruction immediately denies them an equal opportunity to advance in life. For this and other reasons, I have introduced S. 428, the bilingual American education bill.

This bill will provide funds to local school districts to conduct bilingual education programs in areas of Spanish-speaking children. In this way we hope to enrich both English- and Spanish-speaking cultures as we eliminate the language barrier as an impediment to learning.

RALPH W. YARBOROUGH (TEXAS)
Committee on Labor and Public Welfare
U.S. Senate
Washington, D. C.

SIR: Persons responsible for obtaining specialized instruction for children with learning handicaps share Helen Rowan's indignation at the disproportionate numbers of Mexican-American (and other minority group) students in classes for the "mentally retarded." But to locate the fault in the "arrogance" of school officials and in such popular targets as standardized tests and "deficient" schools oversimplifies the problem and implies that the solution is a clear one.

Intelligence tests do not measure "intelligence" but something more like academic aptitude, and a low IQ score does not of itself indicate the presence of mental retardation. But these preconceptions linger in the minds of the public and school personnel. A consequence is that although diagnostic procedures lead to the placement of a child in an appropriate program, the label attached to that program (i.e., "mentally retarded") disposes others to relate to him not as a basically "normal" child with particular learning problems, but as one who is generally incapable of social functioning. It is little wonder that parents and the angry "former education official" cited by Mrs. Rowan cannot accept the idea that a child who in all nonschool respects functions well is considered "retarded."

WALTER DOMBROWSKI
Pleasant Hill, Calif.

SIR: In my article I said that there is no Mexican-American on the Los Angeles Board of Education. I am delighted to report that that statement became out of date shortly after it appeared. On May 31 Professor Julian Nava was elected to the board, unseating a conservative businessman who was a two-term incumbent. Dr. Nava's election resulted from the efforts of the kind of alliance we may expect to see more of in the future: an effective coalition of concerned Anglos and Negroes as well as Mexican-Americans.

HELEN ROWAN
San Francisco, Calif.

Reforming the FCC

SIR: Apropos Elizabeth Brenner Drew's "Is the FCC Dead?" (July *Atlantic*): Assuming that the progressive view of government's economic role, embodied in the "independent" commission, continues to dominate the regulatory process, a Federal Broadcasting Commission should be created separate and distinct from the FCC. The FBC would regulate all public communications including experimental broadcasting while the FCC would continue to allocate frequencies for nonbroadcast purposes and supervise the operations of common carriers.

Perhaps these agencies should be "absorbed" into the executive branch, although increased presidential control may prove a mixed blessing. I do not think it would be profitable to separate the rule-making and the licensing functions, as former Chairman Newton Minow has recommended. Effective policy-making in broadcasting requires the interplay of both judicial and legislative powers, as those responsible for the early commissions fully realized.

But no reforms will be effective so long as the position of Congre in the regulatory process is ignore House and Senate committees exercise full jurisdiction over rules and regulations proposed by the FCC, just as the judicial system oversees its adjudicative decisions.

Failing significant changes in legislative internal organization, relations with regulated industries, and overall ethical standards, it is cavalier to suggest, as some have, that a regulatory agency rise substantially above the standards of conduct of those governmental and private bodies which have consistently ignored, thwarted, or overruled its actions.

H. T. WILSON
Faculty of Administrative Studies
York University
Toronto, Canada

Vanishing tidelands

SIR: Polly Redford's provocative article, "Vanishing Tidelands" (June *Atlantic*), is an excellent discussion of a subject with which too few people are familiar.

I was disappointed, however, t find that the author was unaware of Rhode Island legislation passed in 1965 and designed to preserve as much salt marsh in the state as possible. One measure, for example, prohibits the alteration or filling of a marsh without permission of the state, and the other provides for the zoning of salt marsh areas.

GOVERNOR JOHN H. CHAFEE
Providence, R. I.

SIR: Thank you for Polly Redford's informative and timely article.

The people of California have become so exercised by the filling of San Francisco Bay and the subsequent destruction of these most valuable and irreplaceable tidelands and salt marshes (known to developers as "the dirty mud flats and smelly marshes") that they have set up a commission to study the whole problem. While this is being done and until a plan for the bay can be presented to the state legislature, moratorium on bay fill is being attempted.

HARRIET MUNDY
Palo Alto, Calif.

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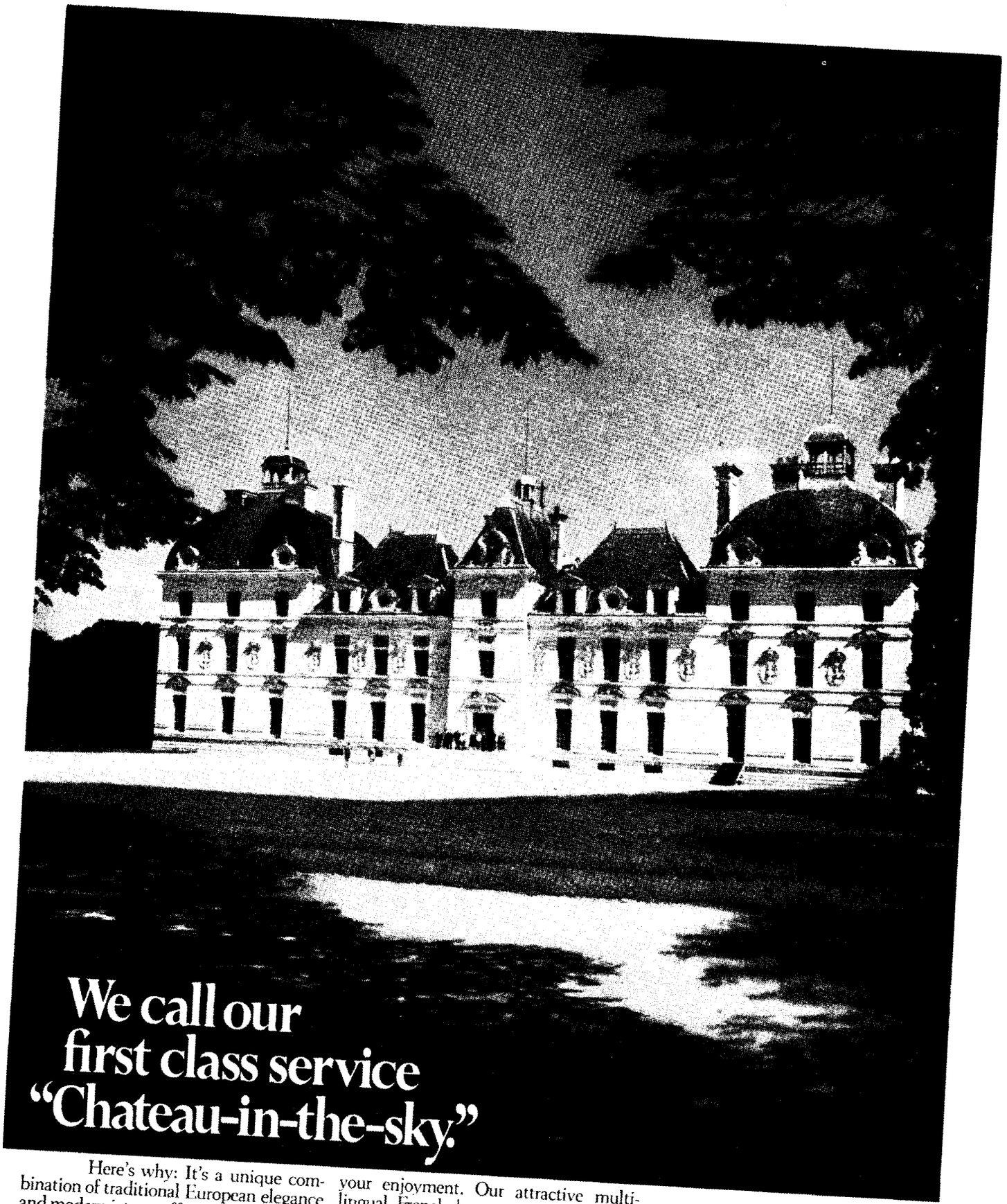

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The new industrial state

SIR: The enormous amounts of time, technology, and capital that John Kenneth Galbraith identifies as characteristic of production by large firms in the new industrial state ("Capitalism, Socialism, and the Future of the Industrial State," June *Atlantic*) also characterize research programs in the physical sciences, particularly in high energy physics.

The first particle accelerator was built in 1932 by Cockcroft and Walton at a cost measured in terms of weeks and thousands of dollars; the new accelerator to be built at Weston, Illinois, scheduled for completion by 1975, will be over 100,000 times as powerful as the first, and at a cost of $400 million, about 100,000 times as expensive.

JACK DAVIS
Macon, Ga.

SIR: I am a citizen of India, and would like to comment on John Kenneth Galbraith's observations on the public corporation.

That the modern corporation under public management suffers from legislative interference is beyond doubt, and Mr. Galbraith correctly cites the example of India. However, his contention that the effect of social control is to keep "wages higher than the more authoritarian corporations in the advanced countries would ever allow" is not valid in the case of India. As a matter of fact, wages and salaries in public corporations in India are lower than in private industry, the job security in public employment being the compensatory factor. This is quite understandable in a country of relatively high employment and a low level of economic output. The result is that the public corporation suffers from lack of talent and organizational skill, which is wooed away by the private sector, which is a direct competitor. This accounts, in no small part, for the poor showings of the public corporation.

GEORGE VARGHESE
Beaver, Penn.

Advice and consent

SIR: I believe that in fairness to all concerned, one point referred to in Roger Rapoport's "In Defense of the Multiversity" (June *Atlantic*) should be clarified.

It is true that our office found the business relationship between Eugene B. Power's company and the University of Michigan inconsistent with the conflict of interest provisions of the Michigan constitution. However, in the formal opinion which reached this conclusion, we a' pointed out that "there is no q tion of Mr. Power's motives, integrity, or his devotion to the interest of the University." We further stated that "it is clear that, serving without compensation, Mr. Power has made invaluable contributions to the welfare of the University and to the cause of education and scholarship in this state and, indeed, the nation."

We have also called to the attention of the legislature the need of finding a formula for "permitting public agencies to avail themselves of the services of successful men and women" since "business success should not in and of itself be a bar to public service."

I hope that these comments place the conclusion reached in the proper perspective.

FRANK J. KELLEY
State Attorney General
Lansing, Mich.

SIR: I am appalled by the one-sidedness of the letters you published response to your series "Germ 1967" in your May issue. Knowi your fair-mindedness, I can only conclude that those of your readers who enjoyed the articles for what they were, subjective reactions of American visitors to Germany, simply did not bother to express their appreciation.

LEONID V. AZAROFF
Director, Material Science Institute
University of Connecticut

SIR: Some sort of prize for excellence should go to Smith Hempstone for his report on Greece in your July issue, not so much for journalism as for a unique contribution to modern Greek mythology.

Mr. Hempstone has King Constantine, supreme commander of the Greek Armed Forces, phoning his "disapproval" of the coup to naval and air force units. The conventional mythology either has the King make no such calls (e.g., New York *Times*, *Sunday Times* of London) or phoning to warn of a *leftist* coup (e.g., *T* magazine, May 12). In any c there is abundant evidence that the King's "surprise" at the take-over was that of a small boy who wakes

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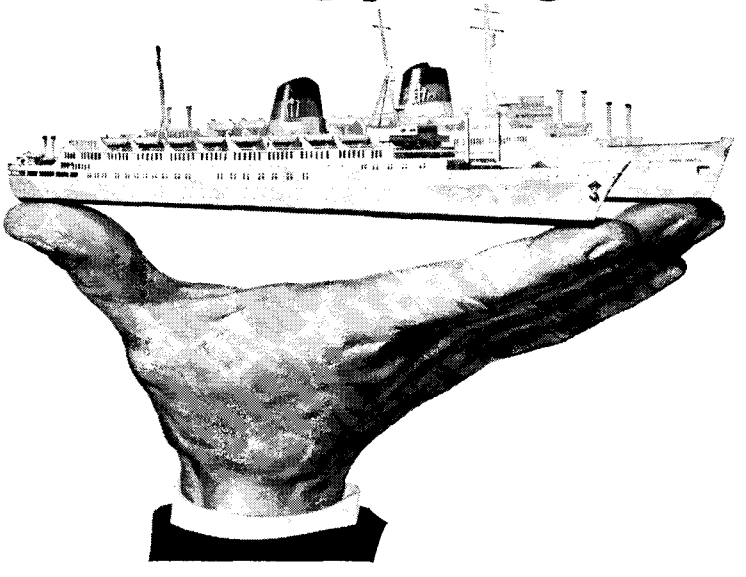

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A long awaited literary event...
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WILLIAM
Styron

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER

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This extraordinary new novel by the author of *Lie Down in Darkness* is based on the single effective slave revolt in American history. It is a masterpiece of storytelling, revealing in unforgettable human terms the agonizing essence of Negro slavery. Through the mind of Nat Turner, William Styron has dramatized the miseries, frustrations —and hopes—which caused a remarkable black man to rise up out of the early mists of our history and strike down those who held his people in bondage. No work of fiction will be more talked about this year.

Along with *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, the September issue also includes articles, poetry, and all regular features.

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up to find everything he'd asked for under the Christmas tree.

K. Buckthought
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Sir: Perhaps it is Americans' des for peace that underlies Presic Johnson's success in outmaneuverin anti-war senators (Washington Report, by Douglas Kiker, July *Atlantic*); for many of us, assuming that we will ultimately win the war, suppose that American dissenters delay peace by encouraging Hanoi. In the light of Denis W. Brogan's essay ("Naïveté versus Reality in Vietnam," July *Atlantic*), should not we Americans consider an alternate assumption — that nondissenters, by failing to acknowledge that U.S. objectives in Vietnam will not be realized, may be prolonging the war?

Donald Burkholder
Ephrata, Penn.

Sir: Your report on Japan by James McC. Truitt (June *Atlantic*) includes a misleading sentence: "Tokyo elected a Communist as mayor in April."

Mr. Minobe, our mayor, was the president of Tokyo Kyoiku University and had no connection with any political parties (as far as we kn from press reports) before the el tion. He was chosen as the join candidate by the Socialist and Communist parties. (The Liberal Party and the Komei-toh chose the president of Rikkyo University.) This does not mean that Mr. Minobe was a Socialist or a Communist. I believe that he was neither.

Keiichiro Enomoto
Tokyo, Japan

Sir: Theodore Morrison's "The Agitated Heart" (July *Atlantic*) seems to me one of the most perceptive of all the many writings about Robert Frost. One sentence in particular expresses much in little space: "He was, for example, a great man who contained a small one." Since Frost's death there has been some tendency to seek out that "small one" and forget the great man, the great poet. Morrison, of whom Frost spoke often in the 1920s, shows none of this tendency. So far as any one person can understand that "bundle of paradoxes" that w Frost, Morrison, and his wife, Kat leen, certainly do.

Dorothy L. Tyler
Detroit, Mich.

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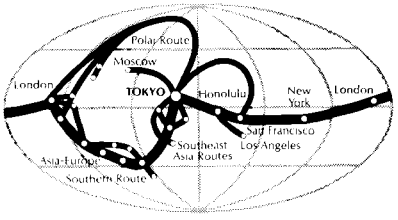

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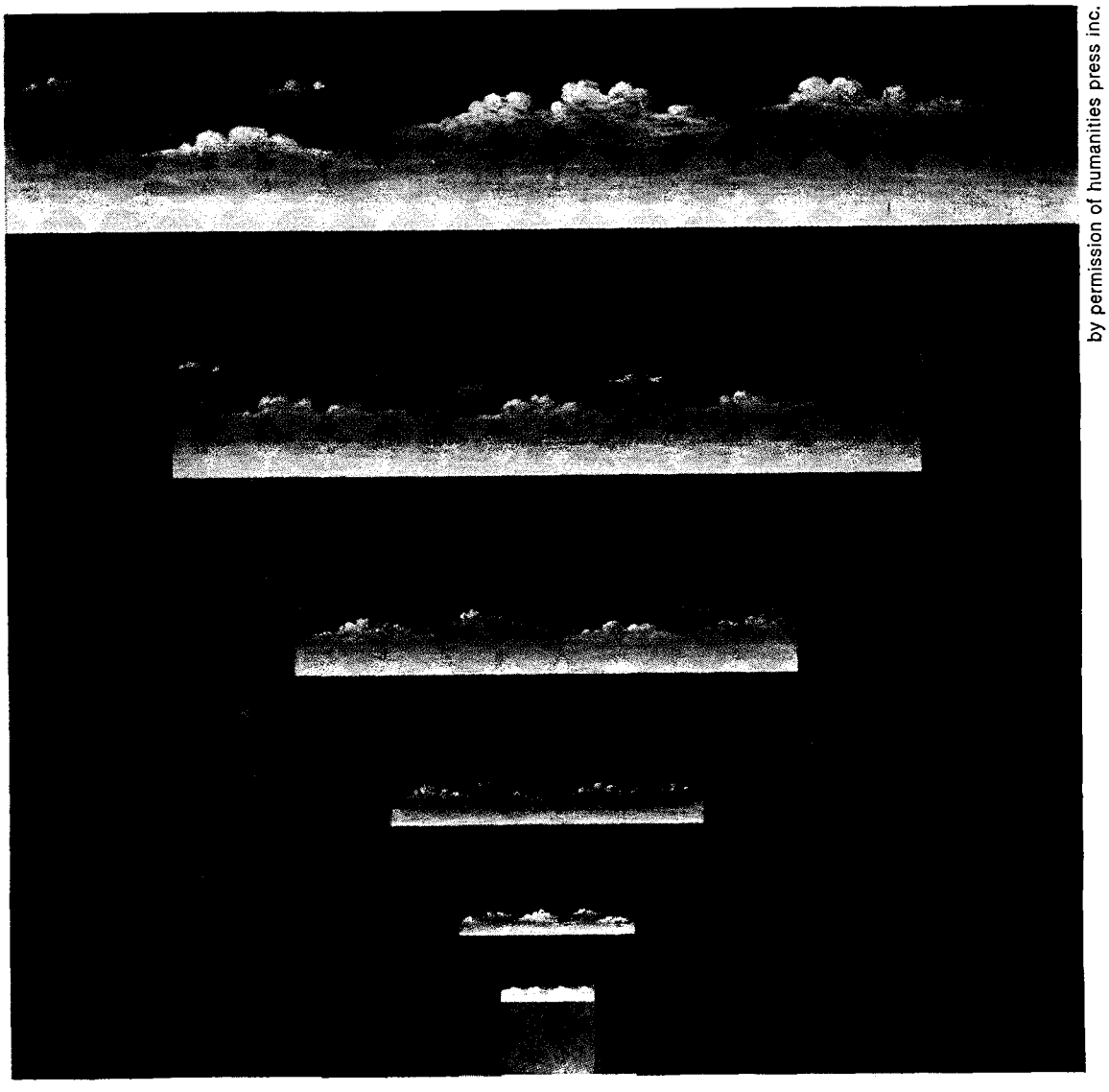

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THE Atlantic
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DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE

BY JONATHAN KOZOL

Countless sociological studies and official reports have described the dreadful condition of the nation's ghetto schools in abstract terms, but the general public has no concrete idea of what goes on inside them. In this first of two articles adapted from his book DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE, *to be published by Houghton Mifflin in October, Jonathan Kozol recounts his experience as a teacher in the Roxbury section of Boston. A native of Boston and a graduate of Harvard, Mr. Kozol is thirty years old, now teaches at the Davis Public School in Newton. Next month he will discuss the nature of the curriculum he was forced to teach as well as the inhibitions on good teaching imposed by official ignorance and sloth.*

"Someday, maybe," Erik Erikson has written, "there will exist a well-informed, well-considered and yet fervent public conviction that the most deadly of all possible sins is the mutilation of a child's spirit."

If that day ever comes, American educators may be able to reflect with some horror upon the attitudes and procedures that have been allowed to flourish within a great many urban public schools.

It is a commonplace by now to say that the urban school systems of America contain a higher percentage of Negro children each year. More than anywhere else, it is here within these ghetto systems that the mutilation of which Erikson speaks becomes apparent. My own experience took place in Boston, in a segregated fourth-grade classroom. The Boston school system is not perhaps the worst offender, but it provides a clear example of the kind of education being offered the disadvantaged children of many cities. There are, admittedly, in Boston a cluster of unusually discouraging problems, chief among them the school administration's refusal for a great many years to recognize that there *was* any problem. Only slightly less troubling has been the exceptional virulence of the anti-Negro prejudice, both among teachers and the general public. Yet Boston's problems are not much different from those of other cities, and the solutions here as elsewhere will have to await a change in attitude at all levels of society.

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Stephen is an eight-year-old pupil in the Boston public schools. A picture of him standing in front of a bulletin board on Arab bedouins shows a little light-brown person staring with unusual concentration at a chosen spot upon the floor. Stephen is tiny, desperate, unwell. Sometimes he talks to himself, or laughs out loud in class for no apparent reason. He is also an indescribably mild and unmalicious child. He cannot do any of his schoolwork very well. His math and reading are poor. In third grade his class had substitute teachers much of the year. Most of the year before that he had substitute teachers too. He is in the fourth grade now, but his work is barely at the level of the second.

Nobody has complained about Stephen's situation because he does not have a real family. Stephen is a ward of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and as such has been placed in the home of some very poor people who do not want him now that he is not a baby anymore. He often comes to school badly beaten. If I ask him about it, he is apt to deny it because he does not want us to know what a miserable time he has. He lied to me first when I asked him how his eye got battered, claiming that it was an accident. Later, he admitted that his foster mother had flung him out onto the porch.

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Although Stephen did poorly in his schoolwork, there was one thing he could do well: he made delightful drawings. They were not neat and orderly and organized, but random and casual, messy, somewhat unpredictable. For these drawings Stephen received terrific and steady embarrassment from the art teacher.[1]

The art teacher was a lady no longer very young who had a number of fixed opinions about children and teaching. Her most common technique of instruction was to pass out mimeographed designs, which the pupils then were asked to color according to a dictated or suggested plan. An alternate approach was to stick up on the wall or the blackboard some of the drawings that had been done in previous years by predominantly white classes. These drawings, neat and ordered and very uniform, would serve as models for the children. The neatest and most accurate reproductions would receive the greatest applause.

Stephen was unable to cope with a teacher of this sort. He turned off his signals when she was speaking and withdrew into his own private world. With a pencil, frequently stubby and bitten, he would scribble and fiddle, and he would cock his head and whisper to himself. After a while, he would push aside his little drawing and try the paint and paper that he had been given, usually using the watercolors freely and a little defiantly, and he would produce paintings that were very full of his own nature.

If Stephen began to fiddle around during a lesson, he and I and the children near him would prepare for trouble. The art teacher would rush at his desk and would shriek at him, "Give me that! You've made a mess! Look what he's done! He's mixed up the colors! I don't know why we waste good paper on this child!" Then: "Garbage! Junk! He gives me garbage and junk! And garbage is one thing I will not have!"

I do not know a great deal about painting, but the art teacher did not know much about it either, and furthermore, she did not know or care at all about the way a human being can be destroyed. Stephen, in many ways already dying, died many more times before her anger.

Much of Stephen's life, inwardly and outwardly, involved a steady, and as it turned out, losing, battle to survive. Like many defenseless humans, he had to use whatever little weapons came to hand. Acting-up at school was part of it. He was granted so little attention that he must have panicked repeatedly about the possibility that with a few slight mistakes, he might simply stop existing or being seen at all. This is why, I imagine, he seemed so often to invite a tongue-lashing or whipping. Outside school, he might pull a fire-alarm lever and then have the satisfaction of hearing the sirens and seeing the fire engines, and knowing that it was all his doing, so that at least he could have proof in this way that his hands and arm muscles and his mischievous imagination did count for something measurable in the world. It must have seemed better than not having any use at all.

One time, seeing him curled up in one of the corners, I tried to get him to look up at me and smile and talk. He refused, and remained shriveled and silent, and so I said to him: "Stephen, if you curl up like that and will not even look up at me, it will just seem as if you want to make me think you are a little rat." He looked down at himself hurriedly, and then up at me, chuckled grotesquely, and said, with a pitiful little smile: "I *know* I couldn't be a rat, Mr. Kozol, because a rat has got to have a little tail."

When I later repeated this to a child psychiatrist, he suggested that the absence of a tail was all that remained to convince Stephen that he had not yet become a rat. Although this comment might smack a bit of psychiatric dogmatism, I do not really think it carried the point too far. For Boston schoolteachers for years have been speaking of their Negro children as "animals" and the school building that houses them as a "zoo." The repercussions of this attitude probably affected Stephen more than other children, but the price it exacted was paid ultimately by every child, and in the long run, I am convinced that it was paid by every teacher too.

STEPHEN'S misery at school was only partially caused by the psychological harassment that I have been describing, for Stephen was also subjected to corporal punishment regularly, in spite of the fact that he was obviously mentally unstable and had very little control over his behavior. Corporal punishment is still sanctioned in the Boston public schools and takes the form of beatings on the hand with a thin bamboo whip or rattan.

I don't know exactly how many times Stephen underwent these whippings, but unquestionably they occurred at least as often as once a month, and probably more often, closer to once or twice a week. They happened frequently when the class was having math instruction, and this, I came to believe, was connected with the unfriendliness

[1] Our school was assigned a number of experts in different subject areas, which was the result of our participation in the Boston version of a compensatory program for Negro children. The compensation involved was, in fact, of a questionable nature. When Boston lost $2 million in federal aid for compensatory education, the reason given was that the federal government did not consider Boston's program to be offering any kind of legitimate compensation. It should be added, of course, that experts, teachers, and administrators described in this article are composites.

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that the math teacher felt toward Stephen. She spoke of it on more than one occasion, yet she was also aware of his mental instability, and she was the first to acknowledge it.

I remember when she discussed this with me, snapping out the words with sureness: "The child's not in his right mind." When I asked her whether she had thought of recommending psychiatric help for him, she replied that it was no use, since he would only tell the psychiatrist that all the teachers were prejudiced. A few days after this conversation, Stephen was sent to the cellar for another rattaning, and her comment, in accusation, not diagnosis or sympathy, was that he was "not in his right mind."

I would like to describe how Stephen behaved when he went downstairs to take his beating. I have said how little he was. Sixty pounds isn't very heavy, and he couldn't have been more than four feet tall. He had terrified tiny hopeless eyes. He had on a Red Sox baseball jersey, baggy corduroy pants, and baseball sneakers which looked a few sizes too large. His hair had oil in it, and it had been shaved down almost to the scalp. He was standing near the men's smoke room. Above were the pipes of the cellar ceiling, nearby the door to the basement boys' toilet. Out of that doorway came the stink of urine. His elbows froze at his sides. The teacher who administered the whipping gave the order to hold out his hands. He wouldn't respond. Again the teacher, standing above him, passed down the order. To no effect. The teacher, now losing patience, ordered it a third time. And still he wouldn't answer or comply. A fourth time. Still this frozen terror. So the decision is made: he will get it twice as many times.

He can't hold out forever. Finally he breaks down and stops resisting. The teacher who gives the beating may, in all other instances, seem a decent man. Even in giving this beating he may do it absolutely as he is supposed to. Yet, properly done or not, and whatever the man's intent, the tears still come, and the welts are formed upon the light-brown hand.

One obvious question immediately comes to mind. Why would *any* teacher whip a child for acts that the teacher has already acknowledged, both to himself and to others, to be beyond the child's ability to prevent? Perhaps a partial explanation lies in the fact that segregated schools seem to require this kind of brutal discipline because of the bitter feelings which are so often present in the air. The children — enough of them anyway — are constantly smoldering with a generally unrecognized awareness of their own degradation. The resulting atmosphere is deeply threatening to teachers and administrators.

Possibly in most cases, this is the entire story. Thinking of some of the teachers, however, I am convinced that something else was happening at times, and once you had watched it, you would know exactly what it was and would never deny that it was there. "This hurts me," goes the saying, "more than it hurts you." Yet there are moments when the visible glint of gratification becomes unmistakable in the white teacher's eyes.

White Bostonians sometimes argue that corporal punishment did not begin with Negro children, that it is, in fact, a very old tradition within the school system. I have never found this a convincing argument. The fact that a crime might have been committed with impunity in the past may make it seem more familiar and less gruesome, but surely does not give it any greater legitimacy. Whether Irish children were once whipped by Yankee teachers, or Jewish children, in turn, by Irish, is immaterial. What does matter is that corporal punishment today is being used by whites on Negroes, and being used in too many cases to act out, on a number of persuasive pretexts, a deeply seated racial hate.

If just any tough teen-ager is beaten on the fingers by his teacher, one can assume that school officials will be able to pass it off as discipline. But when a sixty-pound mentally ill fourth-grader is whipped for acts that are manifestly crazy, and when the teacher who prepares the punishment has, not ten days before, been speaking calmly of the niggers down South, or the little bastards causing trouble up there in Room Four, then even the administrators of the system are going to have to admit that something has gone wrong.

The room in which I taught my fourth grade was not really a room at all, but the corner of an auditorium. Three or four blackboards, two of them unstable, made the area seem a little bit set apart. The first time I approached that classroom I noticed a huge torn stage curtain, a couple of broken windows, and about thirty-five bewildered-looking children, most of whom were Negro. At the other end of the auditorium there was a classroom similar to mine.

The room was relatively quiet during the first hour of the morning. Not until ten o'clock did the bad cross fire start. By ten thirty it attained such a crescendo that the children in the back rows of my section couldn't hear my questions, and I couldn't hear their answers. The room, being large and wooden, echoed every sound. Sometimes the other fourth-grade teacher and I would stagger the lessons in which our classes had to recite aloud. But this makeshift method meant that one class had to be induced to maintain an unnatural rule of silence during major portions of the day. We

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couldn't always do it anyway, and usually the only solution was to try to outshout each other, so that both of us often left school hoarse or wheezing.

Hours were lost in this manner, yet that was not the worst. Soon after I came into that auditorium, I discovered that our two fourth grades were also going to have to share the space with the glee club, with play rehearsals, special reading, special arithmetic, and at certain times a third- or fourth-grade phonics class. I began to make head counts of the numbers of pupils:

Seventy children from the two regular fourth grades before the invasion.

Then ninety with the glee club and remedial arithmetic.

One hundred and seven with the play rehearsal.

One day the sewing class came in with their sewing machines, and then that became a regular practice in the hall. Once I counted one hundred and twenty people, all talking, singing, yelling, laughing, reciting. Before the Christmas break it became apocalyptic. Not more than half of the planned lessons took place throughout that time.

One day a window whose frame had rotted was blown right out of its sashes by a strong gust of wind. I had noticed several times before that it was in bad condition, but so many other things were broken in the school building that I had not said anything about it. The principal and custodians and other people had been in that building for a long time before me. I felt they must have known the condition of the window. If anything could have been done, I assumed they would have done it.

First there was a cracking sound, then a burst of icy air. The next thing I knew, a child was saying: "Mr. Kozol — look at the window!" As I turned, it was starting to fall in. I was standing, by coincidence, only about four or five feet off and was able to catch it. But the wind was so strong that it nearly blew right out of my hands. A couple of seconds of good luck kept glass from the desks of six or seven children and very possibly saved several of them from being injured. I soon realized that I was not going to be able to hold the thing up by myself, and I was obliged to ask one of the stronger boys in the class to give me a hand. Meanwhile, as the children beneath us shivered in the icy wind, and as the two of us now shivered also since the mercury was hovering close to zero, I asked one of the children in the front row to run down and fetch the janitor.

When he asked me what he should tell him, I said, "Tell him the house is falling in." The children laughed. It was the first time I had ever said anything like that when the children could hear me. I am sure my reluctance to speak out more often must appear odd to many readers, for at this perspective it seems odd to me as well.

Certainly plenty of things were wrong within that school building, and there was enough we could have joked about. The truth, however, is that I very seldom talked like that, nor did many of the other teachers. Unless a teacher was ready to buck the system utterly, it would become far too difficult to teach in an atmosphere of that kind of honesty. It was a great deal easier to pretend as much as possible that everything was OK.

Some teachers carried out this posture with so much eagerness, in fact, that their defense of the school ended up as something like a hymn of praise. "You children should thank God and feel blessed with good luck for all you've got. There are so many little children in the world who have been given so much less." The books are junk, the paint peels, the cellar stinks, the teachers call you nigger, the windows fall in on your heads. "Thank God that you don't live in Russia or Africa! Thank God for all the blessings that you've got!"

After the window blew in on us, the janitor finally came up and hammered it shut with nails so that it would not fall in again, but also so that it could not be opened. A month passed before anything was done about the missing glass. Children shivered a few feet away from it. The principal walked by frequently and saw us. So did the various lady experts who traveled all week from room to room within our school. At last one day the janitor came up with a piece of cardboard and covered over about one quarter of that lower window so that no more wind could come in, but just that much less sunshine too. I remember wondering what a piece of glass cost in Boston, and thought of going out and buying some and trying to put it in myself. That rectangle of cardboard covered our nailed-shut window for half of the term, and it was finally removed only because a television station was going to visit in the building and the school department wanted to make the room look more attractive. But it was winter when the window broke, and the repairs did not take place until the middle of the spring.

Other schools in the ghetto were no better than my own, and some were worse. One of the most unfortunate, according to those who made comparisons, was the Endicott School, also heavily imbalanced. Endicott, I learned, had become so overcrowded that in some classes the number of pupils exceeded the number of desks and the extra pupils had to sit in chairs behind the teacher. A child absent one day commonly came back the next and found someone else sitting at his desk. These facts had been brought out in the newspaper,

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but nothing had been done. When the parents of the Endicott children pressed the school department to take action, a series of events transpired which told a large part of the story of segregation in a very few words.

The school department offered, in order to resolve the problem, to buy a deserted forty-year-old Hebrew school and allot about $7000 to furnish it with desks and chairs. Aside from the indignity of getting everybody else's castoffs (the Negroes already lived in former Jewish tenements and bought in formerly Jewish stores), to buy and staff this old Hebrew school with about a dozen teachers would cost quite a lot more than to send the children down the street a couple of miles to a white school which had space. The Hebrew school was going to cost over $180,000. To staff it and supply it with books and equipment would cost $100,000 more a year. To send the children into available seats in nearby white classrooms (no new teachers needed) would have cost $40,000 to $60,000 for the year. The school department was willing to spend as much as an extra $240,000 in order to put the Negro children into another segregated school.

As it happened, the school committee debated the issue in so many directions that most of the school year passed before anything of a final nature was decided. Meanwhile, the children in the Endicott classrooms had lost another year from their lives.

In my own school there was another bad situation in the third of the three fourth grades. This class had been subjected for most of the year to a highly unstable teacher — a man of goodwill and mild disposition, who, however, had been dismissed from another position within the Boston system after serious trouble of a psychiatric nature. It was readily apparent that he was in no emotional condition to handle the problems posed by a crowded ghetto class. Beginning in October and continuing through March, his teaching had brought little to the children besides unending noise and chaos. Yet all the complaints of the bewildered Negro parents and even the stated dissatisfaction of the principal had not been able to effect a change.

At last in early April, after about six months of agony, the man was leaving. But the school administration did not have the competence or insight to assign a better-qualified person in his place. Instead of a confident or experienced instructor, a bashful and quite terrified young lady took over the class, and then, after her departure, a string of substitute teachers, who seemed at times truly to have been grabbed off the street at seven thirty, knocked over the head, handed a twenty-dollar bill, and shipped over to our schoolhouse in a taxi. Some of them were nice people, but few had any kind of real qualifications.

One fellow, I remember, did not even get there until about ten thirty because he had been out driving a cab the night before, and he announced within about forty-five minutes that he would certainly not be coming back. The consequence of all this in academic terms was an overall retardation of almost the entire class.

A chart on the wall gave some measure of the situation by keeping a record of math and spelling grades. The math average of the class for weeks had remained, almost without exception, below the point of failing — for certain stretches of time, as much as 30 points below. The spelling and writing had fluctuated around the third-grade level. Reading levels were a year, and often two years, beneath the national norm. All of these subject failures were major tragedies because in many respects and for a number of the children the stunting of their learning at such an early age was likely to prove almost irreversible.

But the setbacks in math and spelling and writing were not as serious for them as the lack of continuity in their work in social studies. For at least in the basic subjects, no matter how poorly they were doing, the children had had some continuity of material. In geography and history, there had been no continuity, but rather a frantic shifting of focus almost every day.

One morning a substitute teacher, groping for a way to kill an hour, would have the children read aloud to him about India. The next day, another teacher, not knowing what had been done before, and having a special fondness for another country, Holland perhaps, would tell the class to flip back a hundred pages and read about dikes and wooden shoes. Then someone would appear long enough to get some help from one of the full-time teachers, and the children would get two or three abortive sessions on the desert, but the day after that they would be doing India over again; then off to Lima, Peru; suddenly to American cotton production, or the corn belt, or coal production — or then, with the arrival of a new teacher, back to dikes and wooden shoes. It is not surprising that with a crazy arrangement of this sort, the children would frequently start out by lying to a new substitute and would do their best to break him down. Nor is it surprising that their sense of place and time soon grew to be disastrously confused. They could make no distinction, even in the most tentative and general manner, between a city, town, state, or country, or even between a continent or island. Words like Yangtze River, hemisphere, Himalayas, pyramid were all mixed up in their minds. A question about

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what one could get from rushing streams in Switzerland might elicit such an answer as "population" or "migration," and a question about what "self-evident" meant, or "created equal," would easily bring back from the class such answers as "Red Coats," "transportation," or "white coal."

Seven different teachers in the course of ten days became the final catastrophe of this classroom. The children grew wild, and the atmosphere from day to day grew more explosive. At this point, on the morning of the third of May, the principal called me into her office and asked me if I would agree to take the class for the remainder of the year. With the assurance that my own students would not be getting a string of substitutes, I agreed to make the transfer.

Consider what it is like to go into a new classroom and to see before you suddenly, and in a way you cannot avoid recognizing, the dreadful consequences of a year's wastage of so many lives. You walk into a narrow and old wood-smelling classroom and see thirty-five curious, cautious, and untrusting children, aged nine to thirteen, of whom about two thirds are Negro. Lifetime records of seven of them are missing, symptomatic and emblematic at once of the chaos of the teacher changes. On the first math test the class average is 36. The children tell you with embarrassment that it has been like that since fall.

You check around the classroom. Of forty desks five have tops with no hinges. You lift a desktop to fetch a paper, and you find the top has fallen off. There are three windows: one can't be opened. A sign on it written in the messy scribble of some custodial person warns: "Do Not Unlock This Window It Is Broken." The general look of the room is that of a bleak-light photograph of a mental hospital. Above the one poor blackboard, gray rather than really black, and hard to write on, hangs from one tack, lopsided, a motto attributed to Benjamin Franklin: "Well begun is half done." So much within this classroom seems to be a mockery of itself.

Into this grim scenario, drawing on your own pleasures and memories, you do what you can to bring some kind of life. You bring in some cheerful and colorful paintings by Joan Miró and Paul Klee. While the paintings by Miró do not arouse much interest, the ones by Klee become an instantaneous success. One picture in particular, entitled *Bird Garden*, catches the imagination of the entire class. You slip it out of the book and tack it on the wall beside the doorway, and it creates a traffic jam every time the children have to file in or file out. You discuss with your students some of the reasons why Klee may have painted the way he did, and you talk about the things that can be accomplished in a painting which cannot be done in a photograph. None of this seems to be above the children's heads. Despite this you are advised flatly by the art teacher that your naïveté has gotten the best of you, and that the children cannot possibly appreciate these drawings.

For poetry, instead of the materials recommended by the course of study, you decide to introduce a poem of William Butler Yeats. The poem that you select is "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." The children do not go crazy about it at first, but a number of them seem to like it as much as you do, and you tell them how once, two years before, you were living in England and you helped a man in the country to make his home from wattles and clay. Many of them grow more curious than they appeared at first. Here again, however, you are advised by older teachers that you are making a mistake: Yeats is too difficult for children. They can't enjoy it, won't appreciate it, wouldn't like it.

On a number of other occasions, the situation is repeated. The children are offered something new and lively. They respond to it energetically, and their attention doesn't waver. For the first time in a long while, perhaps, there is actually some real excitement and some growing and some thinking going on within that room. In each case, however, you are advised sooner or later that you are making a mistake. Your mistake, in fact, is to have impinged upon the standardized condescension upon which the entire administration of the school is based. To hand Paul Klee's pictures to the children of a ghetto classroom, particularly in a twenty-dollar volume, constitutes a threat to the school system. The threat is handled by a continual underrating of the children. In this way many students are unjustifiably held back from a great many experiences that they might come to value, and are pinned down instead to books the teacher knows, and tastes that she can handle easily.

My own feeling was that it was precisely the familiar material which had so deadened the previous three years of schooling and which had been so closely identified with the misery and chaos and intellectual aridity of this most recent year. To attempt to revive or reawaken a child's curiosity long gone dead or long sedated by use of the same poison that had laid him low seemed futile. Only by introducing new and totally fresh materials did there seem a chance to make a difference. Although the poems and pictures I brought in did not appeal to every student, there is no doubt at all of the degree to which the will to learn, as well as the most simple will to laugh or speak or smile or joke, reappeared among the children.

The change in attitude carried over, curiously,

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into utterly unrelated areas. One teacher of an older grade, who had little fondness for me, felt impelled, nevertheless, to come upstairs and offer me a compliment. "Everyone has been so impressed," she said, "by the way your children have been filing in the stairways." In an odd way, I felt pleased by what she had told me. I couldn't have cared less how my pupils were filing in the stairways, but it was a source of satisfaction to me to think that they were doing something which, within the context of this school, was so much to their advantage.

A more serious measure of the impact of these changes came to light when I started testing the class on the intensive work we had been doing in math and English. In less than a month, the math average went up to a median well above grade level. Test score averages over the course of three weeks began at 36, rose to 60, and leveled off at 79.

There was no unusual expertise at work within the classroom. There was, in fact, total professional naïveté as well as considerable technical incompetence. One thing *was* present, however, and this was the personal motivation of the children. It was there, unused and wholly unawakened, but very much in evidence as soon as it was looked for and believed in. To care about their work, the children asked only a few grains of faith and expectation, a small degree of fun, a mood of relaxation, and an open understanding between their teacher and themselves that the things that had been going on that year were not their fault.

A great deal has been written in recent years about the purported lack of motivation in the children of the Negro ghettos. Little in my experience supports this, yet the phrase has been repeated endlessly, and the blame in almost all cases is placed somewhere outside the classroom. Boston's former deputy superintendent, in putting forward the aims of the compensatory program, presented it in this way:

> It is our hope through this program to raise the achievement of these pupils closer to their potentials, which have for too long been submerged by parental lack of values.

Such language belies a sense of failure on the part of those who run these schools. The suggestion is made that the child will be offered a certain amount of compassion, just so long as it is made absolutely clear ahead of time that the heart of the problem is the lack of values of his family. Unquestionably, there are Negro children whose school careers give testimony to the problems that plague their parents' lives. Both Stephen's original and foster parents are pertinent examples. But the greater number of Negro parents whom I have known in Boston do not lead lives lacking in real values. Faced with the particular nature of the deputy superintendent's rhetoric, we have to ask whose values we are talking about — and deprived in the eyes of whom. To say that Negroes in Boston are deprived of rights would be an honest statement. It would also be honest to say that they are deprived of good schools, and at least to that degree, of a fair chance for democracy, for opportunity, and all the things these words are supposed to mean. But to say that they are deprived culturally, in the face of the present school administration and in the face of the profound callousness and cynicism of the entire system, seems to me meaningless.

Glimmerings of a personal understanding of these points and of the ironies involved in them can sometimes be perceived among the teachers. I recall a conversation I had with an unusually frank red-neck teacher in my school. "They talk about the Negroes being culturally deprived," he said with an unembarrassed smile, "I'm the one who's been goddamn culturally deprived, and I don't need anyone to tell me. I haven't learned a thing, read a thing that I wished I'd read or learned since the day I entered high school, and I've known it for years, and I tried to hide it from myself, and now I wish I could do something about it, but I'm afraid it's just too late."

The same teacher confided to me on another occasion that he had been beaten around and treated rough and whipped by his parents and by his Yankee schoolmasters when he was a child. To him, this seemed to clear the field for beating others around today. The attitude of many people in Boston and other cities has been consistent with this view: "We had a hard time of it, so why shouldn't they?" This less than gentle attitude seems characteristic of a less than gentle society, in which the prevailing viewpoint of those who are moderately successful is too likely to be that they have got theirs, and the others can damn well wait a while before they get the same.

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ISRAEL'S SWIFT SWORD

by BARBARA W. TUCHMAN

This report on the people, the planning, and the mission of the Israeli armed forces comes with special appropriateness from the author of THE GUNS OF AUGUST, *the memorable book about the opening of World War I. Mrs. Tuchman's recounting of great plans gone awry and thousands sacrificed to human vanity and error in August, 1914, has become required reading among statesmen today. Some of its chapters were included in training courses for the Israeli officers who engineered the victory over the Arabs. To compile this first of two articles for the* ATLANTIC, *Mrs. Tuchman went to Israel and interviewed Israeli officials and fighting men, from top commanders to privates.*

A PEOPLE considered for centuries nonfighters carried out in June against long odds the most nearly perfect military operation in modern history. Surrounded on three sides, facing vast superiority in numbers and amount of armament, fighting alone against enemies supported and equipped by a major power, and having lost the advantage of surprise, they accomplished the rarest of military feats, the attainment of exact objectives — in this case the shattering of the enemy's forces and the securing of defensible lines — within a given time and with absence of blunder. The war, which taken as a whole was the greatest battle ever fought in this area, shook the world, leaving local and international balances in new focus, incidentally rescuing the United States from a critical position, and, not the least of effects, exposing a profound failure of Russian calculations and presumably of military intelligence. That the armed forces who achieved this result drew on statehood of less than twenty years and on a population more than half immigrant raises questions about the components of effective military power. Who are the Israeli Defense Forces (I.D.F.), and how did they do it?

The fundamental components were, of course, motivation and compelling necessity, but all the will in the world would not have sufficed without capacity. What furnished capacity primarily was that the brainpower with which this people is endowed was channeled for the first time since the Exile into the military art in defense of their own homeland.

Second, they developed by conscious choice of their General Staff what it calls "the Israeli answer," in tactics, weaponry, and training, to suit their own needs and people in the particular war they had to fight. Partly this was a military decision, partly it reflected political experience of disillusionment in reliance on others, basically it was temperamental, deriving from the enforced self-reliance of the early Zionist settlers from whom the higher-grade officers, largely native-born, descend.

The third component of capacity was development of a military doctrine based on absolute fulfillment of mission by all ranks under all circumstances and the fullest exploitation of every resource, particularly knowledge of the enemy and weapon capacity. A tank, plane, or gun in Israeli hands is expected to outperform its equal in other hands. The principle of exploitation is also applied to opportunities as they develop in battle, based on belief in improvisation, in action if not in plan.

Finally, the manpower of the nation, which up to the age of forty-nine constitutes the active reserve, was kept prepared through constant and rigorous exercises that were not always merely for training. A young reserve officer returning home after a brief call-up and asked by his parents what he had been doing, replied succinctly, "Shooting infiltrators." What forged the Israeli armed forces was that the state had never known peace.

Three conditions at the time the state came into being determined the kind of army it would have to create: absence of peace, limitations of geography, and limitations of manpower and money. A fourth, which was an advantage, was foreknowledge of a specific enemy, familiar and contiguous.

When the war of independence of 1948 was

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halted by armistice without a treaty, the battered defenders, taking stock, realized that they had won a state but not peace. Across an elongated unnatural border, curving in haphazard knobs and bulges that marked positions on the day of the truce, they faced frustrated, embittered neighbors subjected to a constant propaganda of revenge. Geography was against the Israelis: they had no natural obstacles on which to base a defense, no territory to yield, and no room to retreat. Unlike larger countries, they could not afford mistakes like that of France in 1914 or rebound from an initial disaster like Dunkirk or Pearl Harbor. This fact dictated a strategy, should it become necessary, of carrying war to the enemy, and the initial strike could not be allowed to fail. Other countries can face the possibility of defeat or invasion and expect to survive, with limited or lost independence. For Israel, its people believed, defeat would mean annihilation. Once inside Israel, said General Amos Horev, Deputy Chief Scientist of the I.D.F., the Arabs "would have cut us to ribbons." As commander of a battalion in the fighting for Jerusalem in 1948, General Horev, who looks more like a Yale oarsman than a general officer, had had to leave his dead on the field and had come back next day to bury them. He found the bodies hacked into pieces, and with the help of another officer, matched up limbs and heads with torsos, knowing each of the dead personally, before burial. Many others knew from experience like that of the Hebron massacre of 1929 what it would mean if the Arabs were ever to gain the upper hand.

Limited manpower and money precluded a standing army adequate to the task of defense. The solution arrived at was dependence on a small professional career force which, together with each class of draftees serving their two and a half years of military duty, would constitute a standing nucleus. The rest, amounting in the June war to about 80 percent of the total, must be drawn in emergency from a national reserve in civil life. The problem was how to organize, train, and keep up to date this reserve so that it would be mobilizable in twenty-four hours and able to take the field in forty-eight. This required an "Israeli answer," since no other country had the same problem under the same conditions. The United States counts on three weeks to put the Reserve into action. An adaptation of the Swiss system was worked out by which each locality formed its own brigade — except for special volunteer units like the paratroopers or the Air Force — thus saving time in assembly. Depots for the equipment of each unit are set up, with maintenance taken care of by the draftees and regulars.

Reservists are kept to the necessary degree of readiness and fitness, with one foot in the army, by annual training periods of a month for enlisted men and five or six weeks for officers, plus shorter call-ups of up to three days every three months, depending on type of unit and the need.

THE ESPRESSO GENERATION

The I.D.F. *is* the nation, not a section of it. Bus drivers became tank drivers and are now back on their local routes. A supermarket manager who commanded a battalion in Sinai and captured an Egyptian general, has returned to his groceries. Even one divisional commander was a reservist — General Avram Yoffe, who is Parks Commissioner in civil life. The kibbutzim, representing 6 to 7 percent of the population, with their long commitment to the land and strong ideological tradition, provided 50 percent of the officers and 25 percent of casualties. Virtually every family had connection with someone in the war. "My niece's husband who captured Government House," or "Jaacov's brother on the PT boat," is part of every conversation.

The surprise was the performance of the "espresso" generation in their twenties, mistrusted by their elders, who considered that they had discarded the old ideals and sat around in the cafés over espresso, long on apathy and short on dedication. In the test it was these young men who carried the bulk of the combat with a fierce commitment that was as important to the nation as the victory itself.

Regional organization of units gave added incentive in battle, as in the Northern Command, when men fighting the Syrians were defending or avenging their own frequently shelled villages. Wherever they came from, said one officer, "whether from the Galilee, Tel Aviv, or the Negev, each man fought as if everything depended on *him*." In the general mobilization for the crisis, units often found themselves with 20 percent surplus. Men over-age or not called for some other reason appeared anyway, including a father in one brigade who joined his son, and were accepted as familiar faces by the company commander without too much question. He does not care who is surplus, General Chaim Barlev, Deputy Chief of Staff, explained: "Only the computer knows later."

Units trained for years in terms of a particular terrain. All the relevant information that could be obtained before war was assembled and learned. The I.D.F. allotted a higher percentage of ammunition — up to 50 percent of total training ammunition — to actual tactical problems with fire rather than to range marksmanship as in other countries.

The I.D.F. does not believe in officers' starting as officers but selects candidates for officer training from the draftees who show promise, after they have learned how it feels to serve as a private. Candidates must survive rigorous testing and pass

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through NCO school and service first. Reserve officers of company level and up are required to take three-month courses every two or three years or else give up their commissions.

Because of stringent budgets, officers' training in Israel is more condensed than in any other country, lasting no more than six months for the ground forces. When they leave, according to General Uzi Narkis, chief of the Central Command, "they feel the gap between what they have learned and what they ought to know and so they try to learn more on their own." A small, compact, bright-eyed, serious man who established his headquarters in the Old City of Jerusalem after hostilities and drives there in his car unescorted, he talked sitting with one leg tucked under him, sipping the bottled orange drink on which the I.D.F. fought the war. The Jews' intellectual curiosity, he said, was an important military asset. "They want to know *why;* why this hill, not the other, why this way rather than that. They are skeptical and critical. Israelis are critical of everything, all the time, of the government, the army, of themselves. It is important for an officer to be self-critical — and obstinate. He must be obstinate about sticking to his mission until it is carried out." The three essentials for an officer, he said, are a spirit of inquiry, execution of mission, and orientation — to the terrain and the task. "And of course leadership and audacity, that is understood." An officer is one who leads, and to lead he has to be ahead, "ahead too of what occurs." Evidence that officers led their units during the six days of June was a casualty rate of 30 percent compared with less than 10 percent for the whole.

The officer class is young; youth is a fetish of the I.D.F. Yigael Yadin, now professor of archaeology and director of the historic Masada dig, was thirty-three as Chief of Operations in the war of 1948. The present Chief of Staff, General Itzhaak Rabin, now forty-six, was appointed at forty-three, and his staff on average is probably the youngest in the world. This is deliberate policy reflecting the military leaders' tense consciousness that on them may depend at any moment the country's continued existence. They are determined to maintain the I.D.F. primed to the last minute, never satisfied, constantly improving.

NO FOREIGN ADVISERS

For the General Staff and virtually all higher-grade officers now over the age of forty, as well as many of the enlisted men, this is their fourth war. They fought in World War II as part of the British Army, in their own war of independence against the Arabs in 1948, and in the Sinai Campaign against Egypt in 1956. In 1941 when Palestine seemed in danger of invasion by Rommel's forces in North Africa, its young Jewish citizens joined either the British Army or the Palmach, the professional nucleus of the Haganah, whose members were intensively trained for resistance to the expected invasion. It was then that their attention was first turned to the Sinai Peninsula, for that would have been Rommel's route. After 1945 the Palmach gained another kind of military experience in the illegal struggle to bring in the refugees. Its seagoing and coastal operations in that effort provided the early experience of Israel's Navy. Facing the coming showdown with the Arabs upon end of the Mandate, the Palmach began that systematic study of the enemy which was to give the I.D.F. of 1967 the most thorough and accurate information ever provided by any Intelligence to Operations.

The present Chief of Staff, the Deputy Chief, the Chiefs of Intelligence, of Operations, of the Air Force, and Armored Corps, as well as the three area commanders, are all veterans either of the British Army or the Palmach, and all but three are Palestine-born.

Most of the high command have studied briefly at the command and staff colleges in France, Britain, and the United States, but this is nothing they boast of; it has to be pried out of them. One theme they notably and unanimously maintain is refusal to acknowledge any debt to foreign methods or doctrines and insistence on their independent development. There are no foreign experts or advisers in the I.D.F.

The Israelis want to leave no doubt that they have grounded their armed forces on their own experience from the Palmach on. This effort too has been deliberate because, new to military endeavor and small in size, they have had to resist any temptation to follow some military father figure represented by one or another of the major powers. A deeper reason is the sense of uniqueness that has characterized the Jews since Abraham made his covenant with God. Recognizing both tendencies, General Ezer Weizmann, Chief of Operations of the I.D.F., said, "We had to guard against the extremes of being either too arrogant or too humble, saying 'Oh, we are so tiny, tell us what to do.' " What influenced him at the Ecole de l'Etat Major, said General Aharon Yariv, Chief of Intelligence, was *la méthode*, a way of thinking and analyzing a problem, not the problem itself. He and his colleagues, when setting up their own General Staff school, "copied nothing." Doctrine and methods had to be of practical value for local circumstances, not just repetitions of accepted principle, however classic.

These officers have in common a self-assurance so confident that it can afford to be quiet, if not exactly modest. There is no reluctance whatever to acknowledge, in the most charming and friendly

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vay, that "we're *good*." General Rabin, a subdued, houghtful, intensely self-contained man and a chain smoker, conveying an impression of inner tension rigidly suppressed, is almost shy in company, but when talking on his subject, becomes magisterial. In all the staff and command officers an evident knowledge of their subject finds expression in readiness, even eagerness, to talk of it. They spill over with ideas. Because of the challenge and the need, the military profession in Israel can attract the finest energy of the country.

These are the officers and men who sprang into battle on June 5, who fought their way across Sinai almost without stopping for seventy-two hours except for refueling and one or two hours sleep; who in the case of one company of paratroopers fought on all three fronts, Sinai, Jerusalem, and Syria; who in the case of another unit continued to advance after all its officers one after the other were put out of action; who in the last two days plunged and scrambled up the Syrian heights against a position that even now, to anyone seeing its gun emplacements, lines of fire, cement bunkers, barbed wire and stone-lined trenches, seems impossible to have been taken by human assault.

The impetus and force that carried the Israelis forward through the six days cannot be understood separately from the period of crisis that preceded. The "tension," as they call it, was the worst time, everyone agrees. The people at large, not sharing the high command's exact knowledge of its own capacity, felt the enemy closing in. With Egyptian armor massing, the radios of Cairo, Damascus, and Amman bellowing annihilation, they saw the specter of genocide again. They knew they would have to fight alone if they fought at all. One by one the nations had dropped away from the proposed maritime armada to force the Gulf of Aqaba. The experience was familiar. Britain had closed the doors of Palestine to Jews seeking escape from Hitler. The UN after voting partition had left them to Arab attack, embargoing arms. The assurances of 1956 had not been honored. World indifference, they felt, was now repeating itself, leaving them to another "final solution." The Nazi program to wipe out the Jews is never out of mind in Israel, and they lived with the knowledge that the Arabs who have adapted it to their purposes were now gathering for the attempt.

Alongside the fear and depression of some, a more resolute mood possessed others, a feeling that they had had enough of Arab belligerence, threats, sabotage, terrorists, and diversion of water, that *this* time they must make a thorough job of it. They had reached, in General Rabin's words, "an accumulated frustration, because everybody felt that we had tried every way to avoid war but that now it was forced on us."

For the high command the period of waiting was "agony," for with each day that it was prolonged their war casualties would be that much greater. As compared with 1956, so they believed, they would be entering war at a greater disadvantage: this time the bulk of Egyptian force was already east of the Canal zone, with an enormous quantity of modern weapons and ten years of Soviet training they had lacked before. Israel would be advancing against them alone with no allies to pin down enemy planes; in addition it would be fighting on two, possibly three fronts instead of only in Sinai. Yet the alternative — acceptance of the blockade — would have been intolerable: "We would have been buried alive," as one officer said. The decision had to be taken, for the choice, as summed up by the same man, was clear: "Not to be strong was to be smashed like a worm." Held in restless waiting for three weeks, the I.D.F. shot forward as if released by a spring.

EIGHTEEN YEARS FOR EIGHTY MINUTES

Its spearhead was the Air Force, which established the conditions of victory — Air Chief General Mordecai Hod prefers to say "won the war," but that seems unfair to the ground forces — in eighty minutes. "We planned and trained eighteen years for those eighty minutes," he says, sparkling with pride. As commander of a performance of spectacular brilliance and sensational success he cannot hold in his delight. A smile quivers in his eyes and on his mouth as he talks, and breaks easily into a grin. He is brimming with happiness. Before succeeding to the command, Hod was for five years deputy commander under his no less exuberant predecessor, Ezer Weizmann, and they are much alike in style. Weizmann, nephew of Israel's first President, was born in Tel Aviv and Hod in Israel's oldest kibbutz, Degania A in the Galilee. At forty, he still flies every week with one of his squadrons, feeling that he must be able to do himself whatever he demands of them. It gives confidence in their orders to the fighter pilots, who start training at eighteen and whose average age is twenty-two to twenty-three.

The Air Force convinced its colleagues that though Israel might stand off the enemy, it could not *win* without air superiority. To create the perfect and infallible instrument for this purpose was the goal of Hod and Weizmann. Appointed to command the Air Force at thirty-four in 1958, Weizmann describes the following eight years until shifted to his present post as Chief of Operations as "the happiest of my life." He was working on the frontiers of the jet age with knowledge of a vital task on which his country's life depended.

Tall, slender, and voluble, with a small mustache and English-accented speech, Weizmann moves restlessly, flinging himself back in his chair, twisting

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his long legs over the arm, leaning forward to make a point, or striding up and down while rapid sentences tumble over each other in a losing race to keep up with his thoughts. He has a gift of distilled phrase. Speaking of the meaning of Jerusalem to a Jewish state, "I could not raise my children on the history of Tel Aviv." Or on the incompatibility of national character as a factor in Russia's imperfect success in training the Arabs, "What Ivan has in common with Muhamed, kill me if I know." Because of the extraordinary record of the Air Force, he says, foreigners think it had some electronic, supersophisticated secret weapon, "something that whistles and sings the Hatikvah," but the answer was simpler than that: perfect command of the machine as redesigned and adapted to suit both the short distances of air war in the Middle East and Israel's narrow means. In negotiating with the French, for instance, for purchase of Mirages in 1958–1959 the Israelis insisted on the plane's having two cannon built into it although it was designed to carry only missiles. The French argued that with new sophisticated developments only missiles were needed in air-to-air combat, but the Israelis had a dual purpose in mind. They wanted to use the planes not only to intercept bombers and fight Mig 21's, which carried missiles plus one cannon, but also to destroy planes on the ground, the essence of their strategy. Weizmann stuck to his guns and got them. "I wouldn't have bought the planes without them."

"We were fanatics in the Air Force," he says. "We knew exactly what we wanted. We meant to rely on our own ideas and not be prisoners of computers." This was the secret of their ultimate supreme confidence that "we could clobber the enemy," even though the enemy represented the combined air forces of Egypt, Syria, Jordan, and Iraq. Why? "Because the military world has become a victim of its own sophistication in weaponry, bewildered by the technology of the atom age. It has forgotten that brains, nerve, heart, and imagination are all beyond the capacity of the computer. No computer can go 'beyond the call of duty,' but that is what medals are given for."

The Air Force planned its weapons and trained its fliers in terms of an exact objective and the capacity of the enemy. On this problem Israel's Intelligence forces went to work, collecting, piecing together, building up over months and years, by photo reconnaissance and other means, despite the disadvantage of having no military attachés or other representatives in the Arab countries, a complete picture of the enemy. "We knew everything about the Egyptian Air Force," said Hod, "how they work, what was their training, where, when and how," including exactly how long it took them to take to the air after an alert — up to twenty-five minutes on certain bases, in comparison to an Israeli figure which, though he would not disclose it, elicited from Hod his broadest smile.

No commander, he said, has ever been provided with better intelligence. So precise was his planning that he was able to take out the nearer Egyptian fighter bases before the more distant bombers and still reach the latter at the exact moment they were taxiing for the take-off.

The work of the Intelligence Corps is the ground on which the I.D.F. stands, and its chief, General Yariv, a spare, alert man in rolled-up sleeves and eyeglasses, is regarded by many as the key figure of the armed forces. Born in Latvia, he came to Palestine at fourteen, "young enough to be accepted by the Sabras, old enough to know the outside world." He speaks six languages and is forty-six but looks ten years younger. To brief a roomful of 150 correspondents, covering the field from Kuwait to the Canal, discoursing on everything from weapons to politics, holding his auditors absorbed for over an hour while telling them nothing security would not permit them to know, fielding questions for another hour, and ending to spontaneous applause, immediately to be converged upon by a crowd eager for more — this was a bravura performance presented with the logic of a teacher and the instincts of an actor.

Israel's Staff is exceedingly security-conscious, and nothing is to be learned of its intelligence methods. All that Yariv will say is that whatever means exist, "you can be sure we used all of them." Meanwhile he has created a legend that has crossed the border. The Arab caretaker of an American institute in the Old City assured me that a knife-grinder of Bethany, living for seven years on a few piasters a day and posing as a kind of village jester dressed all in green, who told funny stories while turning his wheel outside the church door, was in reality an Intelligence agent and high officer of the Israeli Army. From this fairy tale he drew the not inappropriate moral, "It shows what they can do, and we have to learn."

TO SEE AND TO SOLVE

In action the Israeli soldier demonstrated the basic precepts on which the I.D.F. was formed: the ability of the individual commander to see what in a situation could be exploited, and the flexibility to take advantage of the opportunity without referring to higher authority or sending for additional help — "to see and to solve," as General Rabin puts it. Next, physical leadership by officers and in all ranks the spirit to carry out a given mission no matter what. In the desert a battalion, ordered to break through an Egyptian fortified position protected by a field solid with mines, failed and fell back, was ordered forward again, and with advance guards on hands and

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knees probing for the mines with steel wires, cleared a path and took the position. In the desperate rush to take the Syrian heights before cease-fire, men of one company flung their bodies on a barrier of barbed wire to let their fellows advance. In the unexpected battle for the heights outside Jerusalem when an artillery commander, lacking the necessary equipment, found himself unable to clear space for a gun emplacement, two reservists of his company who were residents of the city in the construction business offered to bring their own bulldozers and do the job, which they successfully accomplished. In Jerusalem, too, Colonel Motte Gur, commander of the paratroopers, personally led his troops in a charge through St. Stephen's Gate against a barrier of an overturned Jordanian bus roaring in flames.

In initiative, persistence, and refusal of self-deception the Israeli is the opposite of the Arab. The I.D.F., it must be remembered, does not exist in a vacuum; it is the obverse of its opponent, and any analysis of its performance must take the opponent into account. Where the Jew questions, the Arab dreams. To quote General Narkis, "The Arabs build castles in the air, and then become prisoners of their castles." Where the Jew fights facts, the Arabs accept: it is the will of Allah.

Essentially the war was a conflict of societies whose terms can be seen any day on a road between Syria and Israel, literally brown on one side and green on the other. The Jews who made the state belong to the activist West, and through the Zionist experience of return, of colonizing and reviving the neglected land, of making it flourish and capable of supporting a modern nation, they have undergone a mental and emotional revolution. They have become masters of their fate instead of sufferers. Egypt and Syria, despite all the verbal socialism, have made no revolution, none that has reached down into the lives of the people. The Syrian peasant in a hovel on a miserable patch of ground, the Egyptian fellaheen of the delta with seven diseases per capita have no society so precious as to fight and die for.

Militarily the victory of two and a half million against fifty million was one of professionalism. The Egyptian officers, according to the Israelis, are not professionals at their job. They have no conception of precision, thoroughness of preparation, the obligations of leadership, or of the Israelis' favorite tenet, "execution of mission." When over a thousand years ago Arab conquerors swept triumphantly across North Africa they were fighting with their own weapons in their own tradition. Today, lacking the Israelis' capacity to create their own armed forces, they are trying to operate in others' terms. An Egyptian manual picked up in the desert still illustrates drill with drawings of flat-faced smiling Occidentals obviously taken from some British manual circa 1930. Jordan's army is a British creation. Syrian Artillery listened to instructions in Russian. Egyptians were more dazed than aided by their Russian equipment. They fired not one — or possibly only one — missile from the twenty-odd SAM sites provided for them by the Russians. Their fighter pilots flew Mig's but could not successfully fight in them. Their rocket crews lacked the accuracy to fire surface-to-surface missiles lest aiming at Tel Aviv they might leave Beirut in ruins. On the whole, as Nasser suspected, they are not yet fully capable of modern warfare. Nevertheless, their numbers, combined with Russian alliance, remain overwhelming and dangerous, and the Israeli command knows it can never succumb to the mood that says, "The Arabs have surrounded us again, the poor bastards."

Where the Israelis depend on mobility and penetration, the Arabs fight best from fortified positions. Scores of their Soviet heavy tanks were dug in for use as stationary artillery. They were captives of their wealth in manpower and armament. The Soviet-designed system, based on bands of entrenched positions and deep bunkers backed up to a depth of several kilometers, required enormous manpower to construct. "That's for the rich," say the Israelis. For all the Arabs' deep resentment of the intruders in their world, and for all their pre-war threats and engineered orgies of hate, their cause against Israel is not for them a matter of life or death, and once they lost air cover they could neither advance nor hold their ground.

The Russians misjudged Arab capabilities — and Israel's as well — perhaps because they are materialists, disinclined to give weight to imponderables. They ask scornfully, but doubtless in honest bewilderment, "How many divisions has the Pope?" The iron mass of armament they bestowed upon their clients, Mig's, tanks, missile sites, rockets, anti-aircraft guns, half-tracks, tons and tons of other arms and ammunition, must have seemed to them certain to be decisive. They may have been misled too by customarily thinking of the Jews with contempt as victimized second-class citizens. They failed to recognize that the Israelis indeed possessed a secret weapon — a homeland.

THESE LIONS FOUGHT WITH TEARS

A final component of the I.D.F.'s capacity was the civil population — its other self. The outpouring of help, solicitude, and love in the form of letter-writing, home-baked cakes, sunburn cream, and other ministrations was phenomenal. The Israeli Air Force may have at this moment the finest combat fliers in the world, and the Israeli soldier may be the toughest fighter, but the campaign had its Jewish-mother aspect nevertheless. In Jerusalem a volunteer women's organization came into being during the "tension," starting from one soldier's

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call home for mosquito repellent for his company. A campaign of collections from pharmacies, drug companies, and private homes, assembled and distributed by volunteers in their own cars, jumping army bureaucracy, succeeded in getting 8000 units to the soldiers within five hours.

From that moment there was no stopping them. Gripped by the national danger and a sense of the country facing its ultimate test of existence, everyone wanted to give something. Within three days the Jerusalem women's group had 450 volunteers registered and card-indexed according to the kind of contribution each was prepared to make. Some served as baby-sitters where a wife was filling an absent husband's job, some as messengers to take news of casualties to families. Some drove out along the roads to give lifts to soldiers trying to reach home on a twelve-hour leave during the "tension" or to bring them to homes which had offered bathtubs or showers for their use. A mere mention of home-baked cakes brought in 800 in one day, and a mention of wine, 500 bottles.

Schools organized a program to send a letter from each pupil enclosed with small gifts in a parcel from each family. After the war an armored corps corporal confessed that on the third day in the desert under fire, with the heat and deaths and burning metal, he was finished, shattered, unable to move, not caring whether he lived. One of these parcels was dropped on his bunk. He thought, "Some silly crap," but caught sight of the letter and read it: "Dear Soldier, I am sending you this chewing gum. I am not afraid of bombs because I know you are out there protecting me and will not let anyone kill me." He rose at once, the corporal said; "I felt like a lion."

These lions fought with tears. A recurrent mention in the post-war talk is of weeping. "I was fighting and crying," a reserve officer of field rank told me, "because I was shooting and killing." The wife of a commander in the battle for the Old City, whose troops suffered excessive casualties because use of artillery was eschewed, told how he came home unwashed, unharmed, and apparently unchanged, and only after picking up his sleeping child, broke down and silently wept. A soldier in the North, suddenly confronted by a Syrian emerging from a trench six feet away, shot and killed him and then noticed a wedding ring on the dead man's hand. The thought flooded his mind, "He has a wife and children," and he felt the tears rise. Not everyone reacted that way. One wife said that while her husband brooded speechless for days after he returned, his brother reported killing as many Arabs as he could and was perfectly pleased with himself. Another who saw his tank crew blown up leaving him the only survivor thereafter turned his guns on the Egyptians and blasted his way through with savage satisfaction.

Afterwards the amazing victory brought no parades or cheers or the usual celebrations of triumph. The emphasis was on the dead. Jubilation was missing. The old grieved and the young were somber, conscious of contemporaries maimed or killed. Memorial services and black-bordered announcements in the newspapers were almost a daily occurrence. Israel's concentration on grief would have seemed exaggerated in another country, but the Jews have known many killed over the centuries and the 700 lost in this war could ill be spared. On a per capita basis a comparable loss to the United States would have been 60,000. The race against the stopwatch of the impending UN cease-fire required taking military risks which added to the casualties. To Israel as a nation, desperately concerned over its future as a Jewish state in a sea of Arabs, a Jewish life is not expendable. Each loss is a tragedy. But the feeling goes deeper than the loss to the state. It comes from an old inherited high value placed on human life.

No aspect of the I.D.F. is more striking than its concern for casualties. Every man wounded or dead is brought back regardless of cost, even that of mounting an offensive to recover the missing. In most cases the wounded were in hospitals within an hour, transported directly from the place they fell by helicopter, and the knowledge of this was a strong morale factor. A commanding officer or civilian employer attends the funeral of anyone lost from his outfit and pays the family a visit of condolence. The value of one man was deliberately dramatized when General Hod went to occupied Syria to attend the exchange of 550 Syrian POW's for one Israeli flier and the bodies of two dead.

Yet it is not only for lives that Israel grieves; there is something more. Its people, so long and so often the victims of violence, have had to become, against their ethic, against the hope that brought them back to Zion, users of violence. They had to win the right to nationhood, like the United States, by force of arms, and now by the same means have reconfirmed it. Notwithstanding the pride of the I.D.F. — and even happiness of the Air Force — in a job well done, many people in Israel are profoundly troubled by their new role and their own success in it. From Auschwitz to Sinai and the recovery of Jerusalem has been barely a generation, and the transformation is almost too sudden. In less than a lifetime the Jews have come from persecution to rule over others.

General Rabin, the quiet thoughtful man who led the I.D.F. in this attainment, was the first to recognize its burden. In his speech on Mount Scopus after the victory, he said, "The Jewish people are not accustomed to conquest, and we receive it with mixed feelings." What they will make of it and what conquest will make of them is the question that remains.

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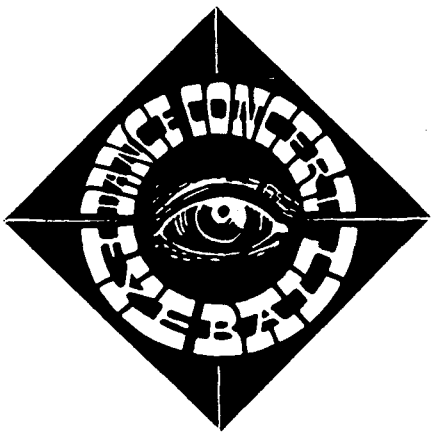

THE FLOWERING OF THE HIPPIES

by Mark Harris

The Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco is not the only place where hippies have congregated for their "summer of love," but it is certainly the biggest, floweriest, and most psychedelic. Journalists have skated the surface of hippie goings-on, but for real insight about the participants and their not altogether relaxed hosts, the ATLANTIC *turned to Mark Harris, a resident of San Francisco and the talented author of* THE SOUTHPAW, BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY, *and* TWENTY-ONE TWICE, *among other works.*

The hippie "scene" on Haight Street in San Francisco was so very visual that photographers came from everywhere to shoot it, reporters came from everywhere to write it up with speed, and opportunists came from everywhere to exploit its drug addiction, its sexual possibility, and its political or social ferment. Prospective hippies came from everywhere for one "summer of love" or maybe longer, some older folk to indulge their latent hippie tendencies, and the police to contain, survey, or arrest. "Haight" — old Quaker name — rhymed with "hate," but hippies held that the theme of the street was love, and the best of hippies, like the best of visitors and the best of the police, hoped to reclaim and distill the best promise of a movement which might yet invigorate American movement everywhere. It might, by resurrecting the word "love," and giving it a refreshened definition, open the national mind, as if by the chemical LSD, to the hypocrisy of violence and prejudice in a nation dedicated to peace and accord.

It was easier to see than understand: the visual came first, and the visual was so discordant that tourists drove with their cars locked and an alarmed citizenry beseeched the police to clean it out.

It was easy to see that the young men who were hippies on Haight Street wore beards and long hair and sometimes earrings and weird-o granny eyeglasses, that they were barefoot or in sandals, and that they were generally dirty. A great many of the young men, by design or by accident, resembled Jesus Christ, whose name came up on campaign pins or lavatory walls or posters or bumper stickers. *Are You Bombing With Me, Baby Jesus. Jesus Is God's Atom Bomb.*

The script was "psychedelic." That is to say, it was characterized by flourishes, spirals, and curlicues in camouflaged tones — blues against purples, pinks against reds — as if the hippie behind the message weren't really sure he wanted to say what he was saying. It was an item of hippie thought that speech was irrelevant. *You Don't Say Love You Do It. Those Who Speak Don't Know Those Who Know Don't Speak.* But it was also my suspicion that hippies would speak when they could; meanwhile, their muteness suggested doubt. In one shop the wall was dominated by an old movie advertisement — Ronald Reagan and June Travis in *Love Is in the Air* (Warner Brothers), their faces paper-white, blank, drained. I asked the hippie at the counter why it was there, but she didn't trust herself to try. "It's what you make of it," she said.

It was easy to see that the young women who were hippies were draped, not dressed; that they, too, were dirty from toe to head; that they looked unwell, pale, sallow, hair hung down in strings un-

Photographs on pages 65, 68, and 70 by Jerry Burchard.

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washed. Or they wore jeans, men's T-shirts over brassieres. When shoes were shoes the laces were missing or trailing, gowns were sacks, and sacks were gowns. *If You Can't Eat It Wear It.*

A fashion model was quoted in a newspaper as saying, "They don't really exist," who meant to say, of course, "I *wish* they didn't." The young ladies were experimenting in drugs, in sexual license, living in communal quarters furnished with mattresses. *Praise The Pill. Bless Our Pad.* Girls who might have been in fashion were panhandling. "Sorry, I've got to go panhandle," I heard a hippie lady say, which was not only against the law but against the American creed, which holds that work is virtue, no matter what work you do. Hippie girls gave flowers to strangers, and they encouraged their dirty young men to avoid the war in Vietnam. *Thou Shalt Not Kill This Means You. Caution: Military Service May Be Hazardous To Your Health.*

The shops of the "hip" merchants were colorful and cordial. The "straight" merchants of Haight Street sold necessities, but the hip shops smelled of incense, the walls were hung with posters and paintings, and the counters were laden with thousands of items of nonutilitarian nonsense — metal jewelry, glass beads, dirty pictures, "underground" magazines, photographs of old-time movie stars, colored chalk, dirty combs, kazoos, Halloween masks, fancy matchboxes, odd bits of stained glass, and single shoes. Every vacant wall was a bulletin board for communication among people not yet quite settled ("Jack and Frank from Iowa leave a message here").

The music everywhere was rock 'n' roll out of Beatles, folk, African drums, American pop, jazz, swing, and martial.

Anybody who was anybody among hippies had been arrested for something, or so he said — for "possession" (of drugs), for "contributing" (to the delinquency of a minor), for panhandling, for obstructing the sidewalk, and if for nothing else, for "resisting" (arrest). The principal cause of their conflict with the police was their smoking marijuana, probably harmless but definitely illegal. Such clear proof of the failure of the law to meet the knowledge of the age presented itself to the querulous minds of hippies as sufficient grounds to condemn the law complete.

Hippies thought they saw on Haight Street that everyone's eyes were filled with loving joy and giving, but the eyes of the hippies were often in fact sorrowful and frightened, for they had plunged themselves into an experiment they were uncertain they could carry through. Fortified by LSD (*Better Living Through Chemistry*), they had come far enough to see distance behind them, but no clear course ahead. One branch of their philosophy was Oriental concentration and meditation; now it often focused upon the question "How to kick" (drugs).

The ennobling idea of the hippies, forgotten or lost in the visual scene, diverted by chemistry, was their plan for *community*. For *community* they had come. What kind of community, upon what model? Hippies wore brilliant Mexican *chalecos*, Oriental robes, and red-Indian headdress. They dressed as cowboys. They dressed as frontiersmen. They dressed as Puritans. Doubtful who they were, trying on new clothes, how could they know where they were going until they saw what fit? They wore military insignia. Among bracelets and bells they wore Nazi swastikas and the German Iron Cross, knowing, without knowing much more, that the swastika offended the Establishment, and no enemy of the Establishment could be all bad. They had been born, give or take a year or two, in the year of Hiroshima.

Once the visual scene was ignored, almost the first point of interest about the hippies was that they were middle-class American children to the bone. To citizens inclined to alarm this was the thing most maddening, that these were not Negroes disaffected by color or immigrants by strangeness but boys and girls with white skins from the right side of the economy in all-American cities and towns from Honolulu to Baltimore. After regular educations, if only they'd want them, they could commute to fine jobs from the suburbs, and own nice houses with bathrooms, where they could shave and wash up.

Many hippies lived with the help of remittances from home, whose parents, so straight, so square, so seeming compliant, rejected, in fact, a great portion of that official American program rejected by the hippies in psychedelic script. *The 19th Century Was A Mistake The 20th Century Is A Disaster.* Even in arrest they found approval from their parents, who had taught them in years of civil rights and resistance to the war in Vietnam that authority was often questionable, sometimes despicable. George F. Babbitt, forty years before in Zenith, U.S.A., declared his hope, at the end of a famous book, that his son might go farther than Babbitt had dared along lines of break and rebellion.

When hippies first came to San Francisco they were an isolated minority, mistrustful, turned inward by drugs, lacking acquaintance beyond themselves. But they were spirited enough, after all, to have fled from home, to have endured the discomforts of a cramped existence along Haight Street, proud enough to have endured the insults of the police, and alert enough to have identified the major calamities of their age.

In part a hoax of American journalism, known even to themselves only as they saw themselves in

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the media, they began at last, and especially with the approach of the "summer of love," to assess their community, their quest, and themselves.

They slowly became, in the word that seemed to cover it, polarized, distinct in division among themselves between, on one hand, weekend or summertime hippies, and on the other, hippies for whom the visual scene was an insubstantial substitute for genuine community. The most perceptive or advanced among the hippies then began to undertake the labor of community which could be accomplished only behind the scene, out of the eye of the camera, beyond the will of the quick reporter.

The visual scene was four blocks long on Haight Street. Haight Street itself was nineteen, extending east two miles from Golden Gate Park, through the visual scene, through a portion of the Negro district known as the Fillmore, past the former campus of San Francisco State College, and flowing at its terminus into Market Street, into the straight city, across the Bay Bridge, and into that wider United States whose values the hippies were testing, whose traditions were their own propulsion in spite of their denials, and whose future the hippies might yet affect in singular ways unimagined by either those States or those hippies. From the corner of Haight and Ashbury Streets it was three miles to Broadway and Columbus, heart of North Beach, where the Beats had gathered ten years before.

The Haight-Ashbury district is a hundred square blocks of homes and parks. One of the parks is the Panhandle of Golden Gate, thrusting itself into the district, preserving, eight blocks long, a green and lovely relief unimpaired by prohibitions against free play by children or the free promenade

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of adults along its mall. Planted in pine, maple, redwood, and eucalyptus, its only serious resistance to natural things is a statue honoring William McKinley, but consigned to the farthest extremity, for which, in 1903, Theodore Roosevelt broke the ground.

The Panhandle is the symbolic and spiritual center of the district, its stay against confusion. On March 28, 1966, after a struggle of several years — and by a single vote of the San Francisco Supervisors — the residents of the Haight-Ashbury district were able to rescue the Panhandle from the bulldozer, which would have replaced it with a freeway assisting commuters to save six minutes between downtown and the Golden Gate Bridge.

In one of the few triumphs of neighborhood over redevelopment the power of the district lay in the spiritual and intellectual composition of its population, which tended toward firm views of the necessity to save six minutes and toward a skeptical view of the promise of "developers" to "plant it over" afterward. Apart from the Panhandle controversy, the people of the district had firm views clustering about the conviction that three-story Tudor and Victorian dwellings are preferable to skyscrapers, that streets should serve people before automobiles, that a neighborhood was meant for living as well as sleeping, that habitation implies some human dirt, that small shops foster human acquaintance as department stores don't, and that schools which are integrated are more educational than schools which are segregated.

One of the effects of the victory of the bulldozer would have been the obliteration of low-cost housing adjacent to the Panhandle, and therefore the disappearance of poorer people from the district. But the people of the Haight-Ashbury failed of enthusiasm. "Fair streets are better than silver," wrote Vachel Lindsay, leading hippie of Springfield, Illinois, half a century ago, and considered that part of his message central enough to carry it in psychedelic banners on the end pages of his *Collected Poems:*

> Fair streets are better than silver.
> Green parks are better than gold.
> Bad public taste is mob law.
> Good public taste is democracy.
> A crude administration is damned already.
> A bad designer is to that extent a bad citizen.
> Let the best moods of the people rule.

The Haight-Ashbury — to give it its San Francisco sound — had long been a favorite residential area for persons of liberal disposition in many occupations, in business, labor, the arts, the professions, and academic life. It had been equally hospitable to avant-garde expression, to racial diversity, and to the Okies and Arkies who came after World War II. Its polyglot population, estimated at 30,000, was predominantly white, but it included Negroes and Orientals in sizable numbers and general distribution, and immigrants of many nations. Here William Saroyan and Erskine Caldwell had lived.

During the decade of the sixties it was a positive attraction to many San Franciscans who could easily have lived at "better addresses" but who chose the Haight-Ashbury for its congeniality and cultural range. Here they could prove to anyone who cared, and especially to their children, the possibilities of racial integration. The Haight-Ashbury was the only neighborhood in the nation, as far as I know, to send its own delegation — one white man, one Negro woman — to the civil rights March on Washington in 1963.

Wealth and comfort ascended with the hills in the southern portion of the district. In the low, flat streets near the Panhandle, where the hippies lived, the residents were poorer, darker, and more likely to be of foreign extraction. There, too, students and young artists lived, and numbers of white families who had chosen the perils of integration above the loss of their proximity to the Panhandle. With the threat of the freeway many families had moved away and many stores had become vacant, and when the threat had passed, a vacuum remained.

The hippies came, lured by availability, low rents, low prices, and the spirit of historic openness. The prevailing weather was good in a city where weather varied with the contours of hills. Here a hippie might live barefoot most of the months of the year, lounge in sunswept doorways slightly out of the wind, and be fairly certain that political liberals, bedeviled Negroes, and propertyless whites were more likely than neighbors elsewhere to admit him to community.

The mood of the Haight-Ashbury ranged from occasional opposition to the hippies to serene indifference, to tolerance, to interest, and to delight. As trouble increased between hippies and police, and as alarm increased elsewhere in the city, the Haight-Ashbury kept its head. It valued the passions of the young, especially when the young were, as hippies were, nonviolent. No doubt, at least among liberals, it saw something of its own earlier life in the lives of hippies.

Last March the Haight-Ashbury Neighborhood Council, formed in 1957 to meet a crisis similar to the Panhandle controversy, committed itself to a policy of extended patience. It declared that "we particularly resent the official position of law-enforcement agencies, as announced by [Police] Chief Cahill, that hippies are not an asset to the community. The chief has not distinguished among the many kinds of citizens who comprise the

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hippie culture. . . . War against a class of citizens, regardless of how they dress or choose to live, within the latitude of the law, is intolerable in a free society. We remember the regrettable history of officially condoned crusades against the Chinese population of San Francisco whose life style did not meet with the approval of the established community and whose lives and property were objects of terrorism and persecution."

If any neighborhood in America was prepared to accommodate the hippies, it was the Haight-Ashbury. On the heights and on the level rich and poor were by and large secure, open, liberal, pro-civil-rights, and in high proportion anti-war. Its U.S. congressman was Philip Burton, a firm and forthright liberal, and its California assemblyman was Willie Brown, a Negro of unquestioned intellect and integrity. Here the hippies might gain time to shape their message and translate to coherence the confusion of the visual scene. If the hippies were unable to make, of all scenes, the Haight-Ashbury scene, then there was something wrong with *them*.

LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE

The principal distinction between the hippies and every other endeavor in utopian community was LSD, which concentrated upon the liver, produced chemical change in the body, and thereby affected the brain. Whether LSD produced physical harm remained an argument, but its most ardent advocates and users (not always the same persons) never denied its potentially dangerous emotional effects. Those effects depended a great deal on the user's predisposition. Among the hippies of San Francisco, LSD precipitated suicide and other forms of self-destructive or antisocial behavior. For some hippies it produced little or nothing, and was therefore a disappointment. For many, it precipitated gorgeous hallucinations, a wide variety of sensual perceptions never before available to the user, and breathtaking panoramic visions of human and social perfection accompanied by profound insights into the user's own past.

It could be manufactured in large quantities by simple processes, like gin in a bathtub, easily carried about, and easily retained without detection. In liquid it was odorless and colorless; in powder it was minute. Its administration required no needles or other paraphernalia, and since it was taken orally, it left no "tracks" upon the body.

Technically it was nonaddictive, but it conspicuously induced in the user — the younger he was, the more so — a strong desire for another "trip": the pleasures of life under LSD exceeded the realities of sober perception. More far-reaching than liquor, quicker for insights than college or psychiatry, the pure and instant magic of LSD appeared for an interesting moment to capture the mind of the hippies. Everybody loved a panacea.

Their text was *The Psychedelic Experience*, by Leary, Metzner, and Alpert, "a manual based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead," whose jacket assured the reader that the book had been completed free of academic auspices. It was likely that the hippies' interest in the book lay, in any case, rather in its use as "manual" than in its historical reference.

Bob Dylan, favorite of many hippies, told in a line of song, "To live outside the law you must be honest." But hippies were Puritan Americans, gorged with moral purpose, and loath to confess that their captivation was basically the pursuit of pleasure. They therefore attached to the mystique of LSD the conviction that by opening their minds to chemical visions they were gaining insights from which society soon should profit.

Hippies themselves might have profited, as anyone might, from LSD in a clinical environment, but the direction of their confidence lay elsewhere, and they placed themselves beneath the supervision mainly of other hippies. Dialogue was confined among themselves, no light was shed upon the meaning of their visions, and their preoccupation became LSD itself — what it did to them last time, and what it might do next. Tool had become symbol, and symbol principle. If the hippie ideal of community failed, it would fail upon lines of a dull, familiar scheme: the means had become the end.

Far from achieving an exemplary community of their own, with connections to existing community, the hippies had achieved only, in the language of one of their vanguard, "a community of acidheads." If LSD was all the hippies talked about, the outlying community could hardly be blamed for thinking this was all they were. Visions of community seen under LSD had not been imparted to anyone, remaining visible only to hippies, or entering the visual scene only in the form of commentary upon LSD itself, jokes and claims for its efficacy growing shriller with the increase of dependence. But the argument had been that LSD inspired transcendence, that it was, as one hippie phrased it, "a stepping-stone to get out of your environment and look at it."

Under the influence of LSD hippies had written things down, or drawn pictures, but upon examination the writings or the pictures proved less perfect than they had appeared while the trip was on. Great utterances delivered under LSD were somehow unutterable otherwise. Great thoughts the hippies had thought under LSD they could never soberly convey, nor reproduce the startling new designs for happier social arrangements.

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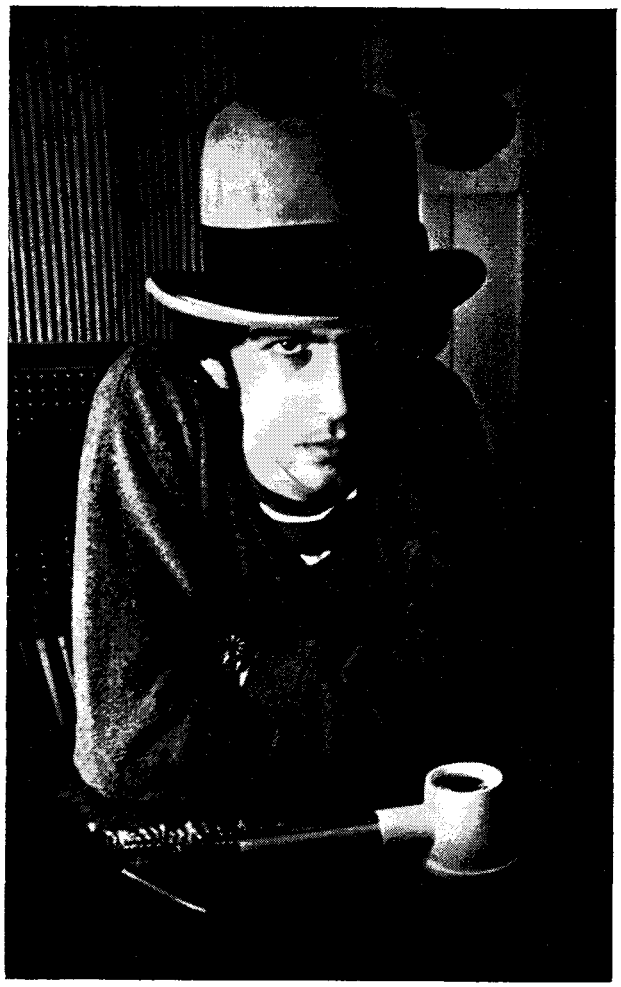

Two years after the clear beginnings of the hippies in San Francisco, a date established by the opening of the Psychedelic Shop, hippies and others had begun to recognize that LSD, if it had not failed, had surely not fully succeeded. ("We have serious doubts," said a Quaker report, "whether drugs offer the spiritual illumination which bears fruit in Christlike lives.") Perhaps, as some hippies claimed, their perceptions had quickened, carrying them forward to a point of social readiness. It had turned them on, then off.

Whatever the explanation, by the time of the "summer of love" their relationship with the surrounding community had badly deteriorated. The most obvious failure of perception was the hippies' failure to discriminate among elements of the Establishment, whether in the Haight-Ashbury or in San Francisco in general. Their paranoia was the paranoia of all youthful heretics. *Even Paranoids Have Real Enemies.* True. But they saw all the world as straight but them; all cops were brutes, and everyone else was an arm of the cops. Disaffiliating with all persons and all institutions but themselves, they disaffiliated with all possible foundations of community.

It was only partly true, as hippies complained, that "the Establishment isn't listening to us." The Establishment never listened to anyone until it was forced to. That segment of the Establishment known as the Haight-Ashbury, having welcomed the hippies with friendliness and hope, had listened with more courtesy to hippies than hippies had listened to the Haight-Ashbury.

Hippies had theories of community, theories of work, theories of child care, theories of creativity. Creative hippies were extremely creative about things the city and the district could do for them. For example, the city could cease harassing hippies who picked flowers in Golden Gate Park to give them away on Haight Street. The city replied that the flowers of Golden Gate Park were for all people — were *community* flowers — and suggested that hippies plant flowers of their own. Hippies imagined an all-powerful city presided over by an all-powerful mayor who, said a hippie, "wants to stop human growth." They imagined an all-powerful Board of Supervisors which with inexhaustible funds could solve all problems simultaneously if only it wanted to.

Their illusions, their unreason, their devil theories, their inexperience of life, and their failures of perception had begun to persuade even the more sympathetic elements of the Haight-Ashbury that the hippies perhaps failed of perception in general. The failure of the hippies to communicate reasonably cast doubt upon their reliability as observers, especially with respect to the most abrasive of all issues, their relationship with the police.

Was it merely proof of its basic old rigidity that the Haight-Ashbury believed that community implied social relief, that visions implied translation to social action? *Squares Love, Too: Haight-Ashbury For All People.* So read an answering campaign pin as friction increased. But the hippies, declining self-regulation, aloof, self-absorbed, dumped mountains of garbage on the Panhandle. The venereal rate of the Haight-Ashbury multiplied by six. (The hippies accused Dr. Ellis Sox of the health department of sexual repression.) The danger grew alarmingly of rats, food poisoning, hepatitis, pulmonary tuberculosis, and of meningitis caused by overcrowded housing. "If hippies don't want to observe city and state laws," said Dr. Sox, "let them at least observe a few natural laws."

Hippies behaved so much like visitors to the community that their neighbors, who intended to live in the district forever, questioned whether proclamations of community did not require *acts*

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of community. Hippies had theories of love, which might have meant, at the simplest level, muting music for the benefit of neighbors who must rise in the morning for work. Would the Haight-Ashbury once again, if the emergency arose, expend years of its life to retain a Panhandle for hippies to dump their garbage on? Or would it abandon the hippies to the most primitive interpretations of law, permit their dispersion, and see their experiment end without beginning?

At no point was the hippies' failure to seek community so apparent as with relation to the Negroes of the district. With the passage of the civil rights movement from demonstrations to legal implementation excellent opportunities existed for the show of love. What grand new design in black and white had hippies seen under LSD? If Negroes were expected to share with hippies the gestures of love, then hippies ought to have shared with Negroes visions of equal rights.

The burdens of the Negroes of the district were real. Negro tenants *desired* the attention of the health department, *desired* the attention of agencies whom hippies monopolized with appeals for food and housing for the "summer of love." The needs of the Negroes, especially for jobs, appeared to Negroes a great deal more urgent than the needs of white middle-class hippies who had dropped out of affluence to play games of poverty in San Francisco. "Things should be given away free," said a Negro man in a public debate, "to people that *really* need them."

One afternoon, on Masonic Street, a hundred feet off Haight, I saw a Negro boy, perhaps twelve years old, repairing an old bicycle that had been repaired before. His tools lay on the sidewalk beside him, arranged in a systematic way, as if according to an order he had learned from his father. His face was intent, the work was complicated. Nearby, the hippies masqueraded. I mentioned to a lady the small boy at work, the big boys at play. "Yes," she said, "the hippies have usurped the prerogatives of children — to dress up and be irresponsible."

THE POLARIZATION OF THE HIPPIES

A hippie record is entitled *Notes From Underground.* The hippie behind the counter told me that "underground" was a hippie word. He had not yet heard of Dostoevsky, whose title the record borrowed, or of the antislavery underground in America, or of the World War II underground in France. A movement which thought itself the world's first underground was bound to make mistakes it could have avoided by consultation with the past, and there was evidence that the hippies had begun to know it.

Nobody asked the hippies to accept or acknowledge the texts of the past. Their reading revealed their search for self-help, not conducted among the traditional books of the Western world but of the Orient — in *I Ching* and *The Prophet*, and in the novels of the German Hermann Hesse, especially the "Oriental" *Siddhartha.* Betrayed by science and reason, hippies indulged earnestly in the occult, the astrological, the mystical, the horoscopic, and the Ouija. Did hippies know that Ouija boards were a popular fad not long ago?

Or did they know that *The Prophet* of Kahlil Gibran, reprinted seventy-seven times since 1923, lies well within the tradition of American self-help subliterature? No sillier book exists, whose "prose poetry," faintly biblical, offers homiletic advice covering one by one all the departments of life (On Love, On Marriage, On Children, On Giving, On Eating and Drinking, On Work — on and on) in a manner so ambiguous as to permit the reader to interpret all tendencies as acceptable and to end by doing as he pleases, as if with the sanction of the prophet.

Hesse was a German, born in 1877, who turned consciously to romantic expression after age forty, but the wide interest of the hippies in *Siddhartha* is less conscious than Hesse's. To the hero's search for unity between self and nature they respond as German youth responded to Hesse, or as an earlier generation of Americans responded to the spacious, ambiguous outcry of Thomas Wolfe.

Inevitably, they were going through all these things twice, unaware of things gone through before. Inherent in everything printed or hanging in the visual scene on Haight Street was satirical rejection of cultural platitudes, but in the very form and style of the platitudes themselves. Children of television, they parodied it, spoofing Batman, as if Batman mattered. The satire in which they rejoiced was television's own artistic outpost. The walls of Haight Street bore, at a better level, the stamp of *Mad* magazine or collages satirizing the chaos of advertising: but anyone could see the same who turned the pages of *Reader's Digest* fast.

Of all the ways in which hippies began to polarize toward work their withdrawal from the visual scene was most astute. They had begun to learn, after flight, rebellion, and the pleasures of satirizing things they hoped they could reject, that work requires solitude and privacy, and that to work well means to resist the shaping influence of the media, abandoning the visual scene to those whom it gratifies.

The ideal of work — not simply jobs, but meaningful work, work as service — had been a hippie ideal from the outset. The apprehension of quiet, positive acts as meaningful, requiring time and *liaison*, was a more difficult act than parading the

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streets in costume. The act of extending community beyond oneself, beyond other hippies, beyond the comfort of drugs to the wider community of diverse color and class was nearer than hippies had thought to the unity of self and nature.

At the start, it was frightening to undertake. Finally, it was instructive and exalting. To share *community*, to arrive finally at the meaning of one's own world, was to feel life from a point of view formerly hidden from oneself, and only partly revealed by mystical reading. Self-regulation was more satisfying than regulation by the police, and conformity to enduring objectives more liberating finally than chemical visions.

The hippies patrolled their garbage — the "sweep-in" — and modulated their music. If such acts were this side millennium, they were nevertheless gestures of community reflecting an emergence of the hippies from the isolation of their first two years in San Francisco. Acquaintance with the straight community increased as work and work projects proliferated. Acquaintance produced degrees of trust and accurate identity. Generalizations failed. Not all straights were pure straight, even as hippies differed one from another.

The life of the hippie community began to reveal a history of its own. It had evolved through flight, drugs, and conflict, and back into the straight world, which it now knew in a manner different from before. To direct the Hip Job Co-op, the Free Store, public feedings in the Panhandle, to produce even one memorable edition of the *Oracle* (Volume I, Number 7, preserving the essence of hippie theory in debate among Ginsberg, Leary, Snyder, and Watts) required a pooling of skills, resources, and confrontation with the straight community. It meant, even, coming face to face with the telephone company, and it meant, as well, the ironic recognition that necessary work invited imitation of the very processes hippies had formerly despised. To purchase houses to shelter hippies, food to feed them, required compromise with the community, a show of dependable intentions. In the language of Leonard Wolf, San Francisco State College professor who organized formal instruction among hippies, it required "coming to terms with the ethical quandary of money." Projects with long-range implications, such as the purchase of rural sites for hippie communities, required leadership, planning, authority, discipline, and more or less continuous sobriety.

At some moments the process of learning was almost visible. "The American passion is murder," said a hippie spokesman, challenging a straight audience of physicians, lawyers, teachers, and others, including police officers, to rise and shout him down. None of his listeners betrayed alarm — some feared that his words were too true. "I would like to see the American Establishment give more examples of love, and fewer pronouncements." He appeared suddenly to be aware that he had heard these sentiments before, and indeed it was a complaint some members of the Establishment had made forever and ever. Hippies were scarcely the first to discover hypocrisy.

A hippie said, at the same meeting, "The American empire is driving our sons and daughters to Haight Street. All America knows is profit and property. We all know . . ." — that is, we all just this minute realized; that was to say, *he* just this minute realized — "we all know all we need to know to act, but we don't act. Everyone knows what's wrong . . ." perceiving in that moment a straight community which shared with him, among other things, its powerlessness. It, too, had fought its battles with authority, and he saw it now in its diversity, rather than as monolith.

At such moments of meeting hippies knew sensations of reconciliation and escape from their own isolation. They learned, as American minor-

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ities before them had learned, that nothing was more instructive about human life than to have been a minority group, and to have emerged. Acquaintance clarified: straights had not so much opposed drugs or dirt as their inefficiency; runaway children broke real hearts; plagues of rats, by the agreement of mankind, were unaesthetic; straights, too, resisted work, yearned for varieties of love, and found the balance. Frank Kavanaugh, teacher at a Catholic high school, resident of the Haight-Ashbury for fourteen years, summarized the positive aspects of polarization in a public statement widely applauded. He wrote in part:

> I would estimate that even though there have been many unwelcome incidents occasioned by both the old and new community, there has still arisen an area of understanding and mutual appreciation. I would describe it in this fashion. The new community by its rejection of certain middle-class attitudes of comfort, security, position, and property has pointed out to us our exaggerated concern for these material distractions. In their effort to create new life styles based on personalism and simple awareness of the basic joys of sensible creation, they make us more aware of the overlooked pleasures of colors, sounds, trees, children, smiles. Yet I think that they have learned much from us too. They have learned that the neighborhood in which they have chosen to demonstrate their rejection of middle-class conformity is not such a bad neighborhood after all. If they have been the victims of generalized attitudes by authority, they have also been the perpetrators of generalized attitudes themselves. Not all middle-class people are squares. Generally speaking, upon the close, personal examination of any square by any hippie, the sharp corners soften considerably and the image of a human being appears. . . . Given more time and the absence of undue friction, the dialogue could bear rich fruit. The old and new could form one community, unique and rich in human resources, a community that could demonstrate that such a neighborhood could flourish despite the system; indeed, one that could bear the seed for a joyous revolution of attitudes in the entire city and produce a large urban community based on the real needs of its inhabitants.

The hippies had come for help. The freedom of cities had always attracted a significant segment of every generation seeking to resolve American dilemmas unrestrained by commitments to family obligations in home communities. New York and Chicago had always known waves of hippies fleeing Winesburg, Ohio. In San Francisco, as hippies engaged in public dialogue, they forced the city to examine and modify standing practices. Laws governing marijuana became exposed for their paradoxes. Accurate information on drugs became an objective. Police methods were reviewed. Perhaps the most useful debate involved new and imaginative uses of public facilities: a city which could entertain and amuse immense conventions, sporting crowds, providing for visitors luxurious frivolities of every kind, could, for example, release Kezar Stadium, site of professional football during certain seasons, to the tents of hippies for their "summer of love." Haight-Ashbury Assemblyman Willie Brown, in a letter to the Supervisors, placed in perspective the nature of the conflicting forces: "It appears to me that you are in danger of making a very fundamental mistake concerning both your own identity and that of the young people who are coming to us. *They* are not some horde of invading foreigners. They are our children, yours and mine, exercising their right to move freely about a country which will soon be very much their own. You for your part are not some select group of medieval chieftains who can, at will, close up your town and withdraw behind the walls of your own closed society. The City of St. Francis deserves better from you. Whether we like or dislike, agree or disagree with the 'Hip' community is not the issue here. The issue *is* whether you can by fiat declare a minority unwelcome in our community. If you declare against these young people today, what minority is going to bear the brunt of your discrimination tomorrow?"

THE COP'S DIRECTIVE

Somewhat forgotten among general fears was the hippies' unwavering adherence to the ideal of nonviolence. Miraculously, they retained it in a community and in a world whose easiest tendency was guns. For that virtue, if for no other, they valuably challenged American life. If they did not oppose the war in Vietnam in the way of organized groups, they opposed it by the argument of example, avoiding violence under all circumstances. They owned no guns. By contrast, the manner in which the major Establishment of San Francisco approached the hippies chillingly suggested the basis of American failure abroad: never questioning its own values, lacking the instinct for difficult dialogue, it sought to suppress by exclusion; exclusion failing, it was prepared to call the police.

The trouble on the visual scene was drugs, and drugs brought cops; the trouble was runaway children (some as young as ten years old) lost among hippies, and runaway children brought cops; dirty books brought cops. The trouble was hazardous housing, which brought the health department, and in the wake of the health department, cops.

The trouble with the police, from the point of view of the hippies, was false arrest, illegal arrest, incitement to arrest, cops with swinging clubs, obscene cops diseased by racial hatred, and the tendency of any appearance by police to stimulate

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excitement where none had been. They accused cops of accepting bribes from drug peddlers and then arresting users, and they singled out a few officers whose zeal for the enforcement of standard morality exceeded reason. The cop was the enemy-visible in a marked car, whom hippies viewed as the living symbol of all the vice and hypocrisy of the Establishment.

The San Francisco cop had never lived in the Haight-Ashbury. Now, by and large, he lived in the Richmond, the Sunset, or within the thirty-mile suburban radius established by law, in a house with a patch of grass and a garage with an oil-proof floor he might live long enough to pay for. He earned $9000 for a forty-nine-week year, and he would receive a pension at age sixty-five, or after thirty years of service. He read his Hearst newspaper and watched television and went to church and Candlestick Park. He hated the sound of sirens: his occupational hazard was heart failure at an early age from too many surges of adrenalin.

For the San Francisco cop the sixties had been, said one, "the age of riots," not food riots, not labor strikes, for objectives or upon principles he understood, but disorders emanating from obscure causes and upheld for their justice by those elements of the community the cop had always associated with normal process and quietude. Said the same cop: "I am caught in the bind of history."

The first significant confrontation of the decade between police and the new antagonist occurred on Friday, May 13, 1960, in the rotunda of city hall, where several hundred persons had gathered to attend, in a spirit of protest, a hearing of a House Committee on Un-American Activities. Denied admission to the hearing room, the crowd sang, chanted, and appeared to represent potential violence. Four hundred policemen, a contingent larger than the gathering itself, dispersed the crowd with clubs and fire hoses, jailed more than fifty persons, brought one to trial (a Berkeley student) — and failed to convict him.

But to the astonishment of the cop, in so clear a case, instead of commendation from a grateful public for having quelled a disorder, he was abused for his "brutality." The next day thousands of persons gathered at various points of the city to protest not only the continued presence of the subcommittee, but also the cop, the two causes becoming one. In the years which followed, all issues were to be repeatedly merged with the issue of police action: the cop himself became an issue.

The San Francisco Police Department, between 1960 and 1967, undertook liberal reforms never dramatic enough to please its critics. Its leadership had always been proud of the department's flexibility, its openness to innovation. It was the *servant* of the city. Now, in a new climate, it intended to acquaint itself with new problems, especially the problems of racial or temperamental minorities.

The creation in 1962 of a Community Relations Unit, which grew from two members to thirteen, was an experiment of remarkable promise and frequent achievement. Its goal was to anticipate commotion rather than to react in panic, to understand the aims of dissident groups, and to survey rather than to arrest. The role of the unit was to provide "feedback" between police and public, often by sponsoring or attending public meetings where dialogue might ensue between citizen and cop, who had never before met.

The unit wore no uniform, made no arrests, and identified itself wherever it went. Honorably, it never carried back hard information to the department. It had somewhat the aspect of the intellectual wing of the police, asking *why*, never *who*, though the position was relative, and in the short run it was a long way down the line from the new, informed, even theoretical cop to the rank-and-file cop in the car, riding scared, feeling himself surrounded by alien and sinister forces, feeling eyes of contempt and hatred upon him, anxious for his own safety, and moved finally to rely upon the same old weapons he still treasured above all sociology, all theory, and all goodwill.

He was a better-informed, more feeling cop than he had been eight years before, but he could never quite remain abreast of history. He had learned to accept the aspirations of Negroes, but he was now confronted by hippies, who were patently and undeniably breaking laws for reasons beyond the cop's comprehension. The Beats, who were the forerunners of the hippies, had obstructed the sidewalks of North Beach and offended cops by their strange untidiness, but they had gathered in a traditional bohemian quarter, and they were *beat*, they admitted it, prepared to flee.

The instinct of the cop was ancient: break the law, be punished. Typical of the citizenry of San Francisco, his heart the repository of all populist values, the cop would uphold the law at every stage of its interpretation. In the main, he transcended his emotions. He waited to see whether the hippies would triumph over their visual scene, whether their shift from street to community would occur before the Haight-Ashbury or the city beyond arrived at last at disenchantment. If the Haight-Ashbury abandoned the hippies the mood of the city at large would be released in the direction of his own gut responses. Then the anxiety of the cop would be shared by all powers, the nervous system of the cop, the city, and the Haight-Ashbury would vibrate upon one note. Then the directive of the cop would be clear. Then the cop *would* move in.

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viewpoint

Lyndon Johnson's Other Wars

by Michael C. Janeway

Mr. Janeway, twenty-seven, is a member of the ATLANTIC'S *editorial staff. His history thesis at Harvard, "Lyndon Johnson and the Rise of Conservatism in Texas," will eventually be published in expanded form.*

In the period since Lyndon Johnson became President, he has frequently told newspaper reporters of parallels between a situation now and one which occurred during the thirty-six years since he first went to Washington. Often he seemed to want to suggest that though his idol, Franklin Roosevelt, was a great man and a shrewd politician, LBJ, the protégé, is at least shrewder. One man testing himself against the record of an illustrious mentor and predecessor is harmless, familiar stuff — FDR often spoke of avoiding mistakes made by Woodrow Wilson and the first Roosevelt.[1] As Johnson was building up for his tremendous 1964 election victory, he encouraged the press to bill it as the biggest landslide since FDR carried forty-six states in 1936. But he was also remarking that he was not going to re-enact Roosevelt's misconstrual of his 1936 mandate. As James Reston wrote in January, 1965, Johnson "has a horror of making mistakes. He is highly conscious even now of Franklin Roosevelt's Court-packing blunder after the election of 1936." (Johnson, of course, was not adding footnotes citing such interesting circumstances as that he himself was first elected to Congress in the spring of 1937 on a one-plank platform: support for FDR's Court-packing plan.)

It is worth raising some questions about how Johnson is applying the lessons of history now. There have been signs that he is using them not to amuse himself or ornament his image, but in a desperate fashion. It is as if an episode in history — his history — has a compelling hold over him. He knows the episode well, for it was enormously significant for him as well as for the nation and the world. Not the least of its force is that in the course of the episode Lyndon Johnson, as a loyal Roosevelt legionnaire, fought on what has been regarded ever since as the right side of history; the Neville Chamberlains, the Joe Kennedys, the Burton Wheelers were stigmatized ever after. It is the period from Munich to Pearl Harbor.

It could in fact be argued that Johnson has been living a telescoped rerun of the entire New Deal era, the era which shaped his life. Thus the legislative advances of the first year and a half of his Administration would correspond to those of the New Deal.[2] The 1964 election would correspond to that of 1936. After the 1964 election, as after that of 1936, a period of legislative and administrative reform came to a pause and then an end; a widening war became the dominant reality. (One of Johnson's own motives in using the Roosevelt comparison is to imply a direct sequence and political inheritance which bypass John F. Kennedy entirely. For example, early in 1964 when he was new to the presidency, he held a small ceremony at the White House to celebrate a rehanging of the presidential portrait of Franklin Roosevelt in a more prominent place than the one in which it was previously displayed. Many New Deal figures were on hand. As the portrait of FDR was lowered into its new place, Johnson leaned down to the ear of one of them, Thomas G. Corcoran, and remarked, "The transition is over.")

All of this means little, except insofar as it means something to Lyndon Johnson. And it seems it does. There are as many reasons for his need to identify his course in Vietnam with FDR's conduct of U.S. foreign policy in the early 1940s as there are reasons for his identification with the whole broad sweep of Roosevelt's presidency. There are personal factors: the central figure of Johnson's generation was also his personal benefactor and mentor. In lean years, Johnson employed the reputation of his intimacy with Roosevelt as armor against attacks on his own liberal credentials. From Munich to Pearl Harbor, FDR steered a difficult, patient course, tacking into the wind of a war he saw as inescapable, buffeted by political attacks from left and right, but confident always of his course, its rightness, and its

[1] FDR was deeply intent on succeeding where Wilson had failed both in winning the peace after winning the war, and in converting wartime prosperity into something better than post-war burst.

[2] See Tom Wicker, New York *Times*, April 15, 1965; Arthur Krock, New York *Times*, April 18, 1965, and Richard Rovere, New York *Times* magazine ("A Man for This Age Too"), April 11, 1965, for contrasts between FDR's and LBJ's "first 100 days."

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ultimate success. The parallel is attractive to Johnson, who (for the sake of "consensus," among other reasons) wants a truly heroic and certifiably liberal precedent with which to associate his venture in Vietnam. The Munich-to-Pearl-Harbor experience offers that heroic precedent — to men who fought through it on the right side of history. (There is another period of recent history which I think has a hold over Johnson: the traumatic last Truman years, when Democrats were "soft on Communism." Johnson's need to exorcise those ghosts is also an element of his Vietnam policy.)

FDR and LBJ

Roosevelt actually brought Johnson into the fight for war preparedness and against appeasement a full year and a half before Munich, when he arranged Johnson's assignment to the House Naval Affairs Committee upon his election to Congress in April, 1937. Johnson was henceforth able to balance his New Deal label with positions on defense issues that transcended left-right splits. Why send a fervent young New Dealer from a landlocked central Texas district to the Naval Affairs Committee in 1937? Because, Roosevelt foresaw, storms were brewing which would endanger the position of a pure and simple New Dealer in Texas, storms in which FDR would need foreign and military policy supporters more than domestic reform supporters. In October, 1937, came FDR's "quarantine the aggressors" speech.

Johnson traded all-out support of Administration policy for naval construction projects along the coast of Texas, none of which hurt Congressman Johnson of Austin when he campaigned for a vacant Senate seat in the spring of 1941. Announcing his candidacy on the steps of the White House after a conference with Roosevelt, Johnson ran with solid Administration support. He called "Roosevelt and unity" the "only issue," and supported aid for Britain, stating that Hitler and Mussolini would line up against the United States "the day they shake that island loose." He lost the race by a close margin. In August of 1941, back in the House, Congressman Johnson was one of the floor managers of the bill to extend the Selective Service Act (which had been enacted the year before) for one more year. Speaking for the bill, Johnson told the House: "The question still is freedom or slavery. There is no way to escape it. Some cry out for appeasement, but there is a 100% record of destruction and death in every attempt toward appeasement of the Axis powers. . . . The world is in a war to decide freedom or slavery. . . . We are in that world. That war may wash nearer our shores anytime. Darker days than these may lie ahead for us. I hope not, but perhaps they are nearer than we think. . . . I regret the changes time has brought in the last two years. . . . But . . . in the face of them, I cannot sell out the welfare of my country."

The bill passed by one vote. (Substitute one word — "Communist" for "Axis" — and that speech would not sound unusual emanating from the White House today, right down to regretting the changes of the last two years.)

"From Munich until today"

The rhetoric of the President on Vietnam is by now familiar: "We are engaged in a crucial struggle in Vietnam. . . . Independent South Vietnam has been attacked by North Vietnam. The object of that attack is total conquest. Defeat in South Vietnam would deliver a friendly nation to terror and repression.

"It would encourage and spur on those who seek to conquer all free nations that are within their reach. Our own welfare, our own freedom, would be in great danger.

"This is the clearest lesson of our time. From Munich until today, we have learned that to yield to aggression brings only greater threats and brings even more destructive war. To stand firm is the only guarantee of a lasting peace. . . .

"For this is the same battle which we've fought for a generation."

(LBJ, April 27, 1965

Awarding a posthumous congressional Medal of Honor in May of this year, Johnson said of Americans who "debate" the war while others die in it: "Some of them have never learned, or have forgotten, the lessons of this century — that no nation or people can be secure when aggression is ignored, that those who can resist aggression bear the heaviest responsibility to do so, that resistance cannot be made without pain and sacrifice, but that the cost of ignoring the aggressor is to the integrity — the soul of a whole people."

"The clearest lesson of our time," "the lessons of this century" — it has the sound of a catechism. One can hear that tone as well in his sarcastic rejoinders to press conference queries about dissent, in which he recites the sins of the pre-war isolationists: "I remember one time Senator Borah said he had better information than the President. . . . I remember Jeannette Rankin of Montana voting against the declaration of war."

Rhetoric is rarely a valid measu of a man, never more than a kind of index, though now and again a great figure — Churchill and Roosevelt in our time — combines great rhetoric with great deeds. Johnson's rhetoric in particular is little more than a hint of what he is up to and should not be overemphasized. Part but not all of it is cynical. Like most politicians, Johnson prefers to silence opposition rather than to fight it out at high noon. His Vietnam War rhetoric is designed to silence domestic criticism by rendering it an insult to men in the field, to the dead of this and past wars, and to the flag. But Johnson's rhetoric is not all cynical; if anything he and his Administration appear to believe all too much of it, and to be, as Professor J. K. Galbraith recently suggested, the prisoners of their own propaganda. To many, Johnson has never seemed anything but a back-room operator and a cynical manipulator. But the zeal of his prosecution of the military effort in Vietnar his beloved "other war," and h

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rhetoric about building a post-war Great Society in the paddies of Southeast Asia suggest a resemblance between Lyndon Johnson's war(s) and the medieval Crusades.

The uses of history

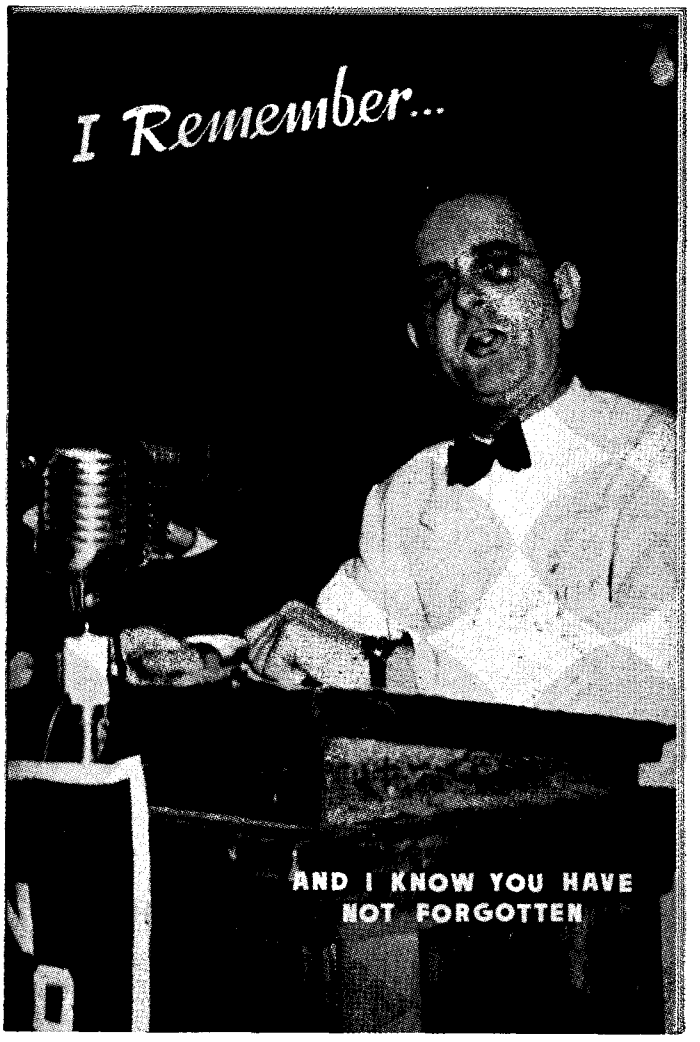
My purpose is not to question what Johnson said and thought in 1941. Nor is it to suggest that what he is doing now in any way discredits his judgment then. And it is certainly not to suggest that the lessons of 1938–1941 are invalid. What is at issue is their applicability. What Johnson said and thought in 1941, even when it seems to help determine what he says and thinks now, hardly legitimizes his present policies. Johnson seems to think it does: he seeks to simplify the confusion of this war and eradicate its squalor by linking it with the war against Nazism.

Now it is he who is the doctrinaire, and who eschews pragmatic solutions in Vietnam. The more emotional and irrational his equation of the worlds of 1941 and 1967, the more he misuses the lessons of history and seems in the spell of his fatalistic vision of that history. His memory is good, or at least strong, but that is not the same as understanding how to apply generation-old history and experience in the present. He is looking, after all, for the similarities between the two, not the differences. In this sense, a little history, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing.

Johnson at his press conference of May 4, 1967, citing the recent words of one of the last of the great New Deal figures, former Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold:

Q. Mr. President, do you feel that the general level of dissent throughout the nation on Vietnam has reached a particularly critical point now. . . ?

A. I think whenever you have men dying and men sacrificing, when you have a million or more [sic] committed to a theater of war, you have dissent. It occupies a stage of discussion in our lives every day.



The cover of Lyndon Johnson's 1946 campaign brochure

I was just reading last night a speech by Mr. Thurman Arnold. . . . He reviewed what happened after the fall of France: how as late as 1941 when the vote on the draft [i.e., on the extension of the draft, about which Johnson spoke to the House] was 203 to 202, there were eloquent voices of dissent which, according to his quotations, said that we should shrink our Army and concentrate our major efforts upon the Navy and the Air Force and lend-lease.

That was just a few days [in fact, a few months] before Pearl Harbor, after France had fallen, after Hitler had successfully performed the conquest of France.

We will expect dissent in any period like this. We have always had it. We hope that a majority will support our proposals, our appropriations and our recommendations. We hope it won't be that narrow." [My italics.]

Does Johnson now see an event of Pearl Harbor's shattering impact, one which terminates debate and dictates mobilization at home, as his only hope for the restoration of "unity" and "consensus"? There is question whether the President prefers a military victory in Vietnam to a face-saving negotiated settlement; there is very little question that he wants "unity" more than either.

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An Atlantic "First"

GREASED SAMBA *by John Deck*

Questionnaire received. "I think you sent this to find out why Sug passed away, had the bruises, smelled odd." The answers to these and other questions about life in retirement villages, gathering madness, and the deadly "greased samba" are provided in an extraordinary story by John Deck, a native Californian, graduate of San Francisco State College, and currently on leave from the English department of the University of Puerto Rico.

Doc Bob: Questionnaire received and read through once. I'll answer, I think. Not likely to fool around with the "impressions" of Winifred Farms you ask for down near the bottom. I don't believe what you say. I think you sent this to find out why Sug passed away, had the bruises, smelled odd. That's what you're after, only you aren't man enough to come out straight and ask for it. I can't write small enough to get even "short answers" on your form sheet.

May never tell you, finish and not send. Or never finish.

My permanent address is here, with my daughter, and you already have the number. Three people in the house. Husband, about forty-five, and daughter, forty-two, and me. Granddaughter comes by all the time. She's pregnant, wants guidance, calls me Gram. But I'm with just the two, Will and Sue, and I have a room to myself, and run of the house.

Health fine. Bruises — I had plenty — are all gone. Smell — I smelled, too — remains, I think, because my daughter is sniffing around. You must have spilled all the beans you could, Doc Bob, but you couldn't explain anything. Hips hurt sometimes, pains in the lower back region, but they were hurting worse at Winifred Farms, and I got by. Eyes water. Television makes them water. Not the shows, the light. Tired sometimes more than others. Health good.

"Mental attitude" sharp. Can remember whatever is necessary when it's necessary. Can cut out the rest if I want. Sharp, but sometimes down. Sug, of course, bothers me. Had to happen. We knew it would, both of us. Forty-six years, three months, seven days (a week). Don't have to think of that, though. I can stop it, anytime, say no to myself and the wheels lock. My secret of success right there. Think what you want to think.

Trying to keep the answers short. Suppose you want brief answers so we won't wear out. So you won't be responsible.

Next question is stupid: We came to Winifred Farms because we had to. Just like you used to say, after the "hard part" you deserve a long vacation. I can see you clearly, sitting at your desk, in your shorts and sandals, your head shining, telling us about the "long vacation," when we first became interested.

I had the money for it. I could afford Winifred Farms. I could have afforded better places. I own three shoe stores, in the Bellflower-Norwalk area, and it's an inexpensive line, competing with Karl and Gallenkamp, and I'm doing fine. My son-in-law, Will, is. He took over.

I liked the looks of the place. The strung-out

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cottages, and the orchards. I liked your helper, Hemley, and old Dick Watson, who was Volunteer Host to Sug and I. It was quiet. We could have gone to France or Egypt. Sug, when she found out about our great-grandchild, wanted to be around for the birth.

Cottages. Cottage seventeen was fine. I want to be exact, whether it takes a long answer or not. I didn't like the padding in the shower. I didn't like, at first, the handrailing in the hallway.

That railing is a little loose now, by the way. The new occupants ought to be told that.

I didn't like the exposure much. If you get up early you like the light to come right into the house. There, I had to go outside. I used to watch it start some mornings under the trees. Sug slept late. I sat out on the porch, watched it. First thing I knew the trunks lit up. You'd see one, then four, then a dozen thin trunks, and then you could make out the leaves at the top, the shape of the tree at the top. All right there, day after day. But it was too cold in the winter. The cottages ought to have been built facing the other way. For the exposure.

General comments on recreation and entertainment. Hell, if you remember me and Sug — Sugar and Hank, they called us, in case you have forgotten — you know we loved the games. We won every prize we ever tried for: the three-legged jello-in-a-spoon race, and the two-couple egg-in-a-spoon relay, with Ike and Mary Fellers. Ike and I won all the men's three-legged races. Somewhere I've got a dozen Polaroid snapshots of Sug and I and the others that they put in the crepe paper wreath on the bulletin board. The Victors. Smiling, holding up our cups of victory punch.

I got a little tired there yesterday, so I quit and went to find the pictures. Found them.

All evening I thought about this form. Just like you to send something like this months after. Lot I'd forgot. It's coming back — probably too much for the short answers.

Going back to recreation and entertainment. I enjoyed the rock hunts. First entertainment at Winifred Farms. Liked it three times, three hunts, then I didn't like it. "Rock Hunt Today. Don't forget rock hats and rock bags!" I asked Hemley about the bulletin. He said: "Hank, it's just that a bunch of us go up into the hills behind Santa Ana and look at rocks." I asked if he thought Sug and I would enjoy that. He said: "Might find it interesting, Hank. Might not. Gets you out in the air." No selling, just straight answers from Hemley. You got yourself a good helper.

I guess this is an impression, out of place on the form, but what I thought of last night when I was resting was standing out on the side of that hill when it was getting dusk in the valley. I thought of the wind blowing, curling the brims of our straw hats, and tugging at the women's skirts, and blowing away the voices.

Scattered — Hemley turned us loose — those that could walk all right, and we'd stand about ten yards apart. Stoop over, fill the bags with rocks, then pull them out one by one, dropping them. I never knew there was such a variety of rocks. Weights all different, sizes different. And the colors, the veins of color, the patterns.

You'd hear Mary Fellers call: "Ike, looky here. A green one."

The wind ripped up the words. They came out: "I look car. Green." Like that. From all over. The voices, croaking, and all the words torn.

"Found one think gold."

"Green cat eye."

"Hank quartz."

Hat brims shuddering, rough edges curving down almost into our eyes, and the wind sharp enough to make your eyes water, and the women's skirts blowing. The hems flapping. Shadows short against the scrub brush and the stones. There was always sun, but down in the valley along the floor of the valley, it was dusk. It got gray. Night coming up out of the ground. Like smoke coming up.

"Found think gold."

"Green eye."

"Hank."

Voices chopped right off as the words came out.

Pick up a rock, warm in your hand, hold it and weigh it and squint to see the colors, the grain, the shape. Drop it. Take another rock.

I stopped. Tired. Granddaughter came by. Puffing. Stands with her legs apart, belly so heavy it pulls her spine forward. Wears a cheap flat heel without any arch support. Not as pretty as her mother. Who's not as pretty as *her* mother was. Well, you wouldn't know, never saw Sug when she looked like she did.

Well, the rock hunts at the beginning, until I got to finding the same rocks, on the third trip, and the racing, and the Along Nature's Trails trips, and the picnic. Even the Annual Winifred Farms Luau. The one we went to. The idea seemed fine.

I never like a game where you have to sit down to participate. Never went to a book discussion. Never talked politics because I know what's right. Croquet? As Dick Watson used to say: "Croquet, OK." For most of my life you couldn't catch me on a dance floor.

That's true, too. Maybe ten times I danced with Sug while we were married, in forty-six years.

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And then, just at the end, we were dancing fools.

If you're surprised you should be. That's the secret. I may tell it.

Shuffleboard — old Dick Watson ruined that for me.

You and Hemley never knew about that game that Dick played and how he cared about it or you would have had more sense than to treat him the way you did. Now that's how I feel. I knew him. I used to sneak a cigar with him now and then. You didn't know him, if you want my opinion. Blood pressure's one thing, just one thing. You can ask a man to piss in a bottle, or do any other damned awful business you want, to get to know something about him, but you won't know it all.

I figure when you read this you'll start scratching your knees and smiling. And a little more sweat will spring out on your skull, coming out of the pores, where the hair should be. Not that it's any fault of yours. Men get bald. Although, you'll admit, yours is a very special case. You always reminded us of someone else who is bald — someone famous.

The reason that Dick Watson got so mad at the shuffleboard game that day was that he was the best player, by a long shot, of all those amateurs at Winifred Farms. Only Bill Dawkins and Ike ever beat him, and they might win a game out of every five. Old Dick showed everybody how. That particular morning he lost three games in a row. He was nervous, he said later, because it was a tournament and he wanted his name right back up there, on the top of the list. He liked having his name there.

That's why he called the court a son of a bitch. And broke his stick.

Then you came in from your damned gardening, with your shorts on and khaki shirt with the sleeves cut off. And them damned sandals. Your toes dirty, looking like potatoes just dug up. And you start making up to everyone but going after Dick.

"Before you play again, Dick, I think you ought to weigh those markers and watch the courts getting waxed. Supervise the waxing."

I remember the way you turned around and winked at everybody. You wrinkled your forehead, raising eyebrows you don't have.

I'll tell you what I think, Doc Bob. I think your advice killed Dick Watson. He never played shuffleboard again, never went to the recreation hall again, because he couldn't weigh the markers, couldn't go and watch the waxing. Hell, you knew he wouldn't. From then on he watched television and came over to my place for a cigar in the evenings. Clara Watson had a broken hip, you remember. Do you remember us at all? And she was a little silly. Had every reason to be and was.

Yes, we smoked cigars.

He quit the rock hunts when I did. He could get in on the sports because of his feet. He never liked the Along Nature's Trails trips. The longer bus rides bothered his kidneys. You must have records.

It was you that insisted we keep "occupied." He couldn't bring himself to weighing the markers. He quit. And it wasn't too long afterward that he passed on.

I want to stop here and say something for the last time. When I got stuck in the bus toilet, that had nothing to do with Dick. And the reason I didn't yell was that I didn't want to scare Sug. When Hemley noticed I was gone for a long time, he came and tapped at the door, and I answered him calmly. I don't know why I should have yelled.

You should have those doors made so you can unlock them from the outside. And not have to take them off if someone gets stuck. We were on our way to San Juan Capistrano, and they had to stop the bus and unhinge the door to get me out. This upset Sug and everybody.

I didn't like being stuck in there. But I didn't get stuck because of Dick Watson, and I couldn't pull the bolt back, and I saw no reason to scream. That's it. And down here where you say "evaluation of staff" I'd say you ought to go on back to medical school and find out that it is wrong to hit to a woman of advanced years that her husband is grieving the loss of a friend so much he's shutting himself up in bus toilets.

Your hints started us going to the dances, and that is the reason she died, in part, because we thought — you thought — we'd better be more social.

I won't say I'm holding you responsible.

I'm quitting now. I get angry thinking about this. I'm not tired. I shouldn't get so angry. I'm sweating. Like your bald head.

Missed two days. Worn out yesterday. Slept, read a little, decided not to finish this. Then I couldn't sleep last night. Kept seeing you at your desk, reading this, eating home-grown fruit. You're well set up now, but you'll get fat sooner or later. That fruit, you can't eat even that all the time, without getting fat. Keeps you regular you said. Didn't keep you regular as far as your hair's concerned, did it?

You got my feelings about the "community and social organizations" except for the square dancing.

I didn't like that. I hate that slippery stepping, and the music, and the callers. Only tried it once.

But what I may as well tell you about organization that I forgot to mention above is the way y

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handle the passing on of people of Winifred Farms. It is a disgrace, and I despised it. That is, when I found out old Dick Watson had passed on that night, I found it out the next morning, and I was going out to participate in some kind of a leaf study, and there was the sign on the bulletin board saying he was dead. And the memorial services were to commence almost immediately.

I had a sports shirt on and a pair of blue yachting sneakers — deck wear, we call it — and I had to go in right then and pray, standing on the shuffleboard court. Old Dick's mortal remains were already on the way to Pomona. Clara gone too.

I'm sure you're right. Memorial services are bad enough, when you get caught in one where you hardly knew the party, and the sooner they're done the better. But Dick and I were close. He hated cigars, called them "stinkers," and came over to Seventeen for one almost every evening. Half the time he couldn't take more than about a quarter before he had to throw it out. He kept coming.

Teal-blue deck wear. I see the idea. But there was Willis Townsend, whom Dick hated, praying for his "safe passage." And all of it over then. Amen, and it done.

Sug missed it. I went back, told her Dick was dead, told her I'd been to the services, and heard that Clara had been sent off. She couldn't believe it. She asked me to repeat all. I did. She asked if I thought Clara had known that Dick was sick, if she'd spent his last hours at his side. I said I didn't know. I still don't.

But you get it all done so fast — and I can see why — that it scared Sug. What if one of us got sick suddenly? Would the other know? Scared me, too.

TODAY I'll tell you about the square dances, and the other dances, and let's see if you can keep smiling and raise what should be eyebrows and wink.

They've got a name for you at Winifred Farms. I won't tell it.

I'll tell you something else that'll open your eyes. Make you put aside your apple for a minute or two.

We went to one lesson and got in with that slick-stepping crowd that look like the senior citizens you see on television. You see the lights shining on their eyeglass frames and their grins. They keep their teeth clenched and keep grinning, everyone panting like heat-struck dogs, so when you're close you hear wind whistling through dentures. And spit crackling and spattering on their stretched lips. They get this kind of skating step, specially the men, and they paw at the ground, and come scooting down the middle while everybody claps and grins and winks at each other in the next formation.

I'll admit we made fools of ourselves that first night, when they were trying that reel and that bunch tried to show us how to do-si-do, where you come down between the two ranks of people. I saw one man come down backwards and cross in front of his partner and skip up to the end of the line, and he never looked over his shoulder. And I was just mad enough to try it without looking. All right, not looking because I didn't want to be outdone.

And I did hear Sug call out "Hank" when we were three quarters of the way down. So I looked back, but when I moved to the right, she moved to her left.

Bang. We crashed.

Fell right over on our hands and knees. Both of us lost our glasses (but they didn't break, either pair). And I looked around at her, and she looked around at me.

Everybody else was whooping around, trying to get us up, but we, Sug and I, just stayed there, on our hands and knees, and looked at each other, after we found our glasses, and then, by God, we started laughing. Weren't hurt, not a bit, and not a bit scared, and not ashamed, even though everybody began to bray when they discovered we were all right.

I said back there I was mad. All right, I was mad because of the can in the bus and the way you got rid of Dick when I had on a Hawaiian shirt and deck wear. And the skatey-footed step the experts used.

I *was* mad! Hell, yes. So we went to the dancing lesson and fell down — I knocked my wife down. But something happened. It didn't hurt. Hitting each other didn't hurt.

You couldn't understand that. You saw us winning the three-legged races, keeping the jello in the spoon, our two old inside knees tied together with a scarf. And how we counted to ourselves, paced ourselves, and pulled ahead of Willis and Lily and the others. You saw us when Will and Sue came over, or my granddaughter, and the women would come up the walk carrying packages, sometimes balancing them on the unborn baby, and they wouldn't even let me take a sack. You saw what you thought was mooning over Dick's passing on. Or getting into the bus before the pig was served at the luau, because we said we were tired. We were tired. Only you don't have even a suspicion of why we were tired.

You're better off with a specimen, baldy.

Two days after we hit and fell, in the afternoon, while *The Jolson Story* was playing, I heard a funny noise from the kitchen. It was a quiet part in the movie; I think Al was telling his old dancing partner he wanted him to be his manager. I was watching, Sug was supposed to be washing dishes. I

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heard her slippers tapping on the linoleum. I walked in there. Here she came, back to me, skipping down the length of the kitchen between the sink and the stove. I started clapping.

"You try," she said.

"No room," I said.

Carpet in the living room. Bedroom too small. Hallway then. That's where we tried.

We danced in the hall that first time, tried it about three times, and got tired. We went in to sit down, take a breather. I said I figured with a few more practice sessions we'd be as good as any of them slick-footed dancers. She said she agreed, she guessed. Then I said I didn't care much if we never went back, because that first fall, just when my glasses were gone, and I thought I'd hurt her, hitting her so hard, and then all of the grinners came around and tried to haul us up, that fall had bothered me, and I figured when we laughed and got them to laughing we had sort of made ourselves out to be the comedians.

She stopped me: "You didn't hurt me, Hank."

Well, I said, I was afraid I had. And then she said she was afraid she'd hurt *me*, because she was a little heavy, and moving fast. I said I didn't think she was heavy, and that it was my old bones that were dangerous.

"They never were dangerous, Hank," she said.

I won't tell you what she looked like. I won't tell you what that reminded me of, the way she looked, then, looking *right in my eye* saying my old bones had never hurt her.

You wouldn't know. You never were like I was. I don't know if you ever had a hair on your head. Would you have any idea what it would be, in the middle of the afternoon, with Al singing "Rosie, You Are My Posie," a song I first heard when I was a grown man, not a kid, and to be dancing?

What we did, then, was get up and try one more dance down the hallway. It was late enough so you couldn't see well. The halls are poorly lighted, anyway, because of the poor exposure. One more dance, backwards, starting with the clickety-clickety *click*. Down we came. Hearing the slippers tap and slide, getting louder, heard each other breathing, louder, tried to guide by the dark wall, the rail, but couldn't.

Wham!

Both of us slid forward. We didn't fall. We caught the *rail!* That safety rail in cottage seventeen. It's weak.

Because we caught ourselves when we started to fall. And with the other hand, held onto our glasses. But the next time we put our glasses down.

The next time was only a minute later when we decided to try again without hitting but hit again anyway.

Wham!

There. That's why the bruises. A couple m[ore] times. That was it. The smell was a kind of o[in]ment I bought and had delivered from a drugg[ist]. It was a grease. I put it on the rail.

One night we danced too late, and I got so tired I fell asleep. It was after the luau. She passed on while I was sleeping.

That's all. That's why I left. That's why she passed on. I haven't got any other comments. No, I wouldn't think of returning.

I DON'T know why I'm afraid to tell the truth. Sug wouldn't be. I'll tell you why, and you'll spit out apple seeds into your palm, and put them in the empty ashtray, and rub your hairless knees and think, and smile, raising what should have been eyebrows and batting what should be eyelashes, and then you'll nod and think you got it all. Figure it out. Piss in a bottle. Only you'll be wrong.

We danced every day for about a week, until we could hardly walk. We hit. On purpose? We turned the lights out when it was day or waited until night and neither one of us said anything at all — couldn't — only one or the other would get over there, at one end of the hall, facing the other way, and start tapping heels and then he'd hear the other set of heels start clicking and wait, un[til] finally one or the other set of heels went *click*. Th[en] down we'd go. *Wham!*

Right back, start again. *Click*. And the clicking and breathing getting louder, then: *Wham!*

Until one or the other couldn't hold on to the rail or just had to leave, walk out of the room, go in somewhere, sit down, hips and hind ends (at least mine) aching. Some mornings I didn't get out of bed. Couldn't. Or she couldn't. Whoever could brought the food.

A week. And one day, when it was me in bed, and she just barely out, she said: "How bad are you hurt?" It was the first time we said anything, I guess. Because we couldn't talk about it. I won't say why. I can't.

I had some pretty big old bruises. In fact my backside was covered. Hers was too, she said. And one hip was in bad shape.

She'd brought in a tray with prune juice and toast and Sanka. She had on a robe. Her hair was still mussed up. She wasn't wearing glasses. She looked pretty worn out. She said she didn't want to go see Doc Bob — you — about the hip because then he'd see the bruises. So, she said, she reckoned we'd better quit. For a while, she said. Until we saw if the hip healed. No more dancing.

We didn't talk about it because we were ashamed. If that's what you're thinking. But if you got ser[ious] enough just try to imagine what two senior citiz[ens]

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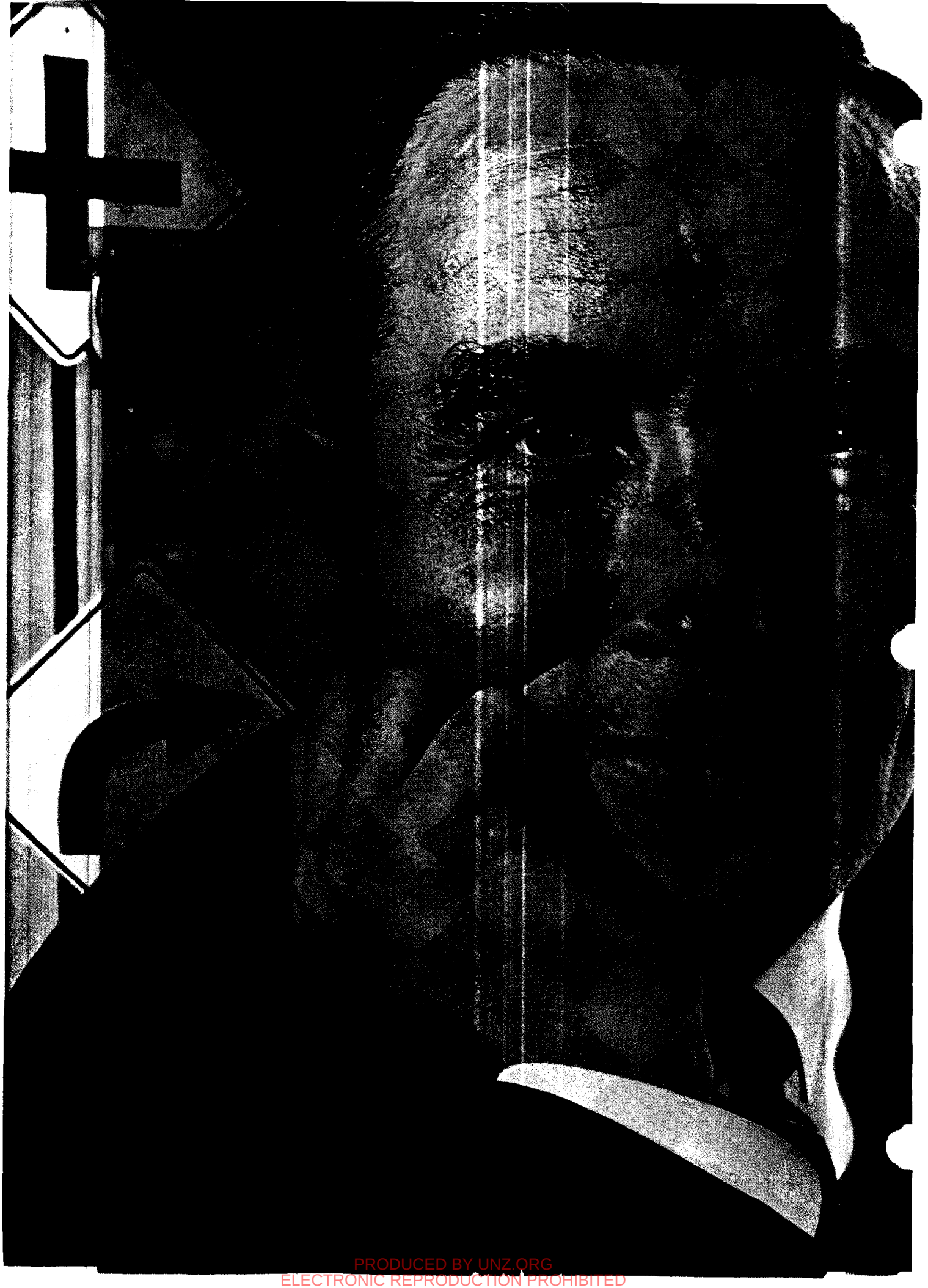

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This traffic scientist wants to make your driving life more enjoyable.

What's he doing at IBM?

Dr. Denos C. Gazis is proving that mathematical theories and IBM computers can help bring more order out of today's traffic chaos.

Why does this expressway clog up every day at 5:30? What triggers the horn-honking melee at that intersection? As an IBM mathematician who specializes in traffic theory, Dr. Gazis concentrates on finding the exact reasons for such problems—then helping traffic engineers to work out solutions.

For example, Dr. Gazis and his IBM colleagues are now working with researchers at the Port of New York Authority to improve traffic flow through the busy Lincoln Tunnel, connecting Manhattan Island to New Jersey.

From sensing devices placed in one tunnel lane, traffic data is being relayed by telephone lines to computers at IBM's research center in Yorktown Heights, N. Y. The computers then transform this data into signals that activate a combination of signs and lights at the tunnel entrance during peak traffic periods, controlling the traffic flow in one tube of the tunnel.

The Port Authority's own researchers had previously shown in experiments that the duration of tunnel traffic congestion could be significantly cut. Now, the new strategies developed with the help of computers promise even more encouraging results in controlling the tunnel's specialized traffic situation.

Elsewhere too, the scientific approach of Dr. Gazis and his associates shows great promise for helping harried communities relieve the nerve-frazzling, time-wasting, money-draining delays of traffic congestion.

And it's another example of how IBM experts in many fields are using computers to help solve problems that affect every corner of our lives.

IBM

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Alaska King Crab: Delicacy from the Depths

In 1947, the specially designed and constructed 140-ft. fishing trawler "Deep Sea" plunged for the first time through the remote and stormy waters of the Bering Sea off the coasts of Alaska and the Aleutians. Its quest, the giant Alaska King Crab.

These native undersea crustaceans, treasured for delectable meat in their claws and legs, average four feet from tip-to-tip and weigh about 13 pounds, but giant 25 pound King Crabs measuring six feet across are not unknown.

Captain Lowell Wakefield's pioneering efforts have since blossomed into one of Alaska's great industries. Today, the "Deep Sea", mothership of Wakefield Seafoods, Inc., is still a proud member of the company's chain of floating and shore-based processing plants. These plants are responsible for bringing the major share of the rich Alaska King Crab harvest to the market.

To make sure that its King Crab packs always live up to their reputation for top-of-the-market quality, Wakefield maintains a series of quality controls and safeguards throughout each step in its processing operation.

For example, to insure delivery of crabs to the plants in the best condition—while they are at the peak of flavor and bright appearance—all Wakefield fishing boats and plants are equipped with live tanks to hold the catch until ready for processing.

The legs and claws are separated, washed, cooked in boiling sea water, chilled, washed again, trimmed, packed in two forms—meat and in the shell—and quickly frozen. Every step is carefully inspected and re-inspected to insure that only the finest King Crab reaches Wakefield customers. In addition to its own quality control program, Wakefield is the only King Crab processor with continuous United States Department of the Interior, Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, (USDI) inspection for quality.

The result of all this care is a delicacy with a flavor so delicious many people greatly prefer frozen Wakefield's Alaska King Crab to any other shell fish. Look for Wakefield's in your grocer's frozen food cabinet. For FREE "FOOD EDITOR" RECIPES write Wakefield's, Dept. KC, 36 Church Street, New Rochelle, New York 10805.

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like myself and Sug would say, if we decided to talk, about what we were doing. And remember we didn't hate it.

Remember she said until we saw if the hip healed or not.

It never healed. Hurt her that last month like nothing you could dream of, Mr. Clean. That's who you remind me of, only he has eyelashes and brows. Mr. Clean. Both of us used to call you Mr. Clean. In fact, a hell of a lot of the people call you that. *A lot*. Ike and Mary do. Dawson. They whisper it: "Here comes Mr. Clean." What are you going to do about it? Kick them out? They pay your way. You can't.

Waiting, Mr. Clean, until the hip healed, but it didn't heal. And we began to get worried, thinking she'd have to go see you. I suggested she go out, to another doctor, and have an X ray made. We were going to, in fact, right after the Annual Winifred Farms Luau.

MR. CLEAN, I almost quit but didn't.

I suppose you're thinking the hula dancer did it. No. It was getting in the bus, and having so much trouble lowering ourselves in the seat, and then my having to go to the can again, while we were traveling, and her saying: Careful. And then looking sorry after she said it.

And then, when we were down at the beach, and the pig wasn't quite done, and all the others were waiting around there at the tables with their paper plates and silverware in their hands, and some of them with napkins tucked down in their shirts, and the lot repeating: "Boy, there's a pig I'll eat." "There's a *pig* for you." "I could eat her all." On and on. Laughing, nervous, hungry, sniffing the smoke off the meat. Sug said we ought to take a walk down the beach. We did, and it was hard getting up out of those picnic tables, out from behind the stationary benches, hard walking down that sandy incline. We crossed to the wet sand, but by the time we got there, her shoes were full.

I said I'd empty them. I started to stoop down. I knew right away I'd have trouble. My whole lower back region ached. And from the picnic tables you could hear everybody laughing. I suppose someone else, probably Willis Townsend, had just said that he could eat the whole pig by himself. I looked up, toward the rise, where they were.

"I could walk down a ways," Sug said. "Because you'll have to take the shoe off. I can't."

So we walked down, out of earshot, out of view. I fell down on my knees. Just dropped. And she put one hand on my head for the balance, and lifted each foot.

She put a lot of weight on me. A couple of times she almost fell, but she caught herself. It pained her to stand on one foot. And I had trouble getting the laces undone, because of the light off the sand — made my eyes water. And there was sand in her anklets. I had to take them off. She wore a wool athletic sock.

It was the first time I'd seen her feet in years. They felt cold when I brushed them off.

She had to help me up, pull on me, and she had terrible pains. So we went back to the bus, got right in the bus, sat down together, and someone — one of the Hawaiian boys — brought us our paper plates. We never saw the hula-hula dancing at all. We sat and talked. We didn't talk about dancing at all. We talked about the great-grandchild, and whether Sue and Will ought to buy a house, the one I'm living in, and what the food tasted like. We didn't mention anything about the sand, or dancing. But I knew, when we pulled away that evening, when it was all over, and everybody got on the bus with them leis around their necks, and all of them fell asleep with their chins half-buried in flowers, I knew that we'd dance that night.

We did. Not right away. We turned on the television when we got home, and both of us were dog-tired. There was one of those Mexican programs on from over in east L.A. And someone was demonstrating the samba, a dance where the dancers don't touch, but just kind of rock back and forth, and move their arms slowly, and sometimes pass behind one another. Maybe you know it. I doubt that.

Sug said: "There's a dance. We could try that." And she tried. It was just rocking, you bend your shoulders forward, and you bend them back, and you move your arms. By the time she got started, the demonstration was over, the music finished.

I said: "That's a hip dance, too, Sug. That'll hurt."

"Hurting right now," she said, and kept on rocking. "You don't have to bend so much."

So I tried. Without music it was easier, because you could set your own pace. We rocked back and forth, and got damned tired.

She started to pass by me, rocking in and out, slowly, like that. And we just sort of touched. Hip bones. I've thought this over so many times. When we just brushed she groaned, just a little, whimpered.

My idea about the grease. Get the grease, cover our clothes with it, then we'd slide. I wanted to dance. She wouldn't stop. We rubbed the grease over the outside of our clothes standing side by side at the kitchen table. Then we started again. Just one slight brush. "Oh!" she whispered.

Then another, light. I grunted.

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Want to quit?

No.

Ungh.

They got harder. Before long they were just as hard as ever. Before long we quit moving our arms. We quit swaying. We just circled each other, stepping back when we were facing, and with our glasses off, so we couldn't see, and then coming in, hard.

Wham.

Wham!

I had to quit. Now, I'll go quickly. Sometime along the way I fell down and slept on the floor and I guess she just kept circling until whatever it was, a vein, broke open in her brain and killed her. Killed her.

The grease was cold cream and Crisco, a combination, since we didn't have much of either. That's the source of the smell. Now you understand. What we did, and we — Sug and I — killed her, I don't mind. She didn't either. I'm going to send this to you. I don't care.

I suppose you think that's funny when a senior citizen whose wife is dead — who helped kill his wife — says he doesn't care. Doesn't care if he woke up one morning on the sofa in cottage seventeen and found his Sug dead in the living room, on the floor, smeared with Crisco and cold cream, bruised.

Go out and pick yourself an apricot, Doc Bob, and sit back under a tree and get your hairless head to working. Figure it out why we danced the greased samba. You'll never know. Mr. Clean. And I don't care if I do ruin their little joke. They'll find another one.

You'll never know any more than I've told you, and you won't get any more out of me.

That's it. And no, I don't want to return to Winifred Farms, and won't. Never.

NOON

BY DARYL HINE

Once powdered angel courtiers with short swords
And red-heeled shoes attended on their Lord's
Levée, to greet the *Roi Soleil*, who said,
"Sometime remember me when I am dead."
A flutter of wings, of fans ran through the court.
Provoking a spiritual lackey to retort,
"As if the bull's eye of the world could die!
Why, has not death been banished from Versailles
And never received here, even in embassy?"

That morning in the *parterre du midi*
Two peasants were apprehended gathering figs,
Male and female. Scandalized, the seraphic periwigs
Soon covered their confusion with a yawn.
Politely through the *parc du Trianon*
A *grand seigneur* escorted them, to show
Them the gates of gilt. They would not take the hint and go
Banned from the artificial wilderness
Till naked amid such shameless fancy dress
And bored by the eternal Sunday (so to speak),
The two turned to the workdays of the week
At last and left, she to spin and he to delve,
As all the clocks in paradise struck twelve.

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THE AVAILABLE MR. PERCY

by Stephen Hess and David S. Broder

Told he was "too good to be true," he replied, "Well, that's my imperfection." Others disagree: a journalist has called him "the hair-splitter from Illinois," and George Romney described him as an "opportunist." Who's kidding whom about Senator Charles Percy? An answer is offered by Stephen Hess, a former assistant to President Eisenhower and now a fellow at Harvard's Institute of Politics, and David S. Broder of the Washington POST. *This article is adapted from their book* THE REPUBLICAN ESTABLISHMENT, *to be published next month by Harper & Row.*

THE subject of Senator Charles H. Percy's possible presidential ambitions, currently a matter of intense interest to the Republican Party and the other aspirants for its 1968 nomination, is not a new one. It came up five years ago when the Chicago industrialist was visiting the White House to discuss reciprocal-trade legislation with President Kennedy. As Kennedy walked his guest to the door at the end of the interview, he put his hand on Percy's shoulder and said, "One last question. What are your political intentions?"

Percy replied that he did not know. "One of the exciting things about the future, Mr. President, is that none of us can really prescribe what will happen to our lives."

John F. Kennedy must not have been satisfied with the answer. For a bit later, as he strolled in the White House garden with Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois, Kennedy suddenly asked, "What's Chuck Percy up to?"

The usually loquacious Republican leader, by way of reply, simply smiled and pointed his finger at the open French doors leading into the oval office of the President of the United States.

"His life sounds like a soap opera, doesn't it?" asks Charles Percy's wife, Loraine. Actually, it has more often been compared to a Horatio Alger novel, the rags-to-riches tale of a child of the Depression working his way up to corporation president by the age of twenty-nine.

Born in Pensacola, Florida, September 27, 1919, Chuck Percy started running at age five, when he began his business career as a magazine salesman in Chicago, where the family moved while he was an infant. He promptly proved that his abilities were exceptional, winning a plaque for selling "more copies of *Country Gentleman* to city people than any other urban salesman in the United States." Within a few years he had the largest schoolboy magazine route in the city. At the time, Percy's father was doing nicely as the cashier of a small bank. It was not until the bank failed in 1931, when Percy was twelve, that the boy's drive was also motivated by necessity.

During his high school years he held as many as four jobs simultaneously. He stoked furnaces before school, worked in the registrar's office during school, delivered newspapers after school, and on nights and weekends ushered at a neighborhood movie theater. But nothing stemmed the slide into poverty. The car was repossessed. The telephone was disconnected. Finally, Mrs. Percy sold her engagement ring.

Photograph courtesy of Wide World Photos.

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A surprised campaign aide found out about this period when Percy was running for governor in 1964. "Why didn't you tell me you had been on relief?" he asked. "You didn't ask me," the candidate answered. "You don't go around asking members of the Chicago Club if they've been on relief," his supporter replied. "After that," writer Hal Higdon pointed out, "Percy seldom failed to mention his former welfare status."

"It was my mother's music and her religion that kept our spirits up," Percy now says. Mother's music was made on the violin. In fact, she had met her husband while on a concert tour of the South, he being from an old Southern family whose branches include a governor of the Jamestown colony and a drummer boy at Robert E. Lee's headquarters. Mrs. Percy, now in her mid-seventies, still plays in the Evanston Symphony Orchestra, and when her campaigning son toured the Illinois county fair circuit in the summer of 1963, she went along to entertain the crowds with her rendition of "Perpetual Motion."

Percy inherited little of his mother's musical ability, but her religion, Christian Science, has been a major influence in his life. Mrs. Percy organized Sunday-evening prayer sessions, had readings from the Bible and Christian Science publications at breakfast, and said grace at all meals — customs that her son continues. Like the equally religious George Romney, whose Mormon faith is as patriarchal in its orientation as Christian Science is matriarchal, Percy does not smoke or drink or swear.

Like Romney, too, Percy has a fetish about physical fitness, swimming daily if possible (he was a water polo player in college), bounding up stairs two at a time rather than taking an elevator. And like Romney, he radiates an air of purposefulness and self-satisfaction that some find a bit too much to take. The Chicago *Tribune*, only an occasional admirer, once wrote that "Mr. Percy . . . affects an elaborate piety, like a figure in stained glass."

But however it strikes outsiders, Percy draws from his religious faith a confidence and sustaining power that are almost palpable. In both the tragedies of his life — the death of his first wife and the brutal murder of his daughter Valerie — Percy has maintained a composure that has been remarked with awe by his associates.

The distinctive feature of Christian Science, and the only one that could conceivably become a matter of public discussion if Percy ran for President, is its attitude toward medicine. Described in its official publications as "Christianity in its most practical and scientific form," Percy's faith regards healing through prayer as central to its practice.

Percy does not take drugs or place himself under doctors' care for routine ailments, but he and his family visit a dentist and use an eye doctor. When the present Mrs. Percy fractured her leg while skiing, a doctor set it, but she refused to let him insert pins to secure the bone. When Valerie Percy was found mortally wounded her father telephoned both a neighboring physician and a Christian Science practitioner (a person specially trained in what is called "the healing ministry").

Asked how his religion might affect his public performance when he ran for governor in 1964, Percy replied: "It is a logical question: a Christian Scientist does not resort to medicine. Now, there's no law saying you can't. You don't withdraw from the church if you do. And you don't impose your beliefs on others. But your inclination is not to use medicine, and I never have. I personally believe in the power of prayer. But if someone does not believe in prayer for healing, doesn't choose to follow that route, then my position is he better follow *some* route, and if it is medical care, it better be the best medical care. . . . There is nothing in my religious belief that would hinder me in my performance of the functions of governor as they relate to the public health needs of all our people."

The religion-and-health issue has never been conspicuous in his campaigns, not even as much as the limited attention paid in Michigan to George Romney's Mormonism. In the 1966 senatorial race, according to his aide Scott Cohen, the candidate received only five letters relating to his practice of Christian Science.

In a 1967 interview, when Percy was asked some "what-if-you-were-President" questions, he said that the public character of the office — his responsibility to others — would necessitate that he follow the custom of having a full-time White House physician. He also said that he could think of no case in the medical histories of the last three Chief Executives — Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson — where he would have declined the medical attention they received.

"But I've been healthy," Percy remarked. "My family has been healthy; my parents have been long-lived." Then, discussing his religion, he made some remarks that offer an interesting insight into its place in his life and his own set of values.

"I find it a very satisfying thing," he said. "It depersonalizes what you are doing, makes it not just a matter of sheer willpower, but makes you feel there is a source of guidance and strength you can draw on. There is a sense of optimism about it which appeals to me. Also it is a wonderfully organized church, and I admire organization. The publications come regularly and are of high quality. I love the *Christian Science Monitor*. It gives you a balanced viewpoint. I've never found them shading an article toward me. They've never endorsed me and they never would; but they are

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wonderfully balanced. Ours is not a ritualistic church; I don't need ritualization of religion; Christian Science strips religion down to its fundamentals."

If Percy needed any additional reason to cherish his religion, he could find it in the coincidence that led to his big break in the business world. The rigid formula of the Horatio Alger story requires that the hero be not only honest and hardworking, but also lucky. For Charles Percy the lucky break came when he entered the Sunday school class of Joseph McNabb, the president of a small camera company called Bell & Howell. (There is a persistent and totally erroneous story that Percy's first wife, who died in 1947, leaving three young children, was the boss's daughter.) Percy asked his religious mentor if he would give his father a daytime job so that the family could have some time together. McNabb, who liked the boy's pluck, complied. McNabb also gave the young Percy summer employment, and during one such period Percy revolutionized the customer service department by designing sixty form letters that fit nearly every situation. ("I've just taken four rolls of film and they all come out blank." "Dear Madam: Please take off the lens cap.")

Percy attended the University of Chicago on a half-tuition scholarship, and by his senior year, in 1941, according to Chancellor Robert Hutchins, he was the "richest boy who ever worked his way through college." (Hutchins, who replaced football with Aristotle, also told Percy, "You're exactly the kind of student I'm trying to keep out of the university." A dozen years after graduation Percy was a UC trustee.) Besides the usual college odd jobs — waiting on table and tending the library — Percy worked out two operations of considerable ingenuity and organizational skill. He took over a cooperative purchasing and servicing association for the fraternities. They had been paying local laundries 7.5 cents per pound, but by hard bargaining and throwing all his business to one laundry, Percy was able to get the price down to 3.5 cents. He made similar savings on food and supplies by buying in large lots. After three years the business was grossing $150,000 a year and Percy's cut was $10,000. He also recruited potential students for small colleges that were particularly hard-pressed by the Depression. "I got five cents for the name of every high school senior I obtained and ten dollars if he enrolled," Percy recalls. Later he hired others to do the legwork for him and paid them three cents a name and five dollars an enrollment. "That," said Percy, "was the value of being an entrepreneur."

Entrepreneur Percy went to work full time for Bell & Howell upon graduation, and McNabb put him in charge of defense contracts, a relatively modest activity. Within six months, however, Pearl Harbor was attacked, and Percy was soon supervising the bulk of his company's business. He was, on McNabb's recommendation, made a director before he was twenty-three — and before he left for the Navy.

In his three Navy years, Percy never went overseas, but suffered a permanent hearing impairment from his duties as a gunnery training officer. (He wears a hearing aid, either openly or concealed in the frames of his glasses, in places with bad acoustics, like the Senate chamber, and still suffers occasional embarrassment when he fails to hear a greeting or interrupts a conversation.)

Two years before his death in 1949, Joe McNabb informed Percy that he was leaving a sort of "corporate will" recommending that Percy succeed him as president, rather than his son or any of the other executives. Percy delights in telling the story of the tense days before the board of directors met to name McNabb's successor. "I tell you," he says, "it was *Executive Suite* all over again. I wasn't even a vice president then. McNabb's lawyer and I were the only ones who knew about the existence of the letter, and I wasn't sure whether it had been changed since Joe had told me his plans." On the fateful day in 1949, the letter was opened and the board of directors, an august body of industrialists whose average age was in the sixties, dutifully named McNabb's twenty-nine-year-old protégé as president of Bell & Howell at an annual salary of $40,000 — plus appropriate stock options, which the young executive declined until he could prove himself. Percy led his company for fifteen years.

During that period sales grew from less than $5 million a year to $160 million, company employees from fewer than 1000 to approximately 10,000, salaries from an average of $2000 to more than $7500. An employee profit-sharing plan was inaugurated, and the company, which had been privately owned by three families, was listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Where Bell & Howell had been almost exclusively a quality camera-maker, Percy diversified into business equipment, reproduction machines, automated mailing systems, and instruments for the space and military programs. He pushed expansion into foreign markets. He also, like George Romney, went in for promotion with a flair. Living in the shadow of Eastman Kodak — just as Romney's company was dwarfed by the auto industry's Big Three — he tried harder.

By the mid-1950s, Charles H. Percy, having remarried (his second wife, Loraine, is a pretty Californian and fellow Christian Scientist he met

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on the ski slopes at Sun Valley), having made his company a success and himself several times a millionaire (he estimates his personal fortune "conservatively" at $6 million), was becoming increasingly restless and anxious to find a new role, if not a new life, for himself. "I simply found I was reading the political columns in the paper ahead of the business page, and I knew I was hooked," he says.

As if to prepare himself for this new life, Percy hired University of Chicago professor Robert A. Goldwin to come to his North Shore home every Saturday morning to give him a private course in political theory. Together they worked their way through the *Federalist* papers, Locke, and Mill.

He made extensive trips abroad, not for sport or casual sight-seeing, but as part of his constant emphasis on self-improvement. Before he joined the Navy in World War II, Percy had never been further east than Grand Rapids or west than Des Moines. As president of Bell & Howell he had traveled widely on business. Now his sole purpose was his own education. For a year before each trip he studied the chosen area, its government, agriculture, educational system, religion. In 1955, for example, he spent six weeks in India going from village to village, over 6000 miles by boat, train, plane, and Jeep. As on his previous trips, Percy came back with a filmed record. It was no movie of snake charmers or moonlight on the Taj Mahal. Rather, it was a story, as Percy saw it, of what the future of India could be. Back in Chicago he toured civic and educational groups with his film.

Chuck Percy was a do-gooder *and* a do-weller. Each day he began with a hymn — "We like to start the morning with a song." He was Poor Richard, the overachiever of the Protestant Ethic, the American Dream. Going up a ski tow he read magazine articles. Sound body, sound mind. Time is money. Waste not, want not. When he was told that it was politically disadvantageous to be thought "too good to be true," he replied, "Well, that's my imperfection."

President Eisenhower, who was partial to the type, saw Percy as a comer. Right after New Year's, 1959, Percy, known to Ike as a major backer of his reciprocal-trade program and as a top fund-raiser for the Illinois Republican Party, stopped by the White House. "The nation has moved into a new period of danger, threatened by the rulers of one third of mankind, for whom the state is everything and the individual significant only as he serves the state," the thirty-nine-year-old industrialist announced to the sixty-eight-year-old President. "We need a new understanding of the problems, not only to meet a deadly menace and extend the area of freedom in the world, but also to preserve and enlarge our liberties."

The President was excited; people did not usually burst into his office and deliver a Fourth of July oration. He called his speech writers, who were then putting the finishing touches on the State of the Union message. They frantically sliced away at their lengthy draft to make room for Percy's ideas. And standing before a joint session of Congress four days later, President Eisenhower — "permit me to digress long enough to express something that is much on my mind" — announced he would appoint a Presidential Commission on National Goals.

This "goals" business was heady stuff. Having set in motion the machinery that would at last give the United States a set of "national goals," Percy now turned his attention to "party goals." Shortly after the State of the Union message, the President asked Percy to head a committee to provide the Republican Party with a "concise, understandable statement of our Party's long-range objectives in all areas of political responsibility."

The "concise, understandable statement" turned out to be a 190-page paperback, entitled *Decisions for a Better America.* Its overall tone reflected the more liberal impulses left in the aging Eisenhower Administration, but like any committee-produced manifesto, most of its assertions had all the cutting edge of a soft cliché. The Republican Party, it courageously said at the outset, "must pursue definite goals, safeguard enduring values, yet be flexible and imaginative in welcoming change as the key to all progress." Later, it found that "if the working man and the employer are to enjoy fully the rich benefits of the American economic system, they must work as partners to produce more and better products with ever-increasing efficiency. Their interests are inseparable."

It was hardly a historic document, but it was good enough to make Percy, in the eyes of Eisenhower and Nixon, the logical fellow to head the 1960 platform committee. It took some arranging, because the conservative Republican leaders of Illinois did not regard Percy as their spokesman on platform issues or anything else of consequence. But phone calls from Republican National Chairman Thruston Morton convinced them the request came from the top, so it was honored.

The platform job proved easier to get than to perform. Caught in the unexpected liberal-conservative struggle precipitated by Nixon's last-minute meeting with Nelson Rockefeller, Percy was betrayed by his political inexperience.

"He tried to do it all with charm and personality," a conservative platform committee member recalls, "and this was a situation where you had to knock some heads. When you get right down to it, Chuck was naïve."

For a full day, the revolt in the platform com-

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mittee against the Nixon-Rockefeller amendments raged unchecked. Finally, Nixon arrived on the scene, and the next morning Percy quietly handed over the gavel to the committee's vice-chairman, Wisconsin's tough-as-nails congressman Melvin R. Laird, who pounded the platform through while Percy busied himself rehearsing the narration for the film that was to accompany its presentation to the convention.

One lesson Percy learned from his humiliation was that the way to have political influence was to hold public office. He explored the possibility of running for the Senate in 1962 against Dirksen, but was persuaded there was no wisdom in challenging the old master in a Republican primary. So in 1963, seventeen months ahead of the election, he announced that he would be a candidate for governor of Illinois.

There were long odds against Percy's winning the nomination. For the choice of the party's regulars was popular Charles F. Carpentier, Secretary of State for nearly a dozen years, whose well-known signature in Kelly green ink graced every driver's license, bookmobile, and highway safety booth in Illinois. To counter this long lead, the hardworking and confident Percy, better known in Eastern business circles than in Springfield political circles, began touring the state with his "Chuck Wagon" and his photogenic family a full nine months before the April primary. Then, as luck would have it, old Charlie Carpentier dropped dead. The conservatives put up a replacement, but now Percy was the favorite. Even a scurrilous broadside called "Mercy, Mr. Percy," whose center-fold pictured Percy in amiable conversation with Soviet Premier Khrushchev, could not deny him the nomination, by a two-to-one margin.

The November election, however, was another story. The year 1964, which most Republicans would like to forget, proved especially distasteful for Charles Percy. Barry Goldwater might claim he lost with honor and Romney that he won as best he could; but Percy, as he admits, lost with little honor. "The defeat for governor," he now says, "was probably well-deserved." There were three facets to Percy's campaign that caused distress to those who saw him as a bright hope of the party.

First, he ignored the highly structured Republican county organization, relying on his own volunteer committees, and generally convincing the regular party leaders that there was no good reason for them to exert any extra effort on his behalf.

Second, Percy came across to the voters as stiff, cold, and remote; rather, thought one reporter, "like the chairman of the board of a slightly dissident stockholders meeting." Recalling his 1964 performance, Percy says, "I was using statistics like an IBM machine." While he is basically a very serious person — a former aide can remember only one joke he made in a year — he is not dour. Yet in 1964 there was little of the amicability he later proved capable of displaying.

Third, on substantive issues Percy managed to disturb those who had considered him a liberal without making a corresponding gain among conservatives. He had been known as a progressive on civil rights — his record included nondiscriminatory hiring at Bell & Howell, strong backing for a state Fair Employment Practices Commission, and his name on a party platform with the most liberal civil rights plank in recent GOP history. Yet while Rockefeller, Scranton, Romney, and Scott bled in the cause of civil rights at the San Francisco convention, Percy was strangely quiet. He was off the floor "in conference" when the civil rights amendments to the platform were offered. On the most important civil rights issue of the year, he said, "Right now we aren't ready to force people to accept those they don't want as neighbors. I was for FEPC because there was a consensus in the state for it. There is no such consensus in Illinois for open occupancy." So Percy came out against open-occupancy legislation, stating that if elected, he would try to get compliance by voluntary means.

But what he calls "my biggest mistake" was his attitude toward Goldwater. "I was having enough trouble getting the gubernatorial nomination," he now says; "it would have been presumptuous of me to try to make a President, too." Instead, he promised to support the majority decision of the Illinois delegation, an action that, in fact, committed him to Goldwater, a candidate with whom he had little in common and one who was to prove immensely unpopular with the Illinois electorate.

In the general election he stuck with Goldwater — sort of. Although he wore a Goldwater button in his lapel, it was an all-gold model on which the name "Goldwater" was visible at a distance of up to, but not more than, three inches. If he was not quite what "Czar" Reed once called a "straddle-bug," it was nonetheless true that his position was ambiguous enough for him to be caught in a "sidelash." Badgered by both the moderates and the conservatives, Percy lost the election to Democratic Governor Otto Kerner by 179,299 votes, while President Johnson's winning margin over Goldwater was an extravagant 890,887. There was little doubt that had Percy, like Romney and others, forcefully disassociated himself from the national ticket, he would have been elected.

It did not dawn on Percy immediately that his loyalty to the national ticket might someday be of

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use to him — when contrasted with a bolter like Romney. Having lost *with* Goldwater, in defeat Percy turned *against* him and all that he represented. He jumped aboard the "dump Dean Burch" bandwagon (after telling the embattled Republican national chairman to his face that he should resign) and generally heaped scorn on the Goldwater forces.

One quality of Percy's as a politician is that he is absolutely dauntless in the face of personal reversals. So, dusting himself off from the 1964 disaster, he looked around for the most productive way to employ his talents while waiting for the next electoral opportunity. He hit upon a novel plan: the New Illinois Committee. Why not try to do some of the projects — on a limited scale, of course — that he had proposed doing if elected? A sort of government-in-exile, a defeated candidate keeping campaign promises. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* called the idea "refreshingly new."

With funds contributed by Percy's friends — not tax deductible — the former candidate began programs in literacy education, job-opportunity reporting, economic development, a family center in a Negro neighborhood. One program, Call for Action, allowed slum dwellers to phone their complaints into a tape recorder, from which volunteers took the information and tried to get landlords to make the necessary corrections. After dialing 346-6667, the Call for Action number, a recorded voice answered, "This is Chuck Percy. . . ." The New Illinois Committee — "formed to pursue those goals and activate those programs outlined in 'the new Illinois' that Chuck Percy has envisioned" — concentrated on the Negro ghettos, where Chuck Percy had run poorly in his bid for the governorship in 1964. It also undertook research reports on U.S. strategy in Vietnam and "a study of the 1954 Geneva accords on Indochina." Once again, Percy the do-gooder and Percy the well-doer were perfectly meshed.

Like his decision to run for governor against Charles Carpentier in 1963, his decision to run for the Senate in 1966 was an incredibly risky one. It was the sort of choice that only foolhardy politicians or men of driving ambition make — the same sort of decision that sent John Kennedy into West Virginia in 1960 and Richard Nixon into California in 1962. What made the move so fateful for Percy was that the race would pit him against the greatest vote-getter in modern Illinois politics, Paul H. Douglas, a former University of Chicago professor whose intellectuality and independence were of immense appeal to the liberals, yet a man who had worked out an advantageous peace with the Daley machine in Cook County — the most powerful city organization left in the United States.

When the old-guard Illinois Republican leaders instantly and joyously united behind Percy, it was not hard to believe that they had discovered a painless way to be rid of this pushy newcomer. But they did not reckon with Percy's talent for adaptation.

Now that he was a Senate candidate again, Percy said, "Truthfully, I am much more qualified by inclination and past experience to be in Washington than in Springfield. I would make a better senator than governor." He also changed his mind on civil rights.

Appearing before the Illinois Press Association on May 14, 1965, he admitted that he had been wrong to believe the real estate industry could be persuaded to adopt an effective fair-housing code, and therefore he would now support state legislation "to eliminate the evil of discrimination in housing." Later, when it was also clear that the state would not act, Percy backed a federal open-occupancy law, thus essentially taking the same position as Senator Douglas.

Douglas scored politically by describing Percy as the first public official "to raise vacillation to the level of moral principle." But he was unable to counter the major issues helping Percy in the race. Racial agitation in Chicago produced a suburban "backlash" vote that aided Percy, even though he did not court it. A sharp decline in the turnout in Negro areas plus Percy's own intensive efforts to increase his percentage there cut Douglas' margin in the central city. Downstate Republicans, worried by inflation and by the near extinction of their own party, voted the GOP ticket. Some liberals defected from Douglas because of his support of the Vietnam War. And no voter was left unaware of the difference in ages — seventy-four versus forty-seven — of Douglas and his former University of Chicago student. In all these ways, Percy's campaign was aided by circumstances that did not exist in 1964.

But the main difference between the 1964 and 1966 campaigns was Percy himself. As Howard James, the Midwestern bureau chief for the *Christian Science Monitor* wrote somewhat effusively on election night, "There is little question that Mr. Percy is a far different man from the business executive who tried and lost in 1964. Warmer, more knowledgeable, with greater feeling for the problems of the people of Illinois, white and Negro, he won because he had the people on his side."

Newspaper photographs showed Percy Indian wrestling in Franklin Park, Percy in the middle of 1200 costumed Lithuanians at a folk-song festival, Percy joining an Assyrian chain dance. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who flew to Chicago to try to

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hold the eggheads for Douglas, called Percy "the product of the black art of public relations."

Early in the 1966 campaign, John Dreiske, political editor of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, had described Percy as he was seen by Republicans across the state: "He seems so self-sufficient it is quite obvious he doesn't need you." But this picture disappeared with Valerie's murder in mid-September. There is no such thing as a self-sufficient father looking down at the battered body of his first-born. Poll-takers in Illinois found little evidence of a sympathy vote. However, one had to be less than human not to feel a cold shiver and the start of tears when Percy, resuming the campaign with a bodyguard at his side, introduced his family from the back platform of a train, at his first whistle-stop, Joliet, and said, "I want you to meet my wife, Loraine, my daughters, Sharon and Val . . ."

He won by 422,302 votes — 55 percent. It was an important victory because the candidate was already a national figure, because he had beaten a powerful and widely admired incumbent, because he would represent a major industrial state, because he had that elusive quality that makes reporters add the supportive clause to his name — Charles H. Percy, a potential presidential candidate.

On November 22, Percy flew to Washington for his first meeting with the capital's press corps, and the next day's headlines around the country proclaimed "A Presidential Dark Horse Talks" (Baltimore *Sun*), "Percy Disavows Presidential Ambition, But —" (New York *Times*). It was not really what the newcomer said; rather it was the mood that the reporters brought away from the session.

Over the next months Percy complained that the newsmen had him all wrong — he was "just a fellow trying to be a good senator." Yet he lengthened his national speaking schedule, and of his first nineteen speeches away from the capital, only eight were in Illinois. Charles Nicodemus of the Chicago *Daily News's* Washington bureau interviewed one senator (described as "a veteran, widely respected political craftsman"), who was "irritated in the extreme by what he considered to be Percy's proclivity for showboating." An actor portraying Dirksen at the 1967 Gridiron Club show expressed in a song an opinion that many believe the senator secretly holds:

> Chuck Percy is only a freshman,
> As junior as junior can be.
> So why does he act like the leader?
> Oh, bring back Paul Douglas to me.

To the old hands in the Washington press corps, it was clear within weeks that Percy, ninety-ninth in Senate seniority, had his eye on something other than the slow rise to legislative leadership.

While it is conceivable for a freshman senator to seek actively the presidential nomination — Robert Taft did it in 1940 — the odds against it are very long. Any calculus of the odds against Percy would have to take into account some of these assets.

Glamour and youth. At forty-eight, Percy is the youngest of the major Republican presidential prospects, and looks even younger than he is. He has a pretty wife, whose breathless voice and wide-eyed wonderment at the strange ways of politics are not unlike those of Jackie Kennedy. An effective television performer, Percy also has the Kennedy flair for providing the sort of "happening" that mass-circulation magazines dote on. When his daughter, Sharon, married John D. Rockefeller IV last spring, the guest list was a who's who of American politics and society, and the event was recorded on page after page of living color in *Life*.

Brains, Ability, and Salesmanship. The one charge that has not been made against Percy is stupidity. Nobody cracks about him, as they do about Romney, that "down deep, he's shallow," or, as they do about Ronald Reagan, that "behind that glittering facade there is — a glittering facade." His mind may be almost as facile as Nixon's, and Percy does his homework. He scurries after new ideas with the persistence of a squirrel. Between his campaigns for governor and senator, he resumed his private political science seminars, this time inviting mixed groups of academics, journalists, and politicians to meet with him for two and a half days of intensive discussion of liberalism, conservatism, urban problems, reapportionment, civil rights, and other topics, at the University of Chicago's Center for Continuing Education.

But his skill goes beyond research in the realm of ideas. As a former manufacturer of consumer goods, Percy brings to politics a healthy respect for "product development." One man who has worked closely with him for the past few years says, "Basically, he is a merchandising man. He thinks in terms of a mix of activities — research, engineering, advertising, promotion and sales." And when Percy latches on to an idea, he does not rest until it has been sold to the widest possible audience, and always with the Percy label plainly in view. Such was the case with the National Home Ownership Foundation plan, written for his campaign use by a young intellectual named John McClaughry and peddled by Percy so successfully that when it was formally introduced in April, it enjoyed the co-sponsorship of every other Republican senator and over 100 representatives.

Issues. Percy, like Nixon, is inherently a centrist; his tendency is to shun the extreme. But the homing instinct competes in him with a flair for dramatic

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improvisation that is also part of Percy's concept of "dynamic" leadership. In juxtaposition, the two tendencies give him a unique and probably advantageous identification in the field of 1968 presidential prospects. His eagerness for innovation in dealing with specific problems pleases progressive Republicans; his instinct for the middle of the road reassures conservatives.

The same talents, however, leave Percy open to charges of "showboating" some of his stands, and conversely, of "trimming" others. During Senate debate on the consular treaty with Russia, Percy was one of the first to support Thruston Morton in challenging Dirksen's initial stand against ratification. But while sixty-six senators (including Dirksen) ultimately voted for the treaty, only Percy found it necessary to tell television viewers, "I've had 7400 letters against consular treaty ratification and forty-six in favor of it, and yet I'm going to vote in favor of it because it is in the best interest of the United States of America." (A member of Percy's staff estimated that 70 to 80 percent of the opposition mail was mimeographed form letters from a few sources, the largest being the toothless Liberty Lobby, an ultra-rightist group.)

An example of Percy's "trimming" was seen in his initial approach to the key issue of Vietnam. When the five freshman Republican senators appeared together on *Meet the Press* in January, 1967, each was asked whether he favored cessation or continuation of the U.S. bombing of North Vietnam. Mark Hatfield and Edward Brooke favored cessation. (Brooke subsequently reversed his position.) Howard Baker and Clifford Hansen favored continuation. Percy said, "I would like to see it stopped if we get something back for it," which provoked an observer to comment, "That makes the score two and a half to two and a half."

As 1967 has worn on, however, Percy has flirted more openly with the "dovish" minority of his party, represented by Senators Hatfield, Aiken, and Cooper. With Nixon, Reagan, and Rockefeller firmly identified as hawks, Percy waited until Romney gave general support to the Johnson Administration's conduct of the war, then moved to occupy the largely vacant ground of restrained "dovish" dissent. The same April night that Romney told a Hartford audience that American withdrawal from Vietnam would be "unthinkable," Percy told a Concord, New Hampshire, press conference, "Anything is thinkable," but added that a unilateral, precipitate American pullout would be "incomprehensible."

Later he called for a limitation in the bombing of North Vietnam, declaring that "escalation has hardened the determination of the enemy to resist . . . and alienated world opinion" without achieving the promised military results. He also proposed a "peace offensive" including a promise that the Viet Cong could compete as a legal party in South Vietnam if it renounced terrorism and violence.

Percy's position today is more "dovish" than that of most Republicans. But if public opinion forces the GOP to present an alternative to, not an echo of, the Johnson policy, Percy may well have staked out ground for as broad-based a Republican position on Vietnam for 1968 as his All-Asian Peace Conference proposal proved to be for 1966. That plan, calling for a convocation of Communist and non-Communist Asian nations to work out a Vietnam settlement, appealed to Republican doves because it aimed at peace and reflected their view that the Vietnam War had been over-Americanized. It also appealed to Republican hawks because it gave them a way of being for "peace," through a rather remote device, without requiring them to stop urging an intensification of the war. Like his Home Ownership Foundation bill, it became something on which every Republican could hang his hat.

One problem with such successes is that they strike some people as being just a little too clever. Taken together, the penchant for pleasing all factions and the talent for self-promotion, which are two of Percy's major political assets, add up in the eyes of his critics to the rather unpleasant word that George Romney applied to him: "opportunist." The specifics of Romney's charge — that Percy failed to support him in his fight for platform changes at the 1964 convention — were in part inaccurate and in part unjust. But the general description was not so far off target that Percy could afford to ignore it.

In 1967, as the fight for the GOP presidential nomination begins to take shape, Romney and Nixon are committed to a flat-out, headlong assault, taking the primary route. Dark horse Reagan, an untested quality, might, as Barry Goldwater said, be nominated "if after five or six ballots, he seemed to be the only one left."

But Percy has some options, and as the calendar draws toward the inevitable day of reckoning, he faces three alternative courses.

1. *The fallback candidate of the liberal Republicans.* As Cook County Republican chairman Timothy Sheehan put it, "We all know that the East Coast establishment is bankrupt for a presidential candidate. They have hooked their star [sic] to Romney of Michigan, who may rise or fall in time. In Chuck Percy we have a man who would make an excellent candidate for President. . . . He is acceptable to the people and even to the Eastern establishment."

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Percy's ties with the establishment are older and more intimate than Romney's. Even before he became an in-law of the Rockefellers, he was a member of the board of David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank and a member of the 1956 Rockefeller Brothers public-policy panel. He "belonged" to the traditional base of liberal Republicanism in a sense that Romney never would.

The problem with the fallback-candidate strategy is that Romney is already occupying the ground Percy would have to seize, and showing no sign of relinquishing it. Romney might stumble, but even if he did, there is no certainty that he would remove himself from the race and help Percy. Meantime, those, like Nelson Rockefeller and William Scranton, who could trigger a massive shift of liberal support from Romney to Percy are conspicuously refusing to do so. Their constant refrain to other liberals has been: Unite behind Romney, or you will lose control of the nomination. In a switch from Romney to Percy, they have said, enough time, votes, and momentum would be lost to allow Nixon or Reagan to seize the prize.

Personally, Percy has made it plain he would have no reluctance to battle Romney for leadership of the liberal Republican cause. Even before Romney's "opportunist" remark gave him all the excuse he would ever need for disliking the Michigan governor, Percy was visibly needling Romney. But the problem for Percy is that as long as Rockefeller, Scranton, and other leaders of the liberal wing stick with Romney, his tactics leave him open to the charge that he is a "spoiler." The fallback-candidate strategy, in short, while possibly a workable one in the end, runs serious risks of antagonizing those in the party who are his natural allies.

2. *The Compromise Candidate.* A second possibility is to be, not second choice for one wing of the party, but final choice for both wings. On March 22, 1967, a coincidence of two events made this strategy look very appealing.

Governor Tom McCall of Oregon, a newcomer to the liberal ranks, wrote a round-robin letter to his fellow Republican governors, urging them to withhold endorsement of any presidential possibility until they could act in concert. For himself, McCall said, "as of today," he would be inclined to favor Percy over Romney, whose Vietnam position is described as "vague."

The same day McCall made public his letter, the *Saturday Evening Post* published an interview with Barry Goldwater, in which the 1964 nominee — nominally committed to Nixon for 1968 — said some rather remarkable things. Nixon, his supposed favorite, "will have the most delegates, but probably not enough for a majority. . . . The trouble is everybody says Nixon is the best trained man for President, and then everybody turns right around and says he can't be elected. I don't believe that's true, but I don't see how to tear that image down." As for Percy, Goldwater said, "He's one of the smartest men who ever came to the Senate . . . and he's a fine, decent, attractive guy, too. He might be the most dangerous against Johnson, provided he could show he was really knowledgeable about foreign policy. Maybe more dangerous than a guy who had been around the woodpile too long."

Joint testimonials from the conservative 1964 nominee and a liberal governor who refused to support the national ticket in 1964 were enough to set anyone thinking. But the problem with the compromise-candidate strategy is that some conventions never get beyond the first ballot. For Percy to do all in his power to promote a deadlock and wait for Nixon and Romney to kill each other off is tempting, but it is no guarantee of success.

3. *The Man of Tomorrow.* The third possibility is to take a bye on 1968 and adopt a strategy most likely to land the nomination in 1972 or 1976. Nearly six years younger than Nixon, eight years younger than Reagan, and twelve years younger than Romney, Percy could well afford to decide that 1968 is not his year. Or he could position himself to be the vice presidential nominee, as Kennedy tried to do in 1956, knowing that if the ticket lost he would be the logical contender for the top job in 1972, and that if the ticket won, he would still be young enough to run for President even after eight years in the number-two job.

Characteristically, Percy's solution to the problem of choosing a strategy for 1968 has been to follow all three paths at once. He has solidified his position as the fallback candidate of the liberal wing by championing the cause of expanded East-West trade, by advocating a variety of approaches to a peace settlement in Vietnam, and by attempting to identify himself as the party's urban expert in the Senate.

At the same time, he has heightened his hopes for being the compromise choice by careful courtship and favor-doing for conservatives — raising money for New Hampshire Senator Norris Cotton's re-election campaign, for example. He has made no overt move to launch a candidacy for 1968, and indeed, denies whenever asked that he has any intention of doing anything but being "the very best senator I can be."

But he also has kept the door wide open for a last-minute dash into the race.

Whether in 1968, 1972, or 1976, Chuck Percy's lifelong drive points him inevitably toward the goal Everett Dirksen told John Kennedy he had in mind.

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RANDALL JARRELL

by Marianne Moore

Randall Jarrell's tragic death in October, 1965, deprived American literature of one of its most illuminating voices. Marianne Moore's intimation of that loss, a characteristic memoir from one of America's most distinguished poets, will appear in RANDALL JARRELL, 1914–1965, *a collection of critical essays and memoirs, to be published this month by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

LIKE Randall Jarrell's bats, we live by hearing, by vibrations; by having heard what makes us happy — by his way of saying what he says. I cannot think of anyone who gives me more incentive than Randall Jarrell, as I read him or think about him.

Even a touch of affectation would have spoiled it — what he says in "The Lost World" of himself as a child, reading at bedtime, "Forced out of life into / Bed." Safe in his naturalness, he says, "I'm not afraid," and goes on in his glow of gratitude to existence.

> There off Sunset, in the lamplit starlight,
> A scientist is getting ready to destroy
> The world. "It's time for you to say good night,"
> Mama tells me; I go on in breathless joy.
> "Remember, tomorrow is a school day,"
> Mama tells me; I go on in breathless joy.
> . . .
> Then I go back
> To my bedroom; I read as I undress.
> The scientist is ready to attack.
> Mama calls, "Is your light out?" I call back, "Yes,"
> And turn the light out.

Randall Jarrell's evaluation of others is descriptive of himself. He says, ". . . the poems of Miss Bishop or Mr. Williams or Mr. Graves are a lonely triumph of integrity, knowledge, and affection."

War engulfs him. "The engines rise to their blind laboring roar."

> "The great drake
> Flutters to the icy lake —
> The shotguns stammer in my head.
> I lie in my own bed,"
> He whispers, "dreaming"; and he thinks to wake.
> The old mistake.
> . . .
> The tags' chain stirs with the wind; and I sleep
> Paid, dead, and a soldier. Who fights for his own life
> Loses, loses: I have killed for my world, and am free.

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No; the dead are not afraid, cannot refute
The grave's cross, the grave's grass, the grave's polished granite
THESE DIED THAT WE MIGHT LIVE
— that I may live! —

Like Jonah, the soldier is vomited into life from the grave — not bitter or with uncertainty but with emphasized comprehension.

"Integrity, knowledge, and affection." Of these attributes it seems as though affection, affection unaided, might have demonstrated the abounding unsnobbishness of his heart. He says, "In my / Talk with the world,"

> how strange that I
> Know nothing, and yet it tells me what I know! —
> I appreciate the animals, who stand by
> Purring. Or else they sit and pant. It's so —
> So *agreeable.*

One might say here something about an art of appreciation that does not estrange the beneficiary from the giver. Randall Jarrell could invest a creature with romance which makes it seem the counterpart of a luna moth with seagreen wings that have violet crescents on them — a creature that was a worm, and that only respects compliments which respect modesty.

Randall Jarrell's integrity is inescapably graphic in the testfire of anomalous associates described by him in his *Pictures from an Institution.* The institution was Benton College; and Dwight Robbins was its President. He had inherited Miss Camille Batterson, teacher of creative writing, "and there was nothing he could do about her. Nothing, that is, that wouldn't have been cruel and inexpedient . . . the University of Iowa, or Illinois, or Indiana . . . had offered Miss Batterson a better job, a Chair in fact. . . . [The President] hid the joy he felt,

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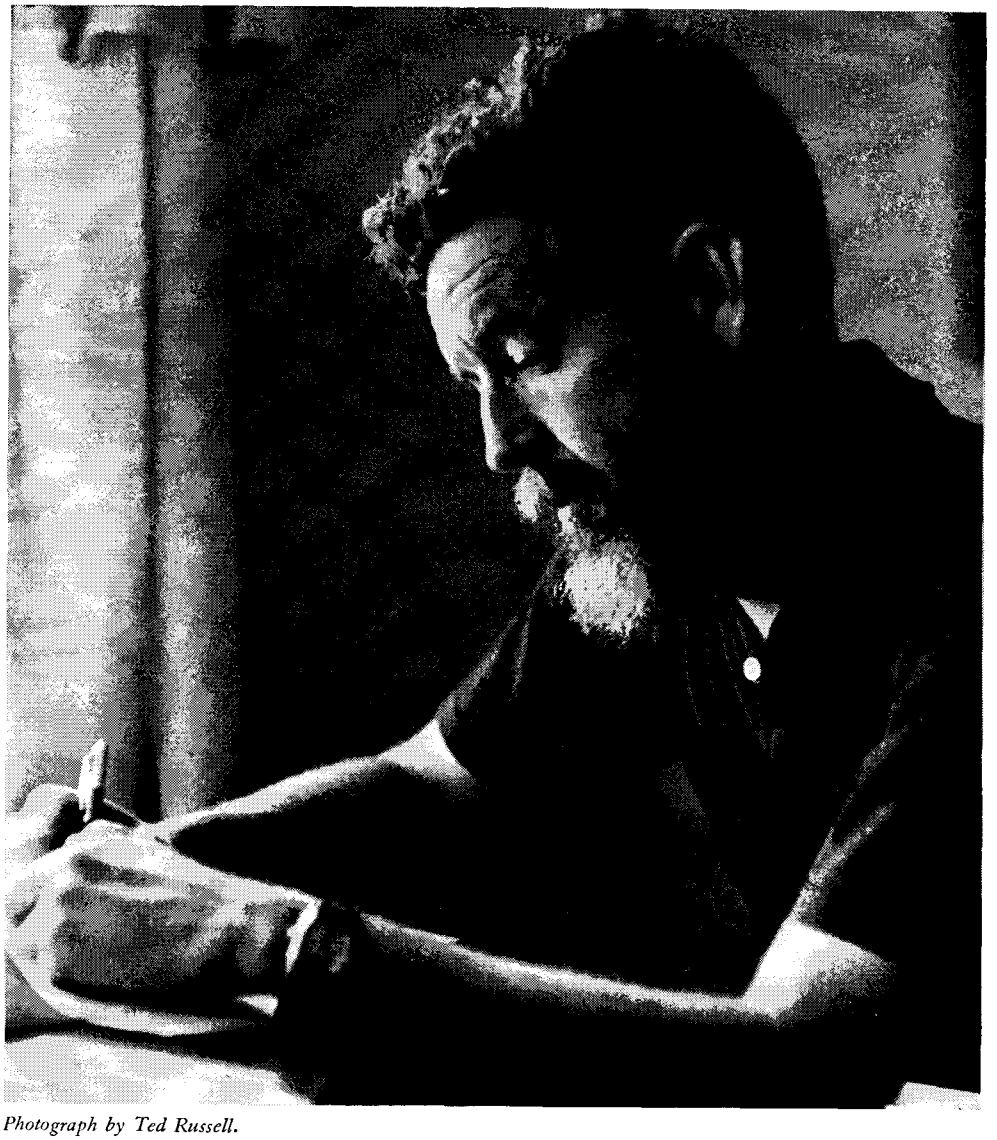

Photograph by Ted Russell.

and expressed . . . the sorrow he did not feel."

The Head of the Department that had made the offer "was the informing intelligence of the committee that revised the English curriculum of the secondary schools of his state." "His field was Cowper." "When you pronounce Cowper properly, you say Cooper. . . . But when people who didn't know how to pronounce Cowper heard the head referred to by people who did . . . *they* thought him an authority on Cooper and spoke of him as such." " . . . before long he and his wife were spending evenings with deans." " . . . it did no good to remind himself that Cowper had been, for a good deal of his life, insane."

"Nobody except the English Department had thought it sensible of him to be interested in Cowper; now everybody thought it sensible of him to be interested in the English Department. Each member of the Department did something that seemed to the world impractical at best, idiotic at worst; to be in charge of the whole idiocy and impracticality seemed impractical or idiotic to no one."

His wife was a daughter and granddaughter of Justices of the Supreme Court of Virginia. "She was Miss Batterson's oldest and dearest friend. She . . . had heard Ellen Glasgow refer to Miss Batterson as 'a woman of the finest sensibility.' " After she left Benton, Miss Batterson sent postcards "home to Benton." "It was as if she were attending the University, not teaching at it."

"In March, the first spring after she left Benton,

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she died." "The next day, when the first girls came to Dr. Rosenbaum's office for their conferences, there was only a note on the door postponing these. . . . Dr. Rosenbaum was looking out the window of a plane . . . on his way to a funeral."

Dr. Gottfried Rosenbaum and Mrs. Rosenbaum seem the most lovable residents of Benton. "And [yet] they did not like America so well as one would have wished them to like it . . . Irene, for instance, had a name that is pronounced *i RA ne*, more or less, over most of Europe; here in America she was called I REEN." Dr. Rosenbaum "had published three volumes of an immense work showing how content gets expressed in, and modified by, the forms of its time." He was composer in residence, known for his *Joyous Celebration of the Memory of the Master Johann Sebastian Bach.*

One cannot degrade the Rosenbaums' house by calling it exotic. " . . . there were, badly arranged on its rarely dusted bookshelves, books in English, German, Russian, French, Latin, Greek — all the languages of the earth . . . printed scores, photostats of scores, scores in manuscript, scores in Esperanto, almost . . . a pale engraving of Vivaldi, Beethoven and Liszt letters in stand-up frames, glass on both sides so that one could see both sides of the page. There was no end to the confusion and richness of the house." A student friend "would close her eyes, and then open them again and look at the Rosenbaums 'like puzzled urchin on an aged crone / Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-book.' "

Gertrude Johnson (English Department) was a spoiled one, spoiled beyond repair, marred forever in the making — a novelist who "listened only as A Novelist." Her books "did not murder to dissect, but dissected to murder. The blush on the cheek of Innocence is really — one learned this from Gertrude — a monomolecular film of giant levorotatory protein molecules, and the bonds that join them are the bonds of self-interest."

In Randall Jarrell, we have an author who somehow unshackled himself from *self* and could have a good time; have as companions a bat, a chipmunk, a bird. This was in the South and a mockingbird frequented the yard. He was somewhat mercurial. " . . . on his bad days he'd dive on everything that came into the yard — on cats and dogs, even. . . . The day the bat went to him the mockingbird was perched on the highest branch of the big willow by the porch, singing with all his might . . . every part of him had a clear, quick, decided look about it. He was standing on tiptoe . . . sometimes he'd spring up into the air. This time he was singing a song about mockingbirds.

"The bat fluttered to the nearest branch, hung upside down from it, and listened; finally when the mockingbird stopped for a moment he said in his little high voice: 'It's beautiful, just beautiful! . . . I listen to you every night. Every day too. I — I . . . could listen to you forever.' " [The bird was pleased.] " 'I'll sing it for you again.' . . . When the mockingbird had finished, the bat thought: 'No, I just can't say him mine. Still, though —' "

Later "the bat said: 'Sometimes when I wake up in the daytime I make up poems. Could I — I wonder whether I could say you one of *my* poems?' "

"Till a bat is two weeks old he's never alone: the little naked thing . . . clings to his mother wherever she goes. After that she leaves him at night; . . . almost dreaming, the bat began to make up a poem about a mother and her baby."

A bat is born
Naked and blind and pale.
His mother makes a pocket of her tail
And catches him:

• • •

She lives by hearing.
The mother eats the moths and gnats she catches
In full flight; in full flight
The mother drinks the water of the pond
She skims across. Her baby hangs on tight.

. . .

at daybreak
The tired mother flaps home to her rafter.
The others are all there.

. . .

Bunched upside down, they sleep in air:

The bat-poet's art is like Randall Jarrell's — never forced, but a thing of integrity, knowledge, affection. The weak rhymed foot not always matching the strong foot ("the moonlight" and "beak is bright"); "through the night / Doubling and looping, soaring, somersaulting" — as inconspicuous as prose; or "In full flight; in full flight / . . . Her baby hangs on tight," emphasized as if giving directions to an inexperienced child.

(After seeing Maurice Sendak's pictures of Randall's animals — of the bat fleeing from the owl, while "the night holds its breath" as the owl "calls and calls"; or a mother possum with all her baby possums holding tight to her, in the moonlight where apples have fallen under the apple tree — I am sure that if he were not an artist, he would not work for an exterminator.)

"The X-Ray Waiting Room in the Hospital," "In Galleries," *The Bat-Poet*, "They All Go" — no "steps echoing along the corridor." These story-dramas are not labored; they ignite imagination and just stop; they have no end. But the magic *never* ends.

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SAY GOOD-BYE TO BIG DADDY

by Randall Jarrell

Big Daddy Lipscomb, who used to help them up
After he'd pulled them down, so that "the children
Won't think Big Daddy's mean"; Big Daddy Lipscomb,
Who stood unmoved among the blockers, like the Rock
Of Gibraltar in a life insurance ad,
Until the ball carrier came, and Daddy got him;
Big Daddy Lipscomb, being carried down an aisle
Of women by Night Train Lane, John Henry Johnson,
And Lenny Moore; Big Daddy, his three ex-wives,
His fiancée, and the grandfather who raised him
Going to his grave in five big Cadillacs;
Big Daddy, who found football easy enough, life hard enough
To — after his last night cruising Baltimore
In his yellow Cadillac — to die of heroin;
Big Daddy, who was scared, he said: "I've been scared
Most of my life. You wouldn't think so to look at me.
It gets so bad I cry myself to sleep —" his size
Embarrassed him, so that he was helped by smaller men
And hurt by smaller men; Big Daddy Lipscomb
Has helped to his feet the last ball carrier, Death.

The big black man in the television set
Whom the viewers stared at — sometimes, almost were —
Is a blur now; when we get up to adjust the set,
It's not the set, but a NETWORK DIFFICULTY.
The world won't be the same without Big Daddy.
Or else it will be.

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BOOKS and MEN *As a body of facts to tickle the fancy of the money-buffs, books on the world of business and finance do not as a whole qualify as candidates for literary awards. But* ATLANTIC *critic Louis Kronenberger has gleaned some intriguing reading matter from some of the recent offerings on money and its makers.*

OF MONEY AND ITS MAKERS

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

I've always wondered why a quotation from Arthur Hugh Clough isn't just as well known as *My luve is like a red, red rose* or *I am the master of my fate.* The quote I have in mind is

> How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
> How pleasant it is to have money,

and surely the pleasantness of money ranks not far behind the rosiness of love or the outgeneraling of fate. What Clough praised, it is true, is not overpoweringly spiritual or elevated and was once, in genteel circles, considered unmentionable. Yet what a splendid, spirited truth Clough has so jauntily enunciated; who can blame him for insisting on saying it twice (actually he said it much, much oftener, to conclude a dozen or more stanzas)? For money — the making it, saving it, spending it; and the losing it, or lack of it, or love of it — money as the matinee idol of our daydreams and the swarthy scoundrel of our realities is the Feast Day and Fast Day of existence. If conceivably too mundane for poetry, think what fiction or drama would have been without it, particularly in its less hallowed forms — tainted money, hush money, blood money.

Yet about the actual real-life manipulating and amassing of money — about the concrete world of business and finance — not very much has been transformed into lasting literature. There are the apologias and official histories and biographies, countered by the muckrakings and exposés, notably Gustavus Meyers' *Great American Fortunes.* And, something quite different, there are the treatises of analysts and theorists, in which money ascends into economics, leaving those of us for whom a dime is a dime is a dime stranded. But there are few really classic works about moneyed potentates, as there is even a classic History of the Potato; and though we enjoy what is magical and colorful and off-color about the great banking careers, there is little that achieves for the man in the Street what is often done for the man in the lab, or the law court, or the ivory tower.

With more in mind than why those who have such great luck in life have had so little in literature — with the steady flow of money-minded books promising an interest of their own — I have been reading a few of the more recent ones. One of them deals with Wall Street, another with banks, a third with merchant bankers, a fourth with merchants. They concern, naturally enough, formidable success stories, tempered here and there with nervous prostrations and panics. Nontechnical and untheoretical, they nowhere require what someone called the business equivalent of knowing Greek, the effortless reading of a balance sheet. Much of the time, indeed, they tend to turn economics into price tags and statistics into Twenty Questions.

In *The Plungers and the Peacocks* (Putnam, $5.95), Dana L. Thomas provides a kind of running history of Wall Street, often celebrating its best-known traders, and dealing less in general market strategy than individual tactics. The book very agreeably combines straight information with lively, occa-

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sionally crooked drama. First visiting Wall Street when Captain Kidd resided there, we move on to 1792, when twenty-four independent brokers founded the original Stock Exchange; to 1815, when the newspapers started carrying trading prices; to March 16, 1830, when exactly thirty-one shares changed hands; and so to 1861 and one of the very first sales of a seat on the Exchange (it brought $460 for charity). During the same era, a member leaving the Room (when did Floor take over?) while a call was in progress was fined 25 cents, unless he had to go to the toilet. As the book proceeds, we are shown what a great trading benefit the telegraph became, and then the cable, the telephone, the ticker; and we are given a seminar on washed sales, driving stocks up and driving them down, along with the history and hysteria of selling short. Holland forbade short selling as early as 1610; England, for a time, after 1733; and Napoleon looked upon it as treason. Banned for a while in New York State, it only led to brisk under-the-counter transactions; while the "corner," by which a manipulator tricked others into selling short and then bought up all the available stock, called forth grim comment from the notorious Daniel Drew:

> He who sells what isn't his'n
> Must buy it back or go to prison.

Mr. Thomas' dramas extend from Jay Gould and Black Friday to the gloomiest hours of 1929, and the Street's catastrophes, I must admit, make better reading than its coups. The disasters have something at once very human and very inhuman about them; an icy calculation and a feverish recklessness; gambling of epic proportions and finagling of diabolical ingenuity. Much of all this adorns the age and ascendancy of the elder Morgan — there was to be no such autocrat thereafter — and it is pretty much epitomized in his message to the trust-busting President, TR: "If we've done something wrong, send your man to my man and they can fix it up."

Mr. Thomas does a scholarly job with panics and runs on banks, particularly the 1907 panic when the plight of three New York institutions (the Knickerbocker Trust, the Lincoln Trust, and the Trust Company of America) threatened the whole Street with ruin, and when not Morgan's man but Morgan himself took command, rapped out orders, stemmed the panic, and emerged "more than ever the lion of Wall Street." Mr. Thomas does nicely, too, by the top manipulators, the syndicates and power plays of the 1920s. There is, for one example, the long career of William Crapo ("Billy") Durant, who early in the century converted the bankrupt Flint Wagonworks into the Buick Motor Company; in due course "snapped up Cadillac, Oakland and Olds," tying them all together as General Motors; and in 1908, had his bankers not balked, would have bought out Ford for $8 million. Bounced from GM in 1910, Durant, who just couldn't "resist calling on inventors," by doing so got going with Chevrolet as, long after, with Frigidaire. He became in time a top manipulator in the great 1924–1929 bull market, and among those joining his Wall Street "consortium" were the seven Fisher brothers, who, having sold the Fisher Body Company to GM, had $208 million to try their luck with. Of the Crash itself, far too much has been written for Mr. Thomas to provide anything very new; but he does remind us how disastrously much occurred after 1929, with the market going down, down, down until 1932, to fall at its worst 86 percent below the Black Tuesday mark.

Mr. Thomas' book marches right up to the present and on into the future, into a Wall Street when half the holdings may belong to institutions, to mutual funds and pension funds, and when technology — 90 percent of all scientists who have ever lived, says Mr. Thomas, are alive today — will create a whole new economy, with credit cards supplanting cash, and with computers everywhere, even portable ones that direct the driving of a car. It is indeed a subject for speculation.

Banking is, or purports to be, something else, something carpeted with decorum and frock-coated with dignity. It is without doubt, as we learn from *Banks of the World* (Walker, $10.00), by a French authority, Roger Orsingher, a most venerable profession, being already well outlined in the Code of King Hammurabi of Babylon (1728–1686 B.C.). The Code deals with "nearly all cases arising from loans, interest, pledges, guarantees . . . loss, theft, etc." Banking was also a most dignified profession from the outset: palaces and temples, at any rate, were the earliest places where people "deposited" their wealth (often crops) for safekeeping, and where private accounts were set up, loans negotiated, and interest rates fixed. By Greek times, coinage and money changing flourished; the money changer, by acting more and more as an agent and depositary, himself changed into a banker, the not inept Greek word for which was *trapezite*. By Roman times, and with the vast growing commerce of the Roman Empire, bankers were numerous and their operations diverse: they served as stockbrokers, auctioneers, money changers, discounters, credit institutions. Maximum interest rates were fixed, sometimes officials also. Roman laws established important banking controls, only for banking to disintegrate after the barbarian invasions. It came alive again during the Crusades, with their confusion of currencies, their need for loans and bills of exchange, their fear of carrying large sums on one's person. The Jews, the Genoese, and, most notably, the Lombards became succes-

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sively Europe's leading bankers, while even more than the Crusades, the great medieval fairs made for every form of finance. In time, Lyons and Antwerp became great financial centers, and the Medici and the Fuggers great financiers. In England, immensely rich Thomas Gresham (1519–1579) evolved not only Gresham's Law but what was mostly Gresham's Royal Exchange, from which it is only a step or two to modern times.

After its opening "Historical Survey," M. Orsingher's useful book becomes largely a handbook, setting forth banking developments throughout the world, with statistical trimmings and tabulations. To cite a few such: the bank with the biggest holdings is the Bank of America ($14 billion); of 110 commercial banks with a billion or more in deposits, the United States leads with 34, Japan coming second with 19; the oldest commercial bank is the Banco di Napoli (1539), the oldest private bank, Koch, Lauteren in Frankfurt (1586).

Dollar signs, £.s.d., and a sense of decorum continue with us in Joseph Wechsberg's *The Merchant Bankers* (Little, Brown, $6.95), almost all of whom "were merchants before they were bankers." The book deals more with dynasties than deposits, with bankers and their wealth than banks and their assets, and provides pleasantly informal profiles of a species hard to catch full-face. Among Mr. Wechsberg's best subjects are the Barings, that great, more than 200-years-old English house, who leave their name off their letterheads, can boast five peerages, and provide the present Governor of the Bank of England. In their first hundred years, they did much to make Britannia rule the waves; later they became London's biggest "American" house, being indeed the great bankers of Europe till they came up against the Rothschilds. Their greatness was perhaps best displayed in 1890 when, having overextended themselves in South America, they were faced with ruin, and the whole City — partly, to be sure, because the ruin must spread — collectively raised £17,500,000 for them. Indeed, nobody wanted to be excluded: to guarantee the Barings became a kind of status symbol. It must have been this crisis that produced the best play-on-three-words — which Mr. Wechsberg does not record — that I have ever encountered. "What," went the question, "is the capital of the Rothschilds?"; and the answer: "Baring straits."

The book's only American call — it visits, among others, Italy's Mattioli and Germany's Hermann Abs — is on Lehman Brothers, who, says Mr. Wechsberg, "achieved the greatest post-war growth in Wall Street" and, says *Fortune*, are "one of the biggest profit makers — many believe the biggest — in the business." Beyond their own achievement, they serve to contrast American finance with European, Wall Street with the City. Unlike the City, says our author, Wall Street is not international-minded; he received from one prominent Wall Street banker a copy of his *What I Know About Foreign Securities*, in which all the pages were blank. Again unlike the City, Wall Street does not esteem "the successful eccentric"; it desires organization men with the "right" connections. At a Lehman Brothers' lunch, everyone talked about what was on his mind; at lunch in London, says Mr. Wechsberg, they talk of everything except that. A London bank man complained that in New York "no one would talk to me without first consulting his lawyers," and Mr. Wechsberg goes on to sum up the Street: "There are too many partners, too many meetings, too many experts, too many lawyers."

He might have added "too many bromides." Lehman Brothers' senior partner, Robert Lehman, "a cautious-looking banker" whose magnificent picture collection lives alone in an uninhabited house, ventures such audacities as "Wall Street is a competitive community." In all fairness, perhaps bankers' bromides derive as much from their wanting to sound inane as from their being by nature stuffy; yet, even in an age that has slaughtered privacy and swims with publicity-seeking, the wanting to keep banking facts in safety-deposit vaults seems a bit dubious. At any rate, though Mr. Thomas does not write as well as Mr. Wechsberg, the stuffed pockets he features make livelier reading than Mr. Wechsberg's stuffed shirts.

The Great Merchants (Harper & Row, $6.95) by Tom Mahoney and Leonard Sloane, an enlarged edition of an earlier book by Mr. Mahoney, has nothing vaultlike about it; it tosses you around among shopping centers, bargain hunters, basement buffs; among mergers and mergers of mergers; among department stores like Harrod's in London that arrange funerals, and Mitsukoshi in Tokyo that perform marriages. Hoisting such statistics as that America's 1965 retail business came to $283.9 billion, the book gives the dollar sign all the publicity of a sky sign. Since the stories are all by definition success stories, they are prize packages of glittering and gratifying facts. But they have small value as success studies; and the book itself is ill titled, dealing far more with great businesses than great merchants. This is not important; what is, I think, is the facile handling of the people and projects involved, the authors' pen proving no better a paintbrush than a scalpel. These fat fortunes often make curiously thin storytelling; the book's chief virtue is the picturesque useless information it offers, and the envy its statistics can arouse.

Thus the Hudson's Bay Company, the world's oldest retailer (1670), long issued its own money and in 1966 took in $370 million of other people's.

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General Grant, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson were inaugurated, and Lincoln was assassinated, in Brooks Brothers clothes. Filene's in Boston were the first to use the Charga-Plate, and their unrivaled basement once bagged 150,000 bargain hunters in a single day. The A & P buys three billion eggs a year, while Sears Roebuck grosses six billion dollars. Reversing the old trend, Sears today does only 25 percent of its business from catalogues, just as Lane Bryant does only 5 percent with maternity garments.

There are many duller, and sometimes solider, facts and figures in *The Great Merchants;* the book as a whole suggests a routine blend of legwork and handouts for which, at precisely its level, there is a waiting audience. Great merchants' aphorisms are hardly more subversive than great bankers'. "I always believed that the store would grow if it had the right kind of people," said Lincoln Filene, "and that if it didn't have the right kind of people, it wouldn't grow." "No one," insisted the A & P's John Hartford, "can be asked to do better than his best." Yet here too, perhaps, the verbal nonglitter is simply a variation on Silence is Golden; and the complicated, often self-evasive man of action is less easy to penetrate, or even evaluate, than he may seem. Against the relatively few ruthless buccaneers, there are all the sincere (because nonconscious) hypocrites serving God and Mammon the same ood at separate tables. Still, even old-school merchants and clothiers seem far less sanctimonious than the once fashionable man of the cloth, the Reverend Morgan Dix of New York's Trinity Church, who at the opening of New York's new Stock Exchange in 1903 concluded his prayer with: "The silver is thine and the gold is thine, O Lord of Hosts!"

What is disappointing in these chronicles is a lack of real substance, not to mention style; except as reading matter, they seldom seem to matter. Is the answer that water cannot rise above its own level and that you can at most achieve two-dimensional portraiture by way of semipromotional prose? Or is the answer, very simply, that "Does Macy's tell Gimbel's?" goes for the public as well? No doubt until the "papers" of important businessmen and corporations, like those of writers and statesmen and scientists, come to repose in university libraries, we shall not have such access to their darker thoughts and more complex creative processes as we have in most other fields; nor will there exist the same invitation, or the same incentive, to scholarship. Meanwhile, the intelligent, educated reader at large, while far from spurning piquant details and lively digressions, may hope for something that, no more committed to indictment than ndorsement, has rather more body to it and reveals ast a little more mind.

ROPE'S END

by HOWARD NEMEROV

Unraveling a rope
You begin at an end.
Taking the finished work
You pick it to its bits,

Straightening out the crossed,
Deriving many from one,
Moving forward in time
And backward in idea,

Reaching to finer elements
And always thinner filaments,
From rope to cord to thread
And so on down to splinters

No longer serpentine
That break instead of coil
And that will blow away
Before a little breath,

Having attained the first
Condition, being dust,
No longer resembling rope
Or cord or thread or hair,

And following no line:
Incapable of knot or wave
Or tying things together
Or making anything secure,

Unable to bind, or whip,
Or hang till dead. All this
In the last analysis
Is crazy man's work,

Admitted, who can leave
Nothing continuous
Since Adam's fall
Unraveled all.

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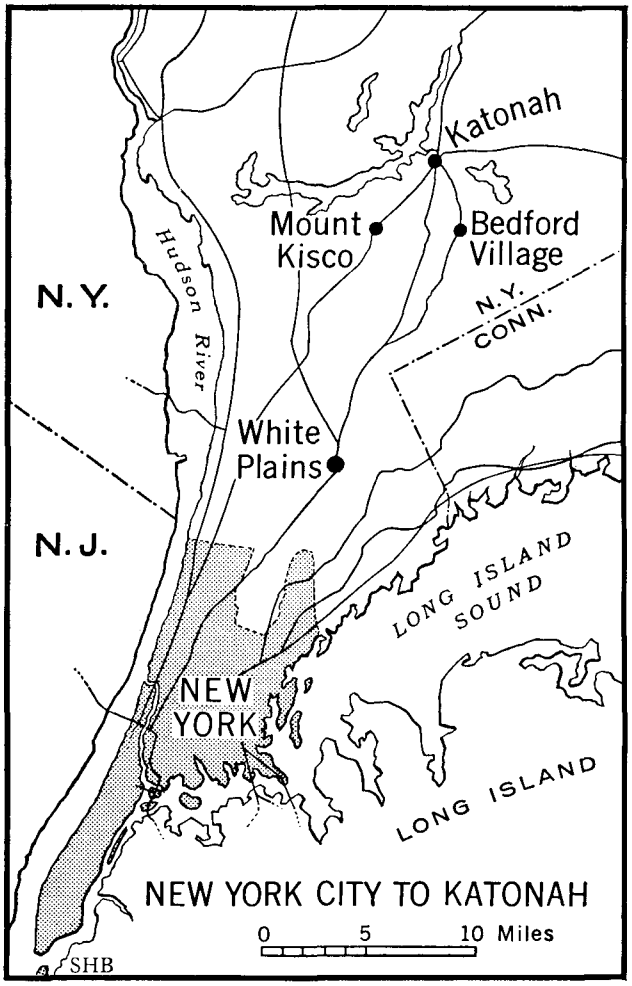
INTERSTATE 87

by Norman Ritter

The bulldozers can now be seen out in force along Chestnut Ridge, near Bedford in New York's Westchester County, and this means that the cement mixers and asphalt trucks cannot be far behind. In this one of the many stories that can be told about scores of embattled and divided American communities, Mr. Ritter writes another chapter in the unfolding record of a nation's compulsion to become a continent of concrete and monoxide. The author, a former correspondent and editor for LIFE, *is now director of the Development Projects Division of General Learning Corporation.*



HIGHWAYS and their rights-of-way occupy more than fifteen million acres in the United States, the size of the state of West Virginia. The greatest construction project in the history of the world is the building of the National System of Defense and Interstate Highways, which was started in 1956. When completed in 1972 or 1973, this gigantic program will have spawned 41,000 miles of superhighway at an estimated cost of $60 billion.

Because of the inevitability of this expanding highway system, its construction has met with little resistance. Some voices *have* been raised in protest, particularly by citizens directly affected, and lately these voices have grown louder and more numerous. Many cities and towns have become embroiled in arguments over road programs, such as the plan to cut up Swarthmore, the elevated expressway skirting the New Orleans Vieux Carré, the Inner Belt in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to mention only a few. But by and large, the resistance has been in vain, and its futility is manifested in mile after mile of new concrete, not all of it an expression of the public weal.

There is no better example of the failure of such protests than the partially built ten-mile stretch of Interstate Route 87 in New York's Westchester County, the subject of a long and bitter dispute. This six-lane superhighway will be completed through perhaps the most beautiful expanse of country within an hour's drive from Manhattan. Its estimated cost of $47 million (plus about $5 million for land acquisition) will make it, in the words of Senator Everett Dirksen, "the most expensive rural highway in the nation's history."

Placing this essentially intrastate road in the Interstate System was a New York State decision, and it gave Washington veto power over the route favored by most of the state and county bodies. The federal government, with eventual state acquiescence, exercised this veto, selecting a route that was slightly shorter than the one preferred by the state and county. Federal authorities cited cost as their sole criterion, since a shorter route was naturally a cheaper and preferable one provided all other factors were equal. They were not equal, however, as we shall see. Moreover, it was the decision to build a federal highway instead of a more modest state road that started the cost estimates for both proposed routes on a steep ascent to financial absurdity.

Despite the opposition of Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior, and the outcry of conservation-

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ists from all over America, the road will split two wildlife sanctuaries and will sweep the shores of a woodland reservoir. It will knife through hill and dale along its engineered course, even though Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, the New York State Department of Public Works, the State Department of Commerce, the State Department of Conservation, and practically every relevant county and municipal authority preferred an alternate route.

Congress intended that bypassed communities be served by the new superhighways, but Route 87 avoids the populous middle corridor of Westchester, where twisting two-lane roads are choked with ever increasing traffic. Congress also decreed that the states, not the federal government, were responsible for route selections, even though the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads of the Commerce Department had to approve the routes and would finance 90 percent of the costs.

Federal highways are born on the drafting tables of state engineers, but long before the plans turn into concrete they are exposed to public hearings, where interested citizens can protest. State highway officials, acting as prosecutor, defense counsel, judge, and jury, then decide whether to pay any attention to the complaints or simply to ratify the route as originally proposed.

If the state highway officials are confronted with an unpopular decision, or if they want to keep their decision a secret, the Bureau of Public Roads will assume the ogre's role and announce the bad news. The history of Interstate 87 demonstrates how blame may be shifted from the statehouse to the nation's Capitol. It also shows how people in the path of the bulldozers often fight among themselves trying to shove the road into the other fellow's backyard.

In 1956 there was no talk of a federal superhighway in the vicinity of Bedford, a satisfied, prosperous northern Westchester township forty miles north of New York City. Its rugged, wooded countryside, sprinkled with pre-Revolutionary homes and rolling estates, lay outside the belt of suburban sprawl, as it does today. Congress authorized and President Eisenhower signed the Federal-Aid Highway Act that year, but bucolic Bedford seemed unlikely to be affected by the legislation. So did adjacent North Castle, which was comparably rural and content with its narrow two-lane roads.

There was, however, talk of relocating State Route 22, a tortuous north-south artery that ran along the eastern edge of the state and passed through Bedford and North Castle. One of the large Bedford estates threatened with encroachment by relocation of the road belonged to Miss Helen Clay Frick, daughter of the nineteenth-century steel baron Henry Clay Frick. She created the Westmoreland Wildlife Sanctuary, consisting of 105 acres of former farmland crisscrossed with massive stone fences. It seemed to be an ideal defense against a road because highway planners were known to be extremely sensitive to the distress calls of conservationists.

Many Bedford residents became agitated by the prospect of a new road and decided it was time to act. The town retained a consulting engineer by the name of Charles H. Sells, former superintendent of the New York State Department of Public Works. His long experience as a highway engineer qualified him to design the best possible route through Bedford, and he set out to do just that.

In the meantime, the Department of Public Works was developing plans for a north-south superhighway near the east bank of the Hudson River across the county from Bedford. The six-lane New York State Thruway was already completed on the west side of the Hudson, and many people wondered why it was necessary to have superhighways on *both* sides of the river, particularly when north-south traffic on the east side was already carried by two parkways, a U.S. highway, and several state roads.

The superintendent of the State Department of Public Works, J. Burch McMorran, reported that the Federal Bureau of Public Roads had approved the route, but Sells and others intimately familiar with Interstate 87's complicated history doubt that this particular route was ever taken seriously. A free superhighway along the east bank would surely have diverted traffic from the Tappan Zee Bridge and the Thruway, both of which charge tolls.

At any rate, before a tree was cut down or a load of cement was poured, the Department of Public Works, with Bureau concurrence, switched signals. Late in 1960, the state and federal authorities agreed upon a more easterly route, across Westchester County. As a consequence, a lot of good Republicans on the east side of Westchester thought they had been victimized by their new governor, Nelson Rockefeller. The highway as originally conceived would have cut through Rockefeller's sprawling Pocantico Hills estate near the Hudson. The new plan called for using a section of Interstate 287 and would send north-south traffic over a J-shaped path through the county, sparing the pastoral acres of the state's first family. McMorran said the easterly route would be six miles shorter than the suggested road along the Hudson, thereby saving the taxpayers $57 million. McMorran was soon to develop another scheme to "save" money.

By this time, Sells had submitted to the town

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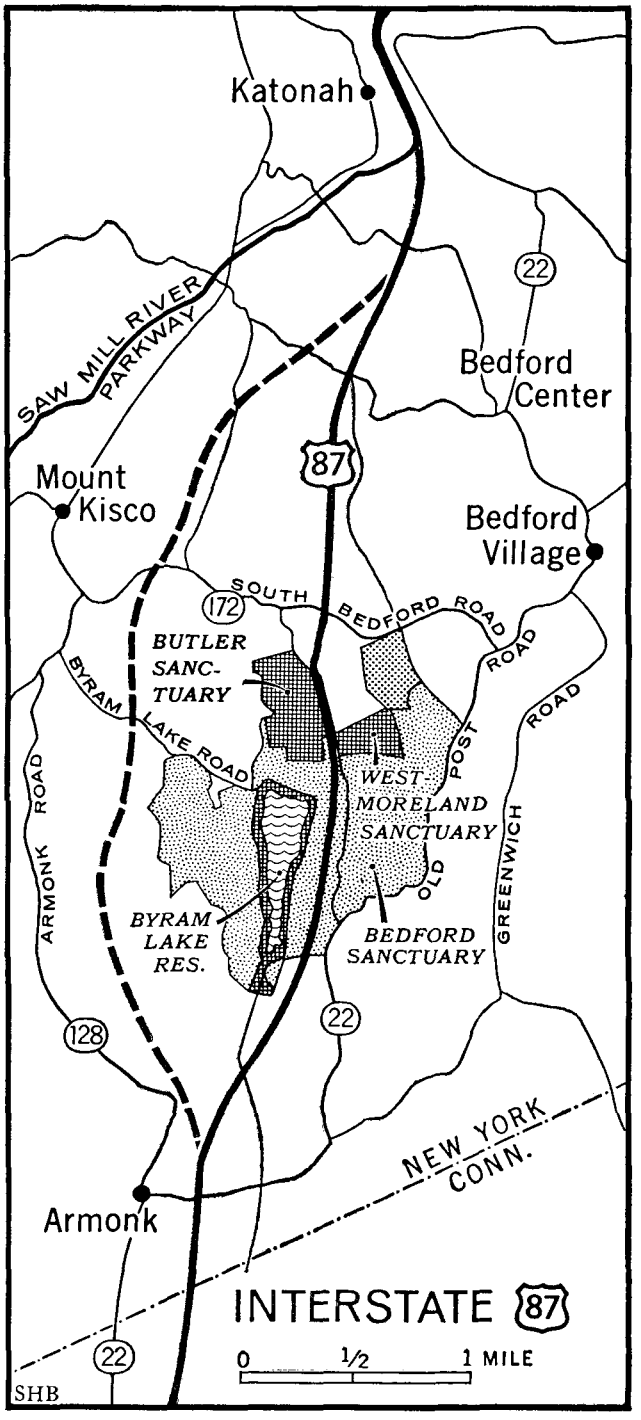

board of Bedford a detailed design for the relocation of State Route 22. As he awaited the town fathers' reaction, he had no idea his recommendation was about to compete with a state-designed route for a link in the Interstate Highway System.

A lifelong resident of Westchester County, Sells was an excellent choice to try to save the best of Bedford from the road builders. An articulate, urbane man, Sells had served on a committee of highway engineers that helped draft the Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1956, and he understood the conflicting requirements of the law: that highways be safe for fast driving, be constructed as economically as possible, and still serve the communities they bypass. In designing his route, Sells tried hard to do the least damage possible to property in both North Castle and Bedford, the two townships affected. Wherever he could, he selected rugged, less valuable property for the right-of-way, sparing the choice bottomland, bird sanctuaries, and fine homes. Bedford's town fathers were delighted with the plan and forwarded it to the Department of Public Works. After minor modifications by the state, it became known as the Westerly Route.

The Westerly Route passed close enough to Mount Kisco, the trading center of northern Westchester, to provide some relief for traffic congestion in the populous middle corridor of the county, and for that reason the planning board of Mount Kisco and the village board of neighboring Pleasantville approved it. So did the county.

Despite its virtues, the Westerly Route had fatal flaws. It was in the public eye, and this made it a target for the affected property owners, who quickly attacked it. Then, in the spring of 1961, the state announced its own design, which became known as the Chestnut Ridge Route. It was several miles east of the congested mid-county communities and promised them no benefits. It was also seven tenths of a mile shorter than the Westerly Route and therefore, the state estimated, $4.3 million cheaper. A breakdown of the original estimate was never made public, but in 1961 the cost of the disputed segment was said to be about $14 million using the Chestnut Ridge Route.

The Department of Public Works scheduled a public hearing in Bedford to listen to arguments for and against the Chestnut Ridge Route in April, 1961. The week before the hearing, the department announced that the contested route would be a part of the Interstate Highway System, namely Interstate 87. Thus the state would be eligible for a federal rebate of 90 percent of the highway's costs. The relocation of the state road, on the other hand, would have been only 50 percent federally financed.

The Chestnut Ridge Route was so hastily drawn and carelessly conceived that it didn't stand a chance against the 900 angry property owners who crowded into the hearing in Bedford that spring evening in 1961. The line on the map marched boldly through Byram Lake Park, the woodland preserve beside Mount Kisco reservoir. It also imperiled several homes and divided Miss Frick's Westmoreland Sanctuary from older Butler Sanctuary. For twelve hours landowners harangued the department's officials, and when the engineers retreated to their office the next day, they knew they had been in a fight.

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A second public hearing was scheduled, this time to hear arguments for and against both routes. Anticipating a good turnout, the Department of Public Works booked an auditorium in White Plains, the county seat, beginning at 1:30 on a weekday afternoon. The crowd of 750 did not fill the hall, but 108 speakers gave the state officials an earful for fifteen and a half hours. By calling an afternoon meeting, the state officials had hoped to give everyone an opportunity to be heard and still adjourn early. But they underestimated the staying power of the protesters.

The hearing began as a distaff affair, but as the commuter trains pulled in that evening, male reinforcements took the floor. Fortified by the sandwiches, coffee, and martinis their wives had brought, they gave the state officials a night to remember. They hoisted placards and balloons in support of their favorite routes and hunks of old sheeting lettered with unflattering remarks about Governor Rockefeller. North Castle Supervisor John A. Lombardi took the opportunity to call Bedford "capricious, arbitrary and gratuitous" for endorsing the Westerly Route without regard for the $2.5 million in North Castle real estate it would destroy. The last orator sat down at 5 A.M.

McMorran reversed the position of the Department of Public Works in 1962 and recommended the Westerly Route for federal approval. In his letter to the Bureau of Public Roads, which he refused to make public, McMorran stressed the advantages of the Westerly Route in serving local traffic. News that McMorran had decided in favor of the Westerly Route was announced indirectly by the Albany regional office of the Federal Bureau of Public Roads. The federal agency said it had rejected the state's recommendation of the Westerly Route, adding that the Department of Public Works had supported it with a pile of documents two feet high. The Bureau of Public Roads wanted the shorter, cheaper route. So did several of McMorran's engineers.

ELEVEN Bedford property owners took legal action to block construction of the highway, charging that McMorran, their champion, was "arbitrary, capricious and irrational" for finally accepting the judgment of the Bureau of Public Roads. Their petition was turned down after lengthy proceedings, but their maneuvering was enough to keep the bulldozers away for another year. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York held that under state law the superintendent of public works must ignore his own best judgment in order to obtain federal funds for 90 percent of the cost of the road.

A delegation that approached Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall had better luck. Appealing to his well-known interest in conservation, a Bedford group asked him to oppose the Chestnut Ridge Route because of the damage it would do to the wildlife sanctuaries.

Udall dispatched two officials of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation to investigate the matter. To gain time for the investigation, Udall wrote Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges, requesting that he suspend all work on the road. "It disturbs me that the proposed highway threatens such an enormous loss to the public of a unique area less than 40 miles from New York City," Udall wrote. "Once gone, it can never be recovered."

After receiving the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation's report, Udall again wrote Hodges, in March of 1964, this time flatly recommending that the Chestnut Ridge Route be discarded in favor of the Westerly Route. Udall also sent Hodges the report, which became the property of the Department of Commerce and was not released to the public. The report was an eloquent plea for the preservation of recreational areas in fast-growing Westchester. It weighed the potential damage to sanctuaries and parklands each route would cause and concluded that the Westerly Route would be less harmful.

It took more than seven months for Hodges to reply to Udall's letter, and when he finally did, on December 1, 1964, it was to turn down Udall's recommendation. Hodges resigned a few days later.

John Connor replaced Hodges as Secretary of Commerce, and soon after he took office he and Rex M. Whitton, the administrator of the Bureau of Public Roads in Washington, received a delegation of Bedford residents bent on changing the bureau's position. Sticking to his cost considerations, Whitton later wrote the group that he saw no reason to reopen the case. Cost alone was apparently not the deciding factor, however. A Hodges deputy, John S. Stillman, later said that political pressures had forced the Department of Commerce and the Bureau of Public Roads to take the stand they did. A member of the Bedford delegation quoted Stillman as saying that Congressman Eugene Keogh of Brooklyn (now retired) was "in this office at least once a week" when the route question was under consideration. Stillman suggested that the anti-Chestnut Ridge Route group find "some way of producing somebody else who is equally influential to whom we have to pay an equal amount of attention." Keogh, then a member of the powerful Ways and Means Committee, was an old friend of one of the estate owners whose property lay astride the proposed Westerly Route.

While his clients were busy getting nowhere in

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Washington, Charles Sells retained an appraiser to determine the relative costs of land acquisition along the two routes, a laborious job Sells insisted the state had not bothered to do. The appraiser found that the difference in construction costs between the two routes would be almost offset by the higher cost of land along Chestnut Ridge.

Whitton raised Bedford's hopes on October 12, 1965, when he wrote McMorran ordering a re-examination of the costs of both routes and a halt to land acquisition along Chestnut Ridge. But McMorran, curiously, was unwilling to rise to the occasion. Instead, in a letter to Whitton on February 17, 1966, he elected to repudiate his own earlier arguments on the traffic question and to rebut the new Sells estimates, leaving the distinct impression he was now content with the Chestnut Ridge Route.

From one point of view, there was justification for McMorran's reluctance to reopen the case. The state had already invested millions of dollars in building the sections of Interstate 87 immediately north and south of the contested stretch, and it could not become eligible for its federal rebate until the whole job was done. To redesign the in-between link would have been costly and time-consuming.

Now that McMorran had fallen into line, Whitton wrote him a long and friendly letter, dated April 6, 1966, which not only gave final approval to the Chestnut Ridge Route but also expressed the administrator's philosophy of modern highway engineering. He said that "driving for pleasure is America's number one outdoor recreational activity," and "highway officials must lead the way in providing a pleasing highway for this purpose."

Just as the long fight appeared to be over at last, dreadful things happened to the cost estimates for the route that was selected primarily for reasons of economy. Last November the Department of Public Works estimated the construction costs of the disputed 8.8-mile stretch and a 1.6-mile connecting link to be $46.7 million, a far cry from the $14 million figure that had long been associated with the "cheaper" Chestnut Ridge Route. A department spokesman said apologetically that the old estimate was "sort of off the top of the head," thereby confirming Sells's contention that the state engineers had not bothered to determine the true cost of the route they were so stubbornly advocating.

It is only fair to point out, however, that the route the state invited bids on last December 15 was a much more elegant highway than the 1962 blueprint called for. For one thing, Mrs. Lyndon Johnson's highway beautification program enacted by Congress in 1965 required the engineers to add two lanes, making Interstate 87 a six-lane expressway. Median strips had to be widened, too, and so did the right-of-way. Provision was made for retaining walls where the road was to cut between Butler and Westmoreland sanctuaries, and there was to be a vehicular bridge to link the two refuges. Inflation was also a factor in the higher estimate. So were unexpectedly high excavation costs, which further shook public confidence in the project. In sum, it was to be a fine road at a fabulous price. At $5 million per mile, it was to be costlier than comparable roads through urban areas where land was more expensive.

A Bureau of Public Roads spokesman commented in rather equivocal language, but his message was clear: "We are not ordering New York to go ahead and we are not shoving the road down their throats. But we will not tell New York to hold off, either. New York could give up the road altogether — but I don't know what it would do with all the cars." In Albany, a Department of Public Works official agreed that the state was not being forced to go ahead, but said it would have to build the road by 1972 in order to receive federal funds already allocated.

Enter now a spirited citizens' group whose valiant effort to halt the road builders dead in their tracks was perhaps the most dramatic chapter in the long history of the struggle. Known as the Road Review League, the group was composed of some five hundred residents of thirty-two New York communities, only a few of whom lived in or near the Chestnut Ridge roadbed. Formed in May of 1966, the league advocated the "intelligent planning of transportation, recreation and other public facilities with the goal of protecting the rights of citizens and the development and improvement of the community." It took part in an unrelated highway squabble last year, and during the 1966 campaign season, sought to persuade candidates of its planning and conservation aims.

Convinced that only legal action could stop the road at such a late hour, the Road Review League, on February 3, 1967, filed suit against Secretary of Transportation Alan S. Boyd, whose new department had assumed jurisdiction over the Bureau of Public Roads, and acting Secretary of Commerce Alexander B. Trowbridge, because of the Commerce Department's prior involvement in the matter. The league charged that the defendants had been "arbitrary and capricious" in their selection and approval of the Chestnut Ridge Route. Other plaintiffs were the town of Bedford, a Bedford citizens' association, the two sanctuaries, and several affected property owners. The Sierra Club intervened on the side of the plaintiffs.

The complaint, filed in the U.S. District Court

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for the Southern District of New York, sought a permanent injunction against construction of the route. The plaintiffs were not proposing an alternate route, although some of them clearly wanted it; they just wanted to stop the highway that had been approved. The federal attorneys argued that the court had no power to review an action of the Bureau of Public Roads. It was no mere tactical motion, for there was indeed no legal precedent for the suit the Road Review League had succeeded in bringing to trial. Judge Edward C. McLean acknowledged that the motion "raises difficult questions of federal judicial power, neither of which is free from doubt." But he gave "the benefit of the doubt to the plaintiffs." He ruled: "I see nothing in the Highway Act which indicates a congressional intent to immunize the Bureau of Public Roads from judicial scrutiny of its acts." He also denied a defense contention that the plaintiffs, being ordinary citizens, had no right to contest the administrative decision of the federal agency.

The league's attorneys failed to prove that improper political influence had decided the issue, but the testimony contained revealing glimpses of old pressure points.

Former Congressman Keogh denied that he had been a regular visitor to the Secretary of Commerce's office whenever the Interstate 87 question came up, as Stillman had said. But he did confess that he had maintained a steadfast stand on the route matter as a representative of a district in Brooklyn, more than forty miles from the affected area. "I had a position that I would not diverge from," he testified, "and I sought to resist all pressure generated."

Having dismissed the political argument, Judge McLean had to decide whether the federal officials involved in the route decision had acted arbitrarily and capriciously. It was not enough that they might have acted wrongly.

"The central question," he said from the bench, "is this: Was the decision — made in good faith — so arbitrary and capricious within the terms of the Administrative Procedures Act that it should be overthrown?"

Admittedly troubled by the complexity of the case and the voluminous documents he had to master, McLean expressed sympathy for the plaintiffs on several occasions during the five-day trial. But the difficulty of rolling back a project that had gathered such momentum also was weighing on his mind, for he observed that "a lot had happene after that original recommendation [of the Bureau of Public Roads in 1962]. . . . The U.S. District Court cannot run the Bureau of Public Roads, and I cannot decide where to put the road; my scope and power are limited."

This remark was a portent of his decision two weeks later, on April 28, 1967, refusing to grant an injunction. He said he found that the federal officials had "acted honestly throughout and their decision was based upon what they in good faith believed to be the merits of the question."

McLean also had to consider that the state had entered into a $26 million contract for construction of the disputed route, and $10 million had already been committed. He suggested that the plaintiffs could have sued when Whitton reaffirmed the route selection on April 6, 1966, before work was begun. While he could not find cause to grant an injunction, McLean evidently had doubts about the wisdom of the Bureau of Public Roads' decision, for he said in his ruling, "The administrative decision was not wrong enough to permit the court to upset it."

The federal judge's decision cleared the way for the bulldozers to shift into high gear just as the last traces of winter were disappearing in northern Westchester. The next lawsuits would be filed by disgruntled landowners who were not satisfied with the prices the state was offering them for slashing across their property, leveling an antique barn, or razing a colonial home.

Charles Sells, who has built his share of highways, believes it will be a long time before the state and the federal government hear the last of the Interstate 87 argument. He does not think there is any stopping the road now. "But after it's built there will be the I-told-you-so boys," he says. "People will go out on that expensive highway on days when there isn't a car in sight. And there will be those days."

In the meantime, traffic snarls in the middle of Westchester grow worse every day. So the Department of Public Works has announced plans to widen a state road to help relieve the congestion. Along the east bank of the Hudson, near where Interstate 87 was originally plotted, another expressway will be built. There are strong arguments in favor of both of these projects. They will be made stronger still by the failure of Interstate 87 to serve the fast-growing county it will sweep through.

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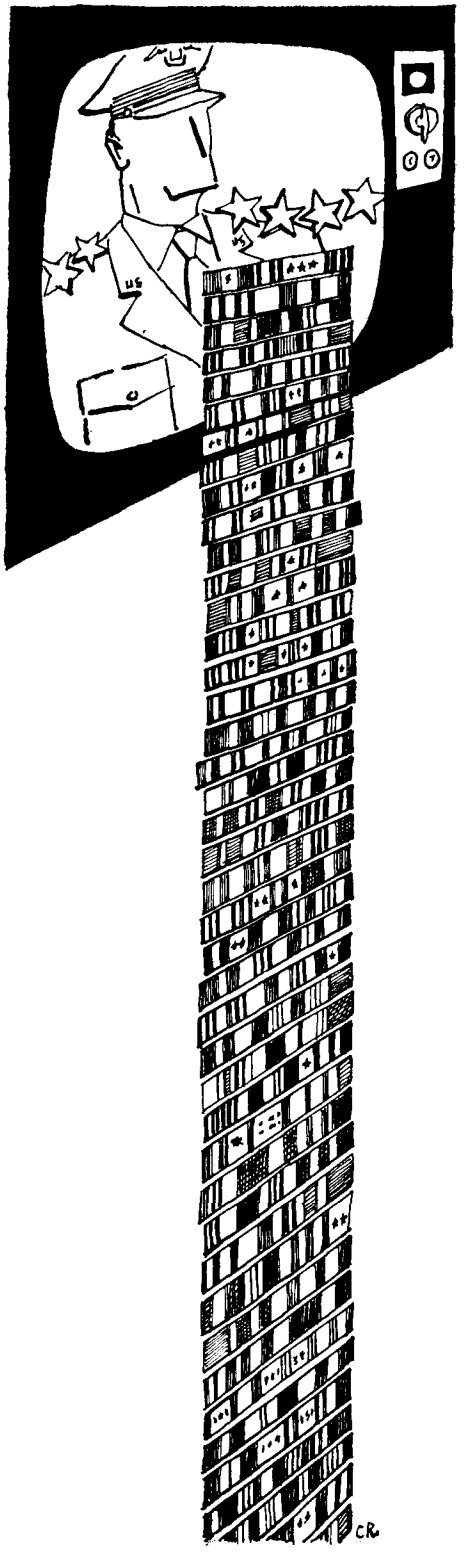
accent

Fruit Salad
by Charles W. Morton



Sergeant George Baker's cartoon character, the Sad Sack of World War II, put a new lower-case noun into the language and became a main attraction of *Yank*, the army weekly. Baker's stylized characters were all remarkable, his sergeants especially so for their ogreish canine teeth, thrusting upward outside the upper lip. The sergeants were also paunchily overweight (through leaving it all to the lower ranks), and all general officers sported so many ribbons and decorations as to require an annex, a sort of panel extending down midway on the left thigh, to accommodate them. All characters, for some reason quite effective but never explained, had three fingers and a thumb instead of four.

Baker's high brass come to mind from time to time on TV, when military spokesmen appear with ribbons so profuse as to reach very nearly to some point of annexation. No one need doubt their honorable title to all that they are showing, nor the relevance of the service underlying it. There is no suggestion that these medals, as Elmer Davis said of the late Senator McCarthy's, are "self-inflicted." The point is, merely, at this stage of international affairs we remain a nation of civilians in spite of ourselves and the world: instead of all the ribbons, so many more than a shorter span of service could possibly produce, why not display just a few of the hottest? The man with the ribbons may feel suitably turned out for a formal occasion, but the TV camera converts the same occasion into an individual confrontation with the householder, at home. Does the full assortment help the "image" which TV and its practitioners seem to take so seriously?

The Guns of August by Barbara Tuchman includes a memorable photograph: an elderly, bulging, and unsuccessful general of the Czar's army, who seems all but completely sheathed in stars, crosses, bars, and miscellaneous sunbursts — about the equivalent of what a Boston dowager would fetch out of her safe-deposit box for the occasion of her annual attendance at the opera. The general's aide, in the same photograph, was too young to have accumulated so many insignia, but he was nonetheless a showpiece in his own right, managing to look very much like a chorus boy in a Shubert production of *The Student Prince*.

Royalty in real life has always been fond of decorating itself and swapping honors with its relatives. Carol of Rumania, even as a young crown prince, had picked up a whole facade of grand crosses and sacred orders, most of which, one suspects, were bestowed on him by his mother. Crown princes in general seem to gain their laurels early, and considerable military rank into the bargain, just by staying alive.

Our own military men of high rank are certainly more plausible in appearance; in fact, one might imagine that a certain kind of physiognomy is a requirement, among others, for the upper crust: impassive, sober, and straightforward in expression, very regular features — in short, an uncommonly good-looking man, mature, but young enough to be reassuringly active. It helps, too, if he is wrinkle-free and well turned out, which reminds us of Geoffrey Household's autobiographical solution of his worries over his own imaginary incapacity as a "retread" British officer in World War II. "If you preserve a smart, alert and intelligent bearing," he wrote in *Against the Wind*, "you will have ample time later to find out what the devil your superiors or subordinates are talking about."

A heavily beribboned military figure, sufficiently famous to be entertaining dreams of the presidency, turned up in Boston some years ago, and an old friend of mine proved to be traveling with him as a sort of political adviser. They were an improbable pair for any such joint effort. My friend was a newspaperman, easygoing, careless of his appearance, with a vast aggregate of friends and acquaintances throughout the land. He was in no wise at a dead end when we met, but he was beginning to tire of it all, even though the general's prospects at the moment seemed fairly promising. (They did not materialize.) The general could have stepped straight into a Hollywood film: classically handsome, immaculate, ruddy, his thick, snowy hair sleeky combed, an altogether impressive sight. "Funny thing," my friend remarked in a moment of privacy. "He looks all right, he talks all right, but after you are with him for a while you get the feeling that here's something that ought to be on casters."

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Sea-green Pastures

by R. G. G. Price

R. G. G. Price lives in Sussex and is a regular contributor to PUNCH *as well as the* ATLANTIC.

Though space gets most of the news coverage, farming the oceans is steadily overhauling it. Getting to Mars may be fun, and highly competitive fun, but it isn't going to solve any problems. Mars doesn't sound like the kind of planet where they'll be growing rice and raising the standard of living in Asia. But not only can the sea be explored; it can be used for producing food. Men going down sub-Atlantic holes in metal spheres may not have quite the feeling of getting away from it all that uplifts the cosmonaut as he goes into orbit, leaving his family well behind. All the same, there is a certain swashbuckling adventurousness about climbing mountains as high as Everest *downward*, trying your karate on sharks, and searching galleons for treasure horizontally: few burglars can float in through windows, like Peter Pan.

Farming the oceans — a pretty hought, a useful thought, a benevolent thought. Yet, just wait a minute. How closely is it going to follow the pattern of farming on land?

The agricultural population on the Atlantic seabed will be below the weather and below the roughest of seas. They will find it impossible to blame the infinitely varying forces of nature for a bad crop. The man up top in the corn belt has the perfect alibi for empty granaries and bank accounts: it wasn't my fault, it was all due to too much rain or not enough rain or the sun or the winds or a freak hailstorm. But they simply don't have those things down there. Just let the seabed operators try to persuade a derisive public that the salinity of the water has changed against him.

I seem to be giving the impression that this damp rural population will actually be growing things on the land beneath the sea. I am not sure that scientific optimism has quite reached that point yet. At the moment, I gather, the idea is to increase the number, succulence, and availability of fish and other marine edibles, though I am pretty sure I have heard of moves to crop seaweed and plankton and make them available to all who crave them. In time, undoubtedly, there will be development in the field of sea-floor cultivation. I predict some pretty grim experiments, first in finding what kinds of weeds grow best in slime, friable rock, and wet lava, and then in campaigning to make the gourmets say their mouths water at the thought of them. However, it is not so much with technology that I am concerned as with attitudes.

Farmers are notoriously conservative. This means that the kinds of fish that get harvested today are going to be the kinds of fish that get harvested in half a century, only much more so. I am against this. There are fish abundantly present in the oceans that I never wish to see on a plate again. I should support any program to increase the supply of lobsters and oysters, or better still, develop new breeds that combine all the best eating qualities of existing seafood. I do not want to think of underwater hayseeds who can do nothing better than up the supply of those tasteless, variously pseudonymous fish that make fortunes for the proprietors of the more criminal class of restaurant.

Farmers are superstitious. From my reading of extra-urban fiction, I know they are always buying almanacs and dream books. Many a farmer, although pretending to listen to the advice of a college graduate about fertilizers, steals out and sows under the full moon, sometimes digging an idiot grandchild into the furrow to maximize the yield. How are they going to make out when resting on the continental shelf in a bathysphere, faced with a program of increasing the fertility rate of whatever tuna feed on? I reckon they will try to dope the technicians, perhaps by spiking their hypernutrient soup, and steal out to the farm — and then what? Nail a horseshoe on the timbers of a frigate? Any attempt to get up to the more unprintable anthropological frolics in a pressure suit is going to be much too difficult and distracting for them to be able to remember the right spells.

Farmers go in for dark deeds and a good deal of incest. The same difficulty occurs. They are not going to be *dressed* for incest.

Farmers are always trying to lobby governments. Nothing is more widely believed in agricultural circles than that the man who grows food gets a raw deal from the man who consumes it. Because there are more consumers than producers, in democratic societies the protests are only partially successful. However, lobbying a legislature makes an enjoy-

Who Spilled the Salt?

A Villanelle by Isabella Gardner

They both spilled the salt. No doubt about that.
No accident . . . it was collusion.
It looked crystal clear from where I sat.

Though I couldn't *quite* see around Sister Anne's hat
and there might have been some collision,
they both spilled the salt. No doubt about that.

They did it together, tit for tat
though it might have been an illusion
it *looked* crystal clear from where I sat

and nobody seemed to smell a rat
so it surely was not a delusion?
They both spilled the salt? No doubt about that

as nobody thought to send for the cat.
Though there *might* have been some occlusion
it looked crystal clear from where I sat.

And so though it sounds a little too pat
I shall have to repeat in conclusion . . .
It looked *crystal* clear from where I sat.
They both spilled the salt. No doubt about that?

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A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde.**

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks.* **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty,* bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth,* eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love,* unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

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The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An exposé of an operative who is paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde.**

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs

Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the L.A. **Free Press,** N.Y. **East Village Other,** and Berkeley **Barb.**

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970—Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever.*

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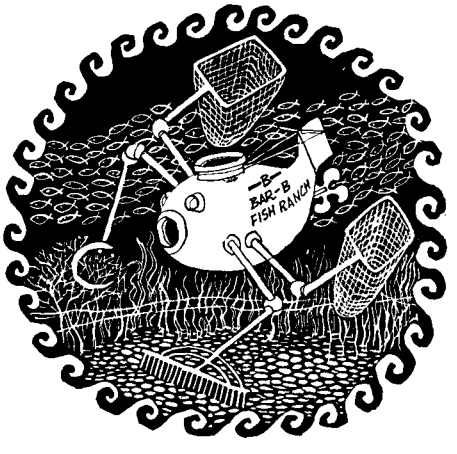
able day off from driving a tractor or sitting at a desk. It has some of the excitement of a visit to the market, without the danger that, as in markets, you may have to pay out good money. But down there under the polar ice cap, it is going to take a prolonged vacation to get to any government and lobby it.

Farmers are given to wild jubilation on completing the harvest. Like a team breaking training, they eat and drink and, above all, dance. Few moviegoers have been fortunate enough never to have seen an extended sequence of farmers jumping and stamping and waving their arms in the air, all to the tune of one busy little fiddler, with a good deal of help from the sound track. But what is a harvest celebration going to be like off the Greater Antilles? You just try a square dance in a swimming pool — and how much is the pressure in a swimming pool, and how thick are the passing shoals?

Farmers are often obsessed with the thought that one day geologists will discover rare minerals under their land, or better still, oil. You don't even need to dig oil; it does all the work itself. Once the bottom of his land becomes more valuable than the top, the farmer can lean back and let his hands become soft and white and break the chain that makes him a prisoner of the soil. It is a pleasant dream, and after all, it has occasionally actually come true. But down among the coral roots of Ceylon, farmers will be expected to farm and leave prospecting for their betters. If there is oil about, they may well be criticized for letting it flavor the food. Daydreaming will be discouraged, not least by the silent presence of predators so strange to look at, so toxic, so much more at home than the dreamer.

Assuming that one method of tackling world food problems will be to improve the quality and quantity of fish, you are going to have the problem of rustling of breeding stock. This in turn will lead to private vengeance, lynch law, and all the rest of it. Bad men will quarrel with other bad men. Around the corners of limpet-encrusted rocks will come harpoon-toting gunmen, in slow motion, the quicker on the draw drilling his opponent's oxygen cylinder. Just think, to take one small detail, of the work involved in changing the brands on a shoal of high-protein cod.

I can't help feeling sometimes that the science prophets haven't thought the project *through.*



Here's to Education!

by Hayes B. Jacobs

Hayes B. Jacobs lives in New York City and is director of the New School Writing Workshops.

A news story quoted a Harvard University psychiatrist to the effect that children should be taught in school how to drink alcoholic beverages. This calls to mind a typical day in the teaching life of Miss Tuckerman:

Her day's chores seemed endless, and Miss Tuckerman had doubts that she could get through the remaining hour or two. She brushed the chalk dust from the sleeves of her navy wool suit, and glanced down sadly at the stains on what that morning had been a crisply starched white blouse but was now a limp mass of blurry polka dots — scotch and bourbon dots mostly, with a sprinkling of maraschino and bitters. What was happening to her? Last night when she got home she'd found a stuffed olive in her bra. A few more weeks in this assignment (Remedial Drinking, Grades I-VI, Incl.) and she would have to replace her entire wardrobe.

All this was quite new to her; she'd been brought up by parents dedicated to temperance, and in her fifty-eight years had never touched a drop until last July. It was a question of conforming or else; of losing her license or wetting her whistle. She had spent a miserably hot Cambridge, Massachusetts, summer taking training for special certification and had got high marks, even in the most difficult courses, such as Survey of Midwest Distilleries, 1890–1917, Bar Management in the Primary Grades, Scoring the Standard Pouilly-Fuissé Achievement Test, and a heady seminar, Bocks, Ales, Porters, and Stouts Their Use and Abuse in the Springfield Preschool Experiment. Having drunk deep from this fascinating new well of knowledge, she knew her material, although sometimes she felt she'd absorbed everything too fast. She was reasonably sure of her methods, having distilled out only the best from some rather obscure and vaporous lectures. She approached each young student as an individual, whose drinking potential, though perhaps hidden, was always right there for the skilled pedagogue to tap. But the daily routine! It siphoned off so much of her energy; the pace was so dizzying, the responsibility so staggering.

She took off her bifocals and wiped them, though they didn't need it; things still appeared bleary. She flinched, hearing the crunching, crumbling sounds as she walked around her desk. The Fritos-and-potato-chip monitors had become careless again — or perhaps too high and mighty to care. Only yesterday she had tried to remind them that "a job worth well doing, children, is . . . a well worth jobbing is . . . oh, well!" She was finding it increasingly difficult, particularly in the afternoons, to communicate with her charges in words they, or she, could understand. Was she possibly expecting too much from a group of certified underimbibers? Or was she becoming an overdemonstrator?

Now, she must face the most difficult group of all — those she'd had to ask to stay after school. There were representatives from all six grades, and the problem of age spread was as sticky as yesterday's cheese dip.

"All right," she said, steadying herself against her desk, "I know you're all eager to get home, so let's get down to work, immediately."

"I'm sweepy!" said Lois Ann, a precocious but dilatory first-grade moppet who was a constant complainer.

"You've no reason to be sleepy," said Miss Tuckerman. "You ate every bite of your lunch, according to the report I received, without finishing more than half your cocktail."

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"The Cattle of The King"

(funerary bas-relief in the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

by Gerald Jonas

The cattle of the king are kine
of a different color.
They dote on beer and never dine
on any diet duller
than truffles snuffed from vassals' hands
and honied bales of hay;
they lick their salt from psalter stands —
They *always* get their way.
No one's allowed to cow their cows
or bully them in battle;
a cat may look at kingly brows
but not at kingly cattle.
They forage in the castle keep,
they hoof it in the halls;
by lutes they're lullabied to sleep
in fumigated stalls.
And when they're called to their reward
to grace His Royal Palate,
they're lassoed with a silken cord,
and knighted with a mallet.

"Watered sherry! Ugh!" said Lois Ann, breaking a swizzle stick to show her displeasure.

"Domestic, to boot!" yelled Jorge, a fourth grader whom Miss Tuckerman regarded as a challenge because he could pronounce amontillado better than she could. She had sympathy for him, too; was it his fault that she was not allowed to requisition Bacardi and fresh limes?

"All right, quiet now," said Miss Tuckerman. "We'll have a brief oral quiz while the monitors are serving the canapés."

Three girls rose from their front-row seats, and passed down the aisles with trays, amid cries of "H'ray, anchovies!" "Goody, shwimps!" and "Hey, teach, is da salami koshah?"

Miss Tuckerman closed her eyes and tensed her jaws. Could she bear it? Soon the noise level would increase, and she'd heard just about all the yammering she could bear; her last class — handicapped, it was true, because she'd run short of ice — had started a yelling match over their martinis, and when the twins, Dean and Dianne, had passed out, the exultant shouting and jeering had become deafening. Everyone despised Dean and Dianne, whose parents, both alcoholics, were suspected of doing all their homework for them.

Sighing, she went to the blackboard, and in a shaky script wrote the word "Tavel." "Now," she said, "who can tell me what this is supposed to — what this means?"

Several hands went up. She called on Mona, a pale bespectacled fifth grader, or "fifth," in school slang.

"That's the name of a small town in France," said Mona. "The district produces a very fine rosé."

"Right," said Miss Tuckerman. "And who can tell us what kind of grapes are used?"

"Greenwich!" yelled Davey. "Something like that, anyway."

"You haven't studied, David," said Miss Tuckerman. "It's not Greenwich; it's, uh, let me think . . . it's Grenache. And please raise your hand when you wish to recite."

"Skoal!" piped Marie, a tiny first grader, thrusting her pudgy hand into the air. "Skoal! Skoal! Skoal!" Marie's father had been a Foreign Service Officer, and with one too many, she could sing "Roll Out the Barrel" in Swedish.

"Shhh! Please!" said Miss Tuckerman. "Now, yesterday you were supposed to have learned something about the simplest of all alcoholic liquors, gin. We found, didn't we, that there are several kinds of gin — London Dry, Old Tom, sloe, and Holland? The question today is —"

"Me for London Dry," said Robert, leaping to his feet. Robert, a handsome, bright boy with gold hair and incipient cirrhosis, was the sixth-grade troublemaker, and though he usually refused anything stronger than beer in class, he'd recently been caught swilling from his pocket flask in the cloakroom. Lone drinking was of course forbidden.

"Hush, Robert," said Miss Tuckerman.

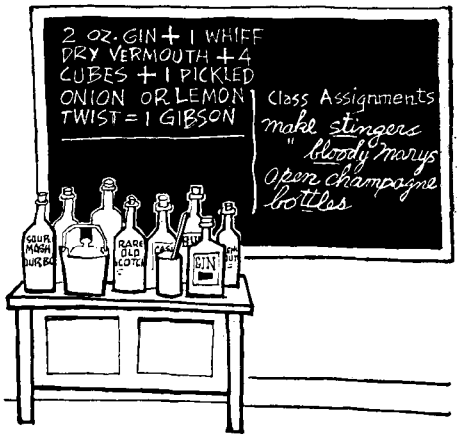
At this point the door opened, and in strode Miss Wheatley. A large, regal woman in her early sixties, with hawklike vision, she went directly to Miss Tuckerman, looked out over the class, and whispered: "Seems to be going *very* well, my dear. But have you noticed the time? Better send them home, or we'll begin to get complaints from the parents."

"Sure thing," said Miss Tuckerman. "That's all," she cried. "Monitors, let's leave the dishes till tomorrow, OK? Everybody out now. Out, out, out! Quickly!"

They were out and stampeding down the stairs in less than a minute, a yelling, singing, gaily staggering mob.

"Lord," said Miss Tuckerman, collapsing in her chair. "What a day!"

"I know what you mean," said Miss Wheatley, boosting herself up to sit on Miss Tuckerman's desk. She winked. "Say, dear," she said, "I'm bone tired, and I'm sure you



are, too. Let's have ourselves a little afternoon cap. Any scotch left?"

"Down there," said Miss Tuckerman, touching a foot to a lower desk drawer. "You make them, and I'll have a double."

"Right," said Miss Wheatley.

When she had made the drinks, they lifted their glasses in a toast.

"Here's to . . . to what?" said Miss Wheatley.

"Why, here's to . . . to education!" said Miss Tuckerman.

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places

Palatinate — Pick of the Lot

by Terence Prittie

Palatinate dwellers are queer, I'm thinking.
I'll wager that other folks find us so.
For when we're merry, we go a-drinking,
And when we're sad, a-drinking we go!

So runs S. F. Hallgarten's translation of a poem which has been the motto for hundreds of years of the winebibbers of Bad Dürkheim, the unofficial capital of the Rhine-Palatinate wine district, the sunniest, biggest, and most productive in Germany. However luscious the wines of the Rheingau, however fruity those of Rhine-Hesse, and however elegant those of the Moselle, for me the Palatinate produces the pick. If I were taking a wine holiday in Germany, I would, ideally, put three days aside for each of these four regions, and slip in quick visits to Bad Kreuznach on the river Nahe, Würzburg on the river Main, and the Kaiserstuhl hill west of Freiburg im Breisgau. But if I had to plump for a single district, then the Palatinate.

It seems to me to have everything that a wine district should have. In the first place, it is off the beaten, or at least the badly beaten, track. The valleys of the Rhine and Moselle are today main thoroughfares for overcompetitive motorists, just as ready to mow you down as to deafen you with their noise and poison you with their exhaust fumes. The wines of the Rhine-Palatinate are grown along the Weinstrasse, the wine highway, which runs to the west of the river Rhine, parallel to it and a comfortable fifteen to twenty miles away from it. Along its fifty-mile length is a string of unspoiled villages. Only two of them, Bad Dürkheim and Neustadt, have real pretensions to be called townships.

Along this lovely rambling road, life still moves at a dignified pace, especially during the vintage, the grape-picking season. Then, ox-carts carrying huge vats full of grapes creak down the Weinstrasse, and the horn of the impatient motorist is greeted with wonderfully phlegmatic stares from faces very nearly as bovine as those of the beasts of burden. It is good to be in country where the motorist takes second place.

It is equally good to be in a wine-growing area which has a real landscape. The castles of the Rhine Valley and the homelier country houses of the Moselle are all very well in their way, but there is a hint of claustrophobia about a view which ends less than a mile away on the ridge opposite (give me the Bordeaux country any day in preference to that of Burgundy or the Rhône). The Rhine-Palatinate vineyards lilt lazily over rolling ground, up to the lower slopes of the Haardt mountains. From those lower slopes one can look thirty miles eastward, to the hills of Hesse and Baden, delicate blue on a summer's day, shading to indigo in the evening. In between are orchards and fields of grain, patches of woodland and green pasture, but in the foreground only vineyards and ever more vineyards, more acres of them than exist in all other famous German wine districts combined, with close on 200 million vines, an army of 35,000 growers, and 200 named wine communes, with a single, best business in life.

The Palatinate — German "Pfalz" — has another advantage, its accessibility. This has not always worked to its gain. Down the centuries the armies of France, Austria, Prussia, England, and the Holy Roman Empire have marched through this area, ravaging and burning. But in a Europe at peace, the Palatinate is a major road junction, with signposts pointing to Belgium and Luxembourg, to the Rhine and its castles, to Heidelberg and the valley of the Neckar, to the Black Forest and Switzerland, and to Alsace and its rival vineyards. The sober and unhurried motorist can drive in a morning to Worms and back, to see its cathedral and Balthasar Neumann's baroque altar, or to Speyer, with a wine museum as well as a cathedral, or to Heidelberg's university and castle, with its gigantic wine vat, or to the lovely little rococo palace of Schloss Favorite. The Palatinate gives the winebibber every chance to sight-see in the bargain.

Finally, the weather. Germany has one well-defined east-west "weather line." This runs along the valley of the Main and the westward projection of the Mainz-Bingen stretch of the Rhine. South of this line you are no longer in Northern Europe. The Palatinate, as it happens, has more sunshine than any other part of Germany. Climatically, it is really a part of Alsace, immediately beyond Schweigen, the last village on the Weinstrasse and the proud possessor of the Weintor, or Wine Gateway.

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Alsace is protected by the Vosges from cold north winds and from snow and rain from the west; the Palatinate is similarly protected by the Haardt mountains.

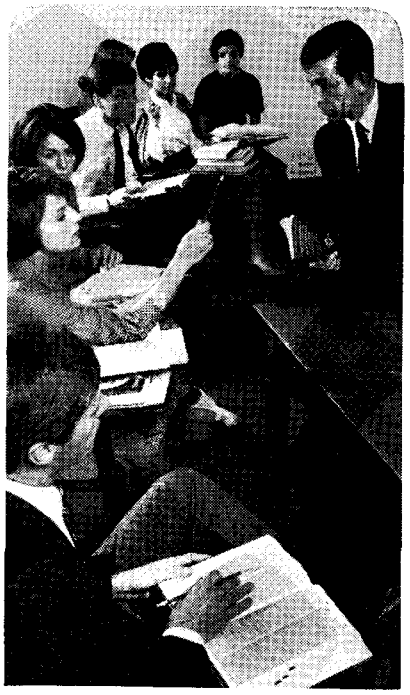
The southern benevolence of its climate has given the wines of the Palatinate one inestimable advantage: even in a bad wine year they are drinkable. The year 1951 was such a one; 1954 was a shocker, and 1960 was not much better: the wines of the Moselle rasped palate and throat; the wines of the middle Rhine turned sour in one's belly. But in each of the summers following the lean years, I passed through the Palatinate and drank cheap "open" wines in carafe, with no repugnance or ill effect. In a bad year buy only a Rhine-Palatinate wine — just as in France one can play safe by buying a wine of the Rhône.

For that matter, drink "open" wine at lunch, and reserve your palate and your cash for something better in the evening. The wines of the Weinstrasse are "big" — they have plenty of body and a high alcoholic content. This gives them the advantage of being very drinkable with every sort of food, with meat and cheese as well as fish and eggs and fruit. The purist will drink only red wine with red meat, but the purist is then up against a problem in Germany. Seven eighths of its wine is white, and most of its reds are hard, overdry, and blended with imported "neutral" French or Algerian. There are virtually no rosés. Why should a man go wine drinking in Germany if as a meat-eater he is going to have to order Burgundy and Bordeaux? In Germany, one should sink one's principles and stick to white.

Choosing his food accordingly, he should ask for local specialties and settle for veal and venison steaks rather than beef or lamb. He will enjoy veal stuffed or rolled in bread crumbs, or chicken on the spit. The Palatinate produces good hard cheese and ham, and some of the best asparagus in Germany is grown between the Weinstrasse and the Rhine. The Haardt produces a dozen varieties of mushroom, and you are also on the fringe of dumpling land, with Leberknödel, or dumplings made with minced liver and beef, dumplings in clear soup, and dumplings with the roast, seasoned with chive and onion.

The great wines of the Palatinate are legion. The most famous growers are the "three B's" — von Bassermann-Jordan, von Buhl, and Buerklin-Wolf. The most famous vineyards are in the communes of Deidesheim, Wachenheim, Forst, and Ruppertsberg, all to the south of Bad Dürkheim. Some of the best-known names are the Hohenmorgen, or "high acre," and the Kieselberg, or "slaty hill," of Deidesheim, the Ungeheuer, or "monster," and the Jesuitengarten, or "Jesuits' garden," of Forst, the Reiterpfad, or "riding path," of Ruppertsberg, and the Gerümpel, or "rubbish dump," of Wachenheim. Their wine is made from the Riesling grape, the prince of German grapes. But beautiful wines are made too from the more bourgeois Sylvaner grape, with its distinctive earthy bouquet and its merit as thirst quencher, and the Traminer, fruity, scented, and the ideal accompaniment to pudding, fruit, or ice cream. There are dozens of fine wines made from individual vineyards. Their names are always clearly inscribed when they are bottled, and are certificates of quality. The German wine laws are exact, and people who break them are often more severely punished than for such mundane crimes as assault and battery.

A brief note on these fine wines, for those who are daunted by a title such as "1959 Burg Wachenheim Riesling Auslese Buerklin-Wolf." In fact, this title merely gives the year (a very good one), the vineyard location of the "Burg" or castle (the commune of Wachenheim), the grape (Reisling), the name of the grower (Buerklin-Wolf), and the distinction of "Auslese," meaning that the wine has been made from late-picked, selected bunches of the best grapes. One down from an Auslese in the order of nobility is a Spätlese, also late-picked but less carefully selected, while higher up the scale are the Beerenauslese, with individual grapes sorted before the wine is made, and Trockenbeerenauslese, a title given only to a Beerenauslese in an exceptional year. It can cost around $20 and is something for the connoisseur, but there are plenty of good wines in the Palatinate hotels and restaurants at $3 a bottle and less, although the great 1953s and 1959s are now almost unobtainable. Since 1959 there has been only one really good (not great) year, 1964. Once again,



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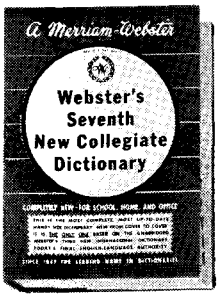

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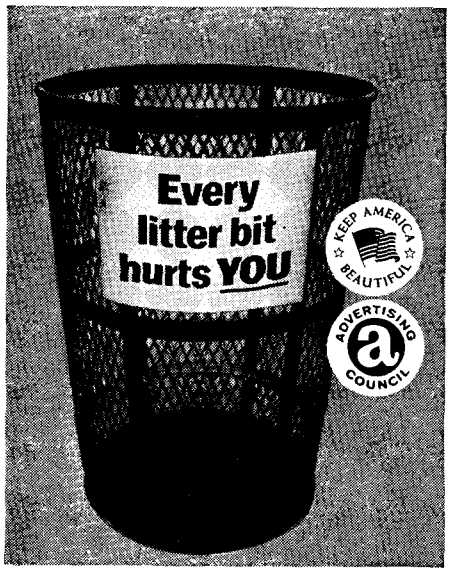

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the Palatinate scores over other districts with perfectly drinkable wines in other years ranked mediocre by the pundits.

A note, too, on Liebfraumilch, a name which bulks large on the wine lists of restaurants and in the catalogues of wine merchants. In Worms there is a church, the Liebfrauenstiftskirche. Since the early Middle Ages wine has been made from vineyards in the very shadow of the church. It still is made and is called Liebfrauenstiftswine. But Liebfraumilch is simply a trade name. If it is bottled in Germany it can be made from grapes gathered anywhere along the Middle Rhine. If it is bottled outside Germany it is, likely as not, made mainly from grapes gathered in other parts of the world. It may be drinkable, but it will not, cannot, have a distinctive taste. Hilaire Belloc, who had very set (and sometimes zany) views on wine, would have said succinctly, in Germany don't drink Liebfraumilch. It isn't necessary for there are so many good and genuine wines to choose from.

The "season" on the Weinstrasse, late August to late September, is for those who appreciate the boisterous and the bonhomous. Every village has its wine festival, where often as much beer as wine is drunk. (Germans generally lay claim to possessing both a beer thirst and a wine thirst and will extoll the merits of both with profound pedantry.) Bad Dürkheim lays on, in the first week of September, its gargantuan Wurstmarkt, or "sausage market." Visitors and locals eat and drink mainly in the open, at sausage stalls, and from casks of wine stood on wheelbarrows. Each year about 150,000 gallons of wine are drunk, and the food consumption runs to around 400 pigs, 100 oxen, and 100 calves, and several million sausages and chickens on the spit. Neustadt's wine festival culminates with the election of Germany's wine queen, while the final scene at the smaller places may be dancing on the village green or a punch-up. At Deidesheim a billy goat is put up for auction, and the money from its sale is used to provide free wine for the needy.

The Germans take their pleasures seriously. For my part, I would sooner go to the Weinstrasse in May, when the blossom is out, or in October, when the wooded slopes of the Haardt are at their best and a feeling of peacefulness has succeeded the rush and scurry of the vintage. I might seek the good and inexpensive food and homely charm of the Golden Ox at Maikammer, or grander fare at Edenkob Schlosshotel Ludwigshöhe. If I w provident I would book well in advance at the Kanne in Deidesheim, which has only half a dozen bedrooms but the best restaurant on the Weinstrasse. Deidesheim houses the Bassermann-Jordan cellars and wine museum, in a pleasantly Celtic state of disorder but containing a fine collection of Roman shards, wine jars, and drinking vessels of every kind. Bad Dürkheim is probably the easiest "center" for the cream of the vineyards, with half a dozen good hotels and one, the Leininger Hof, especially good value. And Dürkheim has a restaurant of character, the Käsbüro, with stuffed veal, rye bread, and hard cheeses as its specialties.

The people of the Palatinate are friendly and receptive. And they are very religious. Every St. John's Day wine growers take a bottle of wine to the Deidesheim parish church to have it blessed, and they use it as medicine thereafter. They pray t patron saints of wine, who incl Saint Cyriakus, Holy Walter, Sa Genevieve, and Holy Werner. At that rate their wine is almost bound to be good. And it very nearly always is.

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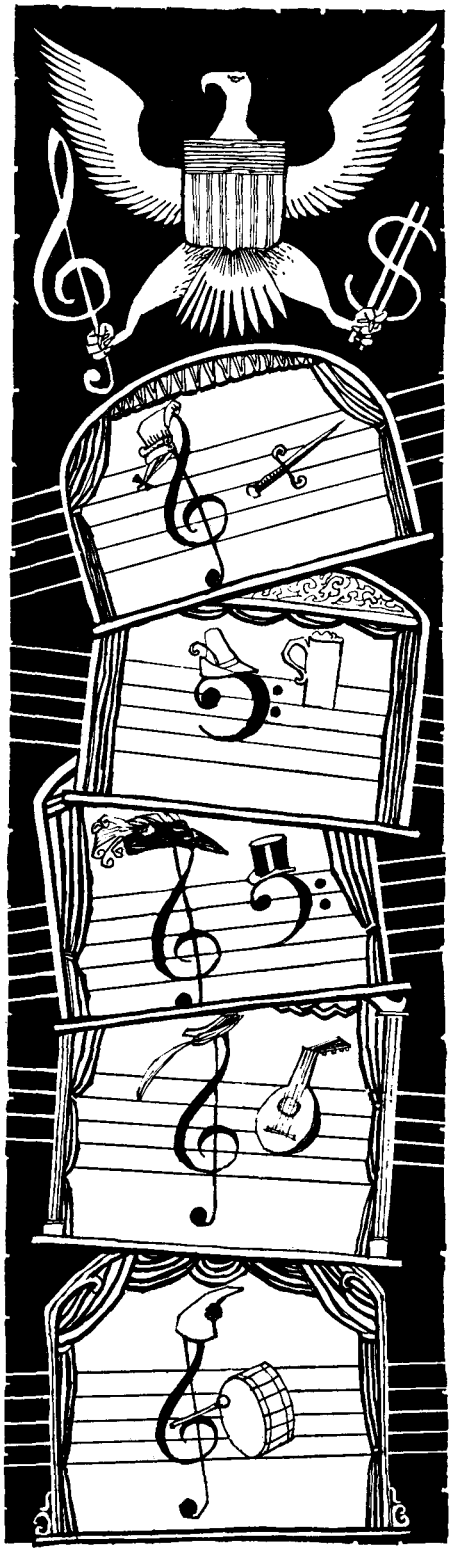
music

America Sings: Sarah Caldwell's National Opera

by Herbert Kupferberg



When a newly formed operatic troupe called the American National Opera Company, consisting of well over a hundred singers, musicians, and administrators, begins its first national tour later this month, it will have among its financial backers a novice in the field, the United States government. A grant to the company of $350,000, awarded by Roger L. Stevens' National Council on the Arts, marks the federal government's first major venture in underwriting opera. It also marks the culmination of a determined campaign by an energetic and adventuresome Bostonian named Sarah Caldwell to find backing for her concept of an operatic enterprise on a national rather than a local basis.

Miss Caldwell, who has been producing and conducting opera in Boston for the last ten years, is known as a lady impresario with ideas. But none opens up such limitless possibilities as the one of bringing the government into the opera business. Both the sum of money and the degree of involvement are, of course, trifling when compared with the massive official subventions which enable European opera companies to flourish. Yet no other American opera company has ever been accorded such a sense of governmental interest, not to say partnership, and Miss Caldwell is hopeful her enterprise may open up a new operatic era throughout the nation.

Certainly she has done exactly that in Boston, a city musically renowned before her advent largely for its great symphony orchestra. Her Opera Company of Boston, playing in the Back Bay Theater, a former movie and vaudeville palace, has attracted national attention for its imaginative performances of such modern works as Arnold Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*, Alban Berg's *Lulu*, and Luigi Nono's *Intolleranza*, and such antique novelties as Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie* — most of them American premieres.

Miss Caldwell, a generously built woman with a ready laugh, was born in Maryville, Missouri, and began her musical life as a violinist at the University of Arkansas. But when she arrived in Boston in 1943 to attend the New England Conservatory, opera monopolized her interest, until she founded her own troupe in 1957. She denies reports that she does everything for the Opera Company of Boston, from painting the scenery to selling the tickets, but sh acknowledges that she gets into quit a few aspects of the business. She picks the singers, auditions the instrumentalists, researches the music, makes the translations, conducts, rects, proselytizes, and, most imp tant of all, raises money. "What l like about opera is its variety," says Miss Caldwell, in what would seem to be an understatement.

Her new American National Company will attempt to fill the void left by the demise this year of the Metropolitan Opera National Company, a troupe of young singers established in 1965 by the Met, apart from its regular operations. Two years of coast-to-coast operations by the Met's junior company resulted in a *succès d'estime* but a *faute d'argent:* excellent reviews throughout the country were accompanied by a deficit of $2 million. Finally the parent Metropolitan in New York, itself in a financial crisis created by its move to Lincoln Center, reluctantly abandoned its offspring.

Miss Caldwell is taking over some of the Met National Company's singers, though not enough to make her troupe in any way a continuation of the old one. She will have a substantially larger company, includi an orchestra of sixty-three. Her re ertory will include during the first half of the season Puccini's *Tosca*, Verdi's *Falstaff*, and Berg's *Lulu;* later on Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* and a double bill of Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* will be added.

Although her company is basically a young American group, it is seasoned with a sprinkling of veteran artists, including several from abroad. Peter Glossop, a highly regarded English baritone, will sing some of the Falstaffs (the American Donald Gramm will do the others), and the Tosca will be Marie Collier, the Australian soprano who scored a success at the Metropolitan in New York last season in *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Miss Caldwell expects to add even more big guns on her invasion of the hinterlands during the second year.

Europe has been a major source of American singers for her. Some 600 Americans are singing opera today in Germany alone, and Miss Cal well estimates she auditioned 150 them, winding up with "eight or ten" signed to contracts.

"Our artistic pattern in this coun-

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try has been such that many of our artists have had to go abroad for a life in art, in opera," she said, as she talked about her objectives in a small New York office set up for the company. "An American singer in Munich inevitably becomes part of the life there. He is part of that house, he drinks warm Coca-Cola, he becomes a German singer. He is robbed of a chance to become part of an American company, an American style, with a face of its own."

To achieve her "American style," Miss Caldwell and her co-conductor, Osbourne McConathy, will coach the singers intensively in acting and movement as well as in music. She is even thinking of instituting a training table to assure proper diet, she said jokingly. Thanks largely to the federal grant, she will be able to afford a solid month of rehearsals and previews when the company starts work at Clewes Auditorium in Indianapolis, its initial base.

So far some thirty cities across the country have contracted for appearances by the company during the season's first half from mid-September to early December. Each is putting up a guarantee averaging $10,000 a performance, with bookings handled by the S. Hurok office. Admission prices will be strictly up to the local sponsors. Miss Caldwell disclaims a "ticket philosophy" of her own, saying only that she's well aware of the sometimes conflicting problems of reaching a mass audience and of keeping local impresarios solvent. She left no doubt that economic considerations were going to be crucial at the start; even the question of whether the company plays in New York, she said, will be determined strictly on financial grounds. Individual cities have the right to select the operas they will hear; *Tosca* is most in demand, but *Falstaff* is not far behind, and the Hurok office reports a surprising demand for *Lulu*, Berg's drama about a prostitute who winds up being murdered by Jack the Ripper. "It's a battle between sex and atonality, and evidently sex is winning out," commented a Hurok spokesman.

At the mid-season point in December, Miss Caldwell and her troupe will interrupt their tour, which is being made in three buses and a convoy of cars and station wagons, for a prolonged stay in Boston. There the two final productions of *Meistersinger* and *Cavalleria* and *Pagliacci* will be prepared. When she was asked whether the American National Company had not, in effect, swallowed up the Opera Company of Boston, Miss Caldwell replied that Boston, which will see the full complement of her new productions, would now be getting better opera than it had had previously. "That's the moral, ethical, and artistic justification for doing this," she said, "whether for Boston, or Indianapolis, or Sioux City, or Lansing." However, she is also hopeful of putting on one or two additional productions specifically for Boston. She has other ideas for Boston, too, including a new opera house, seating perhaps 2000 people and capturing "the intimacy of sound and stage" of European opera houses. She obviously is going to have to make some kind of new arrangements in Boston, for the cavernous 3500-seat Back Bay Theater where she has been playing is scheduled to be demolished next year.

Building new opera houses, like creating new opera companies, represents an awesomely formidable task in America today. If Sarah Caldwell is hopeful the jobs can be done, it is because she has confidence in herself and in the future vitality of opera. She is among those who have taken the lead in finding new approaches to an ancient art form, as in a recent production of Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* which she staged in "Mod" style. In her new company she will seek to develop new combinations of music and theater, utilizing closed-circuit television, films, projections, and similar devices. And from this, she hopes that not only a new American production style but a new American musical literature will eventually grow. "I'm sure all this will happen," she says. "Whether *we* can make it happen is really the question. At least maybe we can carry the idea forward a little."

Historically, it remains a fact that no touring opera company has ever really put down lasting roots in this country. From the old San Carlo troupe, which used to tour with basic Italian repertory, to the recent Met National Company, none has survived. The main Metropolitan's annual spring tour is merely an addendum to its regular New York season, and undertakings such as

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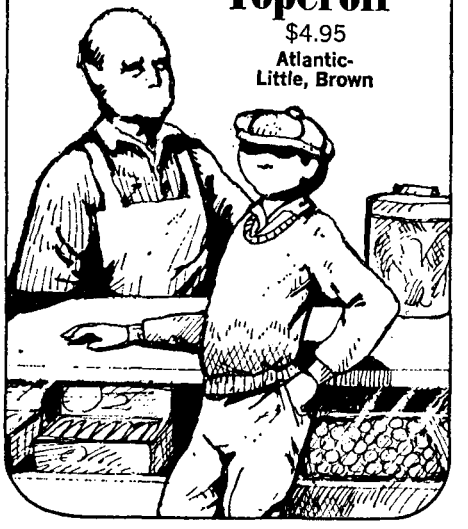

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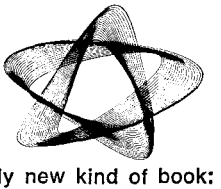

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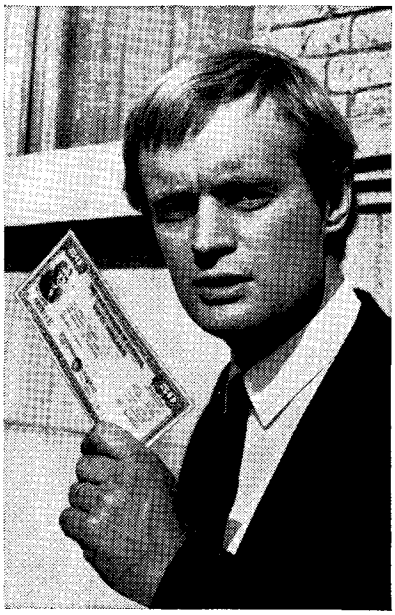

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that of Boris Goldovsky's traveling company are usually limited to a single opera year. An element of local pride and support has hitherto seemed essential to maintain a major company, whether in the municipalities of Germany and Italy or in such American cities as New York, San Francisco, Chicago, and Miss Caldwell's own Boston.

Miss Caldwell's answer is to attempt to create local roots in the various cities in which she plays, as a supplement to the support she has gained on a wider front from government and foundation grants. She has already found such backing in Boston, of course, and major support has also been forthcoming from Indianapolis. She is hopeful that governmental and industrial sources in the other cities where her company plays will contribute similarly. In fact, survival of the project may well be dependent upon such support, because she estimates that by the middle of the first season she will need another $500,000 to keep going.

One other thing troubles her — the name of the troupe. "American National Opera is awkward," she said. "One of the secretaries the other day suggested we shorten it up to 'Amnatop.' But that doesn't exactly sing, does it? And in opera, if it doesn't sing, what's the use?"

Record Reviews

Elgar: The Five "Pomp and Circumstance" Marches; Froissart Overture; Elegy for Strings; Sospiri

Sir John Barbirolli conducting Philharmonia and New Philharmonia Orchestras; Angel S-36403 (stereo) and 36403

Sir Edward Elgar contributed almost a second national anthem to Britain in the broad and majestic "Land of Hope and Glory" theme of his "Pomp and Circumstance" March No. 1. And even if he never came up with anything quite so memorable in the four marches that followed, he nevertheless always maintained the same high standards of British workmanship and dignity. The five marches (written over a span from 1901 to 1930) make a noble and imposing set of pieces, ingeniously orchestrated, and in this recording, impeccably conducted by Sir John Barbirolli along with several other short works. "Pomp and Circumstance" No. 1 has appeared in so many versions and guises that it comes as a revelation to hear it played just as Elgar originally imagined it.

Bernstein's Greatest Hits

Leonard Bernstein conducting New York Philharmonic; Columbia MS-6988 (stereo) and ML-6388

There's more imagination in the labeling of this record than in the contents. *Bernstein's Greatest Hits* might suggest to a reasonable person a sampling of the composer's best products. Instead we are given only the *Candide* Overture plus the likes of Tchaikovsky's "Waltz of the Flowers," Herold's *Zampa* Overture, Grofé's "On the Trail," and similar chestnuts. Bernstein's greatest hits, forsooth! "Lennie's Leftovers" would have been as catchy a title, and told the story more accurately.

Vivaldi: The Four Seasons

Leopold Stokowski conducting New Philharmonia Orchestra; London SPC-21015 (stereo)

Whether the composer of this recording is called Leopold Vivaldi or Antonio Stokowski, it is evident that some sort of a merger of musical styles has taken place. Eighteenth-century baroque has been treated to resemble twentieth-century modern; or, more properly, nineteenth-century romantic; accents are laid on thickly, ritards are exaggerated, and the musical texture turned to plush. The recording is the newest entry in London's superstereo "phase 4" series; Stokowski has already shown he is at home in the world of sound spectaculars, but poor Vivaldi seems like a lost soul in this company.

Ravi Shankar in New York

Ravi Shankar, sitarist, with Alla Rakha, tabla, and Shyam But-Nagar, tamboura; World-Pacific WPS-21441 (stereo) and WP-1441

My own tastes in Indian music haven't progressed much since the days of Chandu the Magician, but I must confess a growing tolerance for the exotic, twanging effects produced by Ravi Shankar and his colleagues. However, I, for one, find a certain similarity setting in after a while, and feel little sense of the ecstasy evidently conveyed to increasing numbers of Western listeners. In any event, this record contains three ragas, two morning and

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one evening, played with obvious authority, and transmitted with clear and resonant sound.

Messiaen: Three Short Liturgies
Marcel Couraud conducting Chamber Orchestra of Radiodiffusion Française and Choeurs de la Maîtrise, with Yvonne Loriod, piano, and Jeanne Loriod, Ondes Martenot; Westminster-Music Guild MS-142 (stereo) and MG-142
Olivier Messiaen, the contemporary French composer, has spoken of his musical style as "a rainbow of rhythms and harmonies," and it is a phrase which aptly fits these *Trois Petites Liturgies de la Présence Divine*. The work fairly shimmers with odd combinations and overlappings of sound, in which the Ondes Martenot, a twentieth-century electronic device much favored by Messiaen, contributes its distinctive timbres, along with celesta, vibraphone, Chinese cymbals, and other bizarre instruments. In the midst of all these, a unison soprano choir contributes a quality of lyricism, innocence, and exaltation. Few modern liturgical works are as haunting.

Vachel Lindsay Poetry
Read by Nicholas Cave Lindsay; Caedmon TC-1216 (monaural)
Listening to Nicholas Cave Lindsay read his father's poetry is a unique experience. He chants, croons, declaims, and when he comes to a poem like "The Congo," fairly explodes. And yet he knows when to retire into calm quietude, as in his reading of such dignified and moving works as "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight" and "The Eagle That Is Forgotten," the famous tribute to John Peter Altgeld. Perhaps most memorable of all is the sly and fanciful "What the Hyena Said," full of insinuating imagery about "moon worms" and those on earth who make gold their quest.

Gershwin: Porgy and Bess (highlights)
Kenneth Alwyn conducting orchestra and chorus, with Lawrence Winters, Isabelle Lucas, Ray Ellington, and others; Heliodor HS-25052 (stereo) and H-25052
This is *Porgy* by a roundabout route, for the recording was made in England, though with Lawrence Winters, the most renowned recent exponent of the role, providing the needed authenticity. Indeed, the performance as a whole is surprisingly strong, with Ray Ellington a rascally Sportin' Life and Isabelle Lucas a sweet-voiced Bess. Most of the familiar highlights are here, but even more could have been included had not space been wasted on the rather scrappy overture and a totally unnecessary orchestral postlude after the "I'm on my way" finale.

Stars of the Silver Screen, 1929-1930
John Boles, Dolores del Rio, the Duncan Sisters, Gloria Swanson, Lupe Velez, and others; RCA Victor LPV-538 (monaural)
Not everything is pure gold in this sampling of Victor's vintage files of 1929–1930. Some of it is, rather, sheer brass, as in Sophie Tucker's "He's a Good Man to Have Around" and George Jessel's "My Mother's Eyes." But almost everything is calculated to start the nostalgia flowing, with an ease that only Pavlov's dog could appreciate. Dolores del Rio almost makes one weep over "Ramona" (still a good song, that); Gloria Swanson pipes her way through "Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere"; Charles King delivers a light and tripping "Broadway Melody"; Helen Kane squeaks out "He's So Unusual." One thing about popular singers of those days: you certainly could tell them apart. The worst song in the collection, and it's so bad it's easily worth preserving, is something called "Mr. and Mrs. Sippi," a perfectly atrocious imitation of "Ol' Man River," which Everett Marshall, who had a fine baritone voice, pours out in stentorian style.

A Régine Crespin Song Recital
Régine Crespin, soprano, with John Wustman, pianist; Angel S-36405 (stereo) and 36405
In an era when sopranos are supreme, Régine Crespin manages to retain a niche as one of the most versatile and vibrant practitioners of the craft. In this collection she ranges through Schumann's *Liederkries* cycle and a group of French songs by Fauré and others. Some French singers have an uncanny affinity for German lieder, and Crespin's Schumann certainly marks her as of this select group. Among the French songs, I made at least one discovery, a suave and charming Creole lullaby by Henri Sauguet from an opéra bouffe called *Le Plumet du colonel*. Miss Crespin sings it beautifully, as she does almost everything else on the record.

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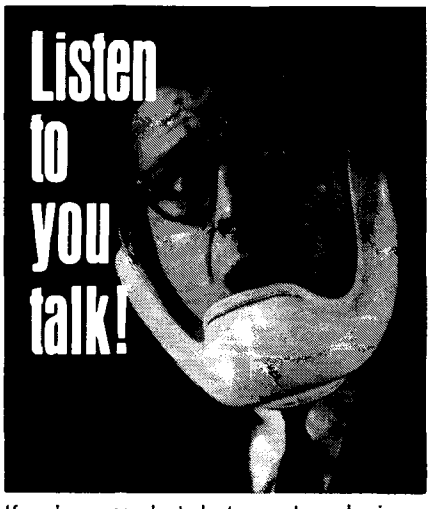

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books

The Peripatetic Reviewer
by Edward Weeks

Admirals or generals, it is a hard question, which were more set in their ways in 1940? Of this we may be sure, that both ranks, steeped in tradition, resented and opposed a working partnership with their jaunty junior the air marshal. In Billy Mitchell's day such a partnership was out of the question: airmen were adventurers, daring in their dogfights with each other but unessential when the fighting got down to the bayonet. Even after Hitler's blitzkrieg had demonstrated the overwhelming power which was produced when dive bomber and tank, air force and ground force were perfectly coordinated, the British admirals and generals, who should have learned, continued to fight their separate engagements, and it cost them plenty. The man who put a stop to this was **Lord Tedder**, who rose to be marshal of the RAF and who feared neither God nor Churchill nor any of the seniors who outranked him. He was the last of the great leaders to speak his mind about the war, and his memoir, **WITH PREJUDICE** (Little, Brown, $10.00), preserves a glorious candor and the sense of urgency thanks to his spicy, explicit journal which he began writing in the late thirties and from which he freely quotes.

Tedder had earned a reputation for being forthright when as a young instructor he was moved up to command the Air Armament School at Eastchurch. Every squadron came to the camp for a month of bombing and gunning exercises, and Tedder was as careful to judge the performance of the squadron leaders as he was the inadequacies of aircraft design. "Wood and fabric were on their way out," he wrote; "the monoplane was replacing the old box kite; the undercarriage was retractable; and these and other developments all had a direct bearing on the armament. . . ." But any major change was at the mercy of the Ordnance Board of the War Office, and after his first attendance at that august body, Tedder wrote, "One found it hard to believe that in the twentieth century there still existed such organisations. . . . The meeting of the Ordnance Board reminded me of nothing so much as of the tea party in *Alice in Wonderland* — except that there was certainly more than one dormouse."

When Tedder was promoted to command the Far Eastern Air Force, he was invited to the ceremony celebrating the installation of the fifteen-inch gun turret at Singapore, and he could not resist saying that the gun would never fire in anger for it covered the main entrance to the Singapore Straits, "and one would not expect an enemy to break in the front door." In 1938, he was recalled to be director general of Research and Development; he cemented his lifelong friendships with Wilfred Freeman (it was Freeman who ordered fifty Mosquitoes straight off the drawing board, a gamble that paid), and with Charles Portal, who was to be his closest associate when the fighting began. He encouraged young Whittle, who had been installed in a small machine shop, to make his first prototype of the jet, and he disabused Winston Churchill at what were known as "the midnight follies," when Churchill, with schoolboy delight, reviewed the gimmicks — "war winners," as he called them — many of which were cockeyed, but one or two of which, like the artificial harbors for the Normandy Coast, did indeed turn the tide.

Churchill's most calculated risk after Dunkirk was to send everything that could be spared from home defense to the Middle East, and it was here that the irrepressible Tedder, as acting air commander in chief, had his hardest innings with Admiral Cunningham and General Wavell. Both were his senior, both wanted him to supply an impenetrable air umbrella as their needs arose, and both were reluctant to confide in him as a partner. Wavell and Cunningham were chronically short of equipment, but then so was Tedder, whose planes had to come out either by carrier or on a land route of 3200 miles across Africa. The plain truth was that neither the admiral nor the general could adapt himself to the new tactics, and they both had suffered so many reverses that the resilience had worn thin.

Tedder could not suppress his indignation over all this either in his communications to Portal or in the privacy of his journal: when Cunningham had lost half of the Mediterranean fleet in his attempt to attack a German convoy without even asking for air cover, Tedder told him bluntly that "it was not an operation of war to employ surface ships in an area surrounded by enemy shore bases"; when Wavell on the opening of the desert offensive

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became temporarily lost at the front with his second in command, "I told him politely that this had been an act of criminal lunacy." The provocation was great; so is the plain-speaking. In one other vital matter he should have been respected: he was swift to assess the ability of his subordinates, and when any officer showed that he had been under too much strain, he was promptly relieved of his command. This was something that Wavell, dead tired as he was, could not bring himself to do.

His belief in mobility, his thorough, confident knowledge of the RAF, and the unsparing honesty with which he dealt with other commanders, British and American, made Tedder the right choice for Eisenhower's deputy. When rivalry broke out within the Allied expeditionary forces in North Africa and there were sharp words, it was Tedder who calmed down and suppressed the report of the angry Coningham and soothed George Patton, so that the meeting ended with the three of them arm in arm. It was Tedder who needled Montgomery for his dilatory behavior outside Caen; it was Tedder, fretting and driving in his eagerness to disrupt the enemy's railway network, who reported in May of 1944 that the servicing capacity of four thousand locomotives had been destroyed and fourteen ammunition trains exploded. This keen, wiry man, with his dark eyes and his impudent sparky humor, was as indispensable for victory as anyone in British uniform, and his book with its brisk active prose is a monument to his firmness and forethought.

The converging fleets

Everyone — except the top dog — likes to see the underdog win, and this is particularly true if the odds are formidable. In the Battle of Midway the odds against the Americans were nearly hopeless. We had no battleships, the Japanese had eleven; we had eight cruisers and they twenty-three; we had three carriers, one of them a cripple, the enemy had eight; none of the Navy pilots of one of the carriers had ever been in combat, and of the Marines, seventeen of the twenty-one new pilots were just out of flight school, whereas the Japanese pilots numbered many veterans of Pearl Harbor. Finally, Admiral Bill Halsey, whom his men

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adored, was in sick bay in Hawaii, his carriers entrusted to a stranger, Admiral Spruance. These are the sea dogs, Japanese and American, whom WALTER LORD writes about in his very human, fast-moving narrative INCREDIBLE VICTORY (Harper & Row, $5.95). His method is to tell in alternating chapters of the advance of the Japanese fleet and of the desperate defense of the Americans; his details are drawn from interviews with some four hundred survivors of the action and from war diaries, charts, and letters. Written in his graphic, breathless style, the story, as true as he can make it, mounts with almost unbelievable tension as the converging fleets draw near.

The book begins aboard the flagship *Yamato*, with dark, scowling Admiral Nagumo, the commander of the four powerful carriers, holding a previctory celebration for some two hundred officers on the quarterdeck. The Japanese armada, totaling some 190 ships, was about to sail, and its mission was to capture the American base at Midway, lure the weakened U.S. fleet into a combat which hopefully would win the war for Japan. As they toasted victory in the warm *sake*, they could look back on an unbelievable six months — Pearl Harbor, the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*, Hong Kong, Singapore, and Bataan. Small wonder there was a feeling of overconfidence.

One powerful factor the Japanese were unaware of was the Navy Combat Intelligence Unit working under Commander Rochefort in a basement at Pearl. Rochefort had helped crack the top Japanese naval code, JN-25; he knew the language well, and all through April he and his team had been listening in on the Japanese flag officers' system. The intercepts kept referring to "AF," which Rochefort was sure meant Midway, but Washington was skeptical. Around May 10 Midway sent out a fake message in plain English saying that their fresh-water machinery had broken down, and when two days later a Jap intercept reported that "AF" was low on fresh water, Admiral Nimitz was convinced, and began calling in his ships, the carriers *Enterprise* and *Hornet* under Halsey and the *Yorktown*, which had had its innards ripped out at Coral Sea. The tiny atoll of Midway, with its three square miles of dry land, was crammed with guns and planes however obsolete.

There was another imponderable working for the Americans: thanks to the intercepts, the search planes and Jap subs sent out to spot th American ships did not find then. and did not report until too late.

No quotations can anticipate the thrill of excitement in Mr. Lord's text. In his interviews he has picked up a thousand incredible happenings: of dogged heroism, grim humor, and endurance. The Marine pilots were bowled over by the Zeros, and in *Hornet's* "Torpedo 8," twenty-nine of the thirty airmen were lost. Having blown apart five successive waves of American attackers, the Japanese carriers were reloading their planes to assault the American fleet when the last and telling wave of American dive bombers dropped from the skies. It is a brave story and a fantastically true one, down to Admiral Kusaka's desperate efforts to prevent his superiors from committing hara-kiri.

Criticism and emotion

GEORGE STEINER, who was born in Paris in 1929, is an exciting and excitable critic. His education, begun in France, was furthered in this country and took him as a Rhodes Scholar to Oxford, after which he served for a time on the editorial staff of the London *Economist*. His early books, *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* and *The Death of Tragedy*, were planned at Princeton, and today he divides his teaching between New York University and Churchill College, Cambridge. He is a gifted phrase maker, and his vast reading, his vigilant curiosity, and his Jewish sense of outrage give depth and intensity to his new collection of essays, LANGUAGE AND SILENCE (Atheneum, $8.00).

The recurring theme in these papers is that the sphere of language comprises an ever narrowing domain, and that in the brutalization of life as the mass man took over the world, language has been defiled and debased: "What," he asks in the foreword, "are the relations of language to the murderous falsehoods it has been made to articulate and hallow in certain totalitarian regimes? Or to the great load of vulgarity, imprecision, and greed it is charged with in a mass-consumer democracy?" These questions were foreseen by Ortega and acknowl-

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edged by Orwell. Mr. Steiner presses them home with special reference to the hideous abuse of the German language during the thirteen years of Nazism. In one of his most interesting papers, "The Hollow Miracle," he argues that the lies and the filth injected into German by Hitler and Goebbels finally killed it. "The language," Steiner wrote in 1959, "is no longer lived; it is merely spoken."

He alludes to the Prussianizing of German under Bismarck, the revival in the 1920s under the Manns, Kafka, Rilke, and Brecht, and then the unspeakable bestiality of the gas chambers and the mass torture of six million Jews; he stresses the effect of exile on the German authors who escaped and the castration of those who remained. This is brilliant pyrotechnics; and five years after it was written, along came Günter Grass to prove that there is life in the old girl yet, as Mr. Steiner gracefully acknowledges in the essay that follows.

There are many fine things in this big lump of stimulus. "Night Words" is unquestionably the best essay that has yet been written on pornography, and I could not fault a word in it. "On Reading Marshall McLuhan" is sharp and right and amusing. And the power and lamentation in "Postscript," one of the more recent pieces, is deeply felt, though marred for me by hysterical touches, as when he condemns the RAF and the U.S. Air Force for not bombing the gas ovens and the rail lines leading to the death camps. At his best Steiner is penetrating; at his second best, challenging and likely to be carried away by the overloaded phrases generated in his excitement. And there are curious shifts in mood, most noticeable in his essay on F. R. Leavis. The paper begins in a mood of undergraduate adulation. "The Muses," he writes, "have conferred only two doctorates, his [Dr. Leavis'] and Dr. Johnson's." But Leavis was never as good as that, and in the second half of this essay Steiner proves that he isn't. The critic refers to Leavis' prejudices, his blind spots — Yeats and Dickens — his overevaluation of D. H. Lawrence, his neglect of James Joyce. This denigration was probably touched off by Leavis' intemperate attack on C. P. Snow, but it results in about as contradictory an evaluation as I have ever read.

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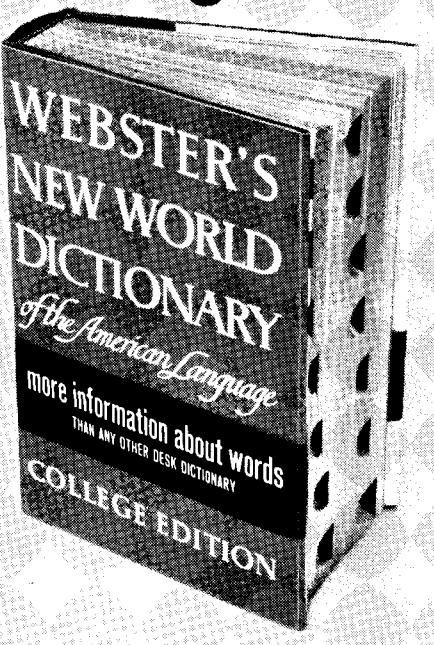

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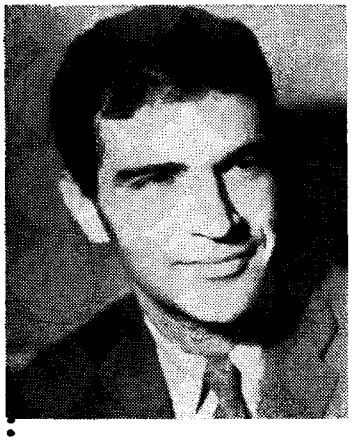

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Readers Choice
by Oscar Handlin

A memory which reaches back a quarter of a century wistfully recalls the concept of One World. In those more innocent days it was possible to hope that once the fascists were extirpated, men everywhere would recognize their common humanity and join forces to further their mutual interests. The will to believe, inflated under the pressure of war, blinded Americans, among others, to the intractable problems of the future. Cultural and social differences that separated peoples would be as important as the similarities among them in determining their fate. And we suffer in 1967 as we did in 1942 from inadequate knowledge of these differences.

China, for instance, remains an enigma to the West. Although a correct appraisal of the prospects for coexistence is absolutely vital in setting policy for the 1970s, the melancholy fact remains that no one outside Peking was able to predict or explain the major developments of the past decade. The Hundred Flowers, the Great Leap Forward, the break with the Soviet Union, and Mao's recent cultural revolution — each came as a surprise, and the reasons for each remain obscure.

Censorship, restraints upon travel, the size of the nation, and language difficulties inhibit serious reporting from within the country. In the past year, French, English, Australian, and Swedish writers have published in the United States about a dozen books containing observations of trips through China. Not one was worth reading. Like their counterparts on the Soviet Union in the 1930s, these volumes blandly and unconsciously transmitted the line supplied to their authors by Communist hosts.

THE CHINESE LOOKING GLASS (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95) by DENNIS BLOODWORTH is a considerable cut above the level of the usual China book. Bloodworth, the Far Eastern correspondent of the London *Observer*, is a resident of Singapore, married to a Chinese wife, and knows something of the language and literature of the country. He has a genuine feeling of sympathy for Chinese culture and writes deftly and often movingly. The touches of humor that enliven his account nicely set off the pathos of parts of the story.

Bloodworth made two recent trips to China but has no illusions about how much he was able to see. In any case, his book is not primarily a travel journal but rather an incisive analysis of national character. Surveying the long span of Chinese history, he seeks to make out the basic traits that influence the habits and the thought of the people. The Communist regime in this perspective becomes merely one of a long succession of systems of control generated by this culture.

The interplay between a Confucian emphasis upon rigid adherence to precepts and a Taoist stress upon natural spontaneity is the underlying force in Chinese life, according to Bloodworth. But this general interpretation is less enlightening and less important than the shrewd and perceptive treatment of many specific topics. Such subjects as the nature of the language, the role of the soothsayers, the import of the poetry, and the character of the painting receive lucid explanations.

The deficiencies of the book arise from its perspective. A resident of Singapore knows best the overseas Chinese, who look at their homeland through the distorting prisms of emigration. People who try to preserve an ancestral culture in an alien environment cherish an ideal image of "back home," one in which contradictions and ambiguities fade away and all is whole, consistent, and coherent. The tendency is particularly strong among the Chinese, some aspects of whose culture stress the value of changelessness.

Bloodworth yields to the temptation to describe a "timeless Chinese world" that has endured for millennia and that is much the same under the leader Mao as under the Emperor Yao. As a result, Bloodworth consistently underplays the importance of internal differences and of changes through time. The peasar in Jehol has the same culture ¿ one in Fukien and the same also as that of the Mandarin in Peking, in 1900 as in 900. Thus regarded, the vast record of Chinese culture sometimes supplies the data for contradictory conclusions. In chapter eight women are a kind of marginal property; in chapter nine they rule the household.

More to the point, Bloodworth gasps helplessly when it comes to judging the relationship of the current regime to Chinese tradition. His concluding sentence implies that Mao may ultimately fit into a line of thinkers which reaches directly back to Confucius. But the argument also implies that Chiang and the Nationalist Kuomintang could also (equally well?) have come at the end of the same line. And the effort to explain the Red Guard's cultural revolution against tradition breaks down completely.

In a timeless culture whatever happened had to happen because the essentials never changed. Ther was therefore no possibility of ac commodation with Western democracy. Bloodworth thus writes off the significance of the whole effort at Westernization. Yet in a relatively brief period that effort made millions of converts, and its achievements indicate that the process which fastened Communism on China was not as inevitable as *The Chinese Looking Glass* indicates.

Chinese Communism

The primitive condition of the scholarship which deals with China explains part of the depth of our ignorance of the subject. Traditional Mandarin learning ascribed no value to scientific method or criticism, and modern students in the West and in the East have only begun to scratch at the surface problems.

CADRES, BUREAUCRACY, AND POLITICAL POWER IN COMMUNIST CHINA (Columbia University Press, $12.00) by A. DOAK BARNETT illustrates the value of serious scholarly inquiry in this difficult field. This sober analysis should find readers beyond the circle of political scientists at whom it is primarily directed, for

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the book explains in careful detail how the Reds rule their immense empire. The problem is complex not only because of the size of the country and its population but also because of the absence of limits on the role of government. In a society which recognizes no private spheres, the state administers the economy and the culture, and polices all personal as well as social relationships. To govern under these circumstances is to control the life of the whole society.

Professor Barnett describes the operations of the Communist system with skill and ingenuity. Although he has used whatever published data exist, his chief sources are exhaustive interviews conducted in 1964–1965 with defectors who had themselves once been part of the system. Such informants are, of course, biased. But Barnett is aware of the danger of uncritical reliance upon their statements and has successfully coped with it. There is no better account of how the Communist government actually operated in 1965.

Barnett's conclusions are not comforting. The cadres — state functionaries of every sort — are controlled by the Communist Party, which dominates every agency of government and transmits the dictates of the leaders to every corner of the land. The Party has wiped out or absorbed all rival institutions — villages, clans, guilds, religious bodies, and the family — and has imposed a straitjacket on all intellectual life. There is no opposition capable of challenging the regime; terror and the absence of alternatives prevent the existing widespread dissatisfaction from jelling into any serious organized form. Barring an attack from outside, only a falling out among the leaders could shake the Party apparatus on which the structure of government rests. The significance of the Red Guard movement may lie in the fact that it represents such a split in leadership.

Contacts of culture

Cultural differences are, to some extent, independent of the economic and social systems. Americans and Japanese thought and behaved differently in the 1930s and 1940s despite the fact that they lived in industrialized capitalist countries. Englishmen and Indians, French-

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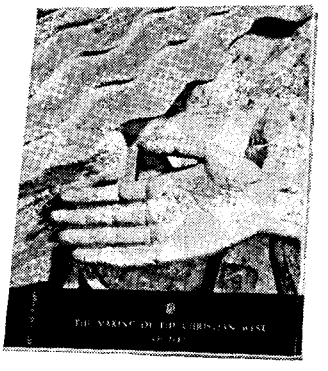

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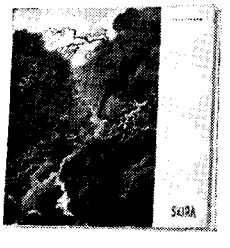

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men and Moroccans remained apart although they worked in the same enterprises and were subject to the same rulers. The contact among peoples under such circumstances offers fascinating material both to the historian and to the novelist.

WILLIAM CRAIG'S THE FALL OF JAPAN (Dial, $6.50) is popular contemporary history at its best. It rests upon careful research, which included examination of the sources in Japanese as well as in English, and draws also on interviews with the main actors in the drama. The book is popular in the sense that it emphasizes the narrative as against interpretation. It gives more space to the bombing of Nagasaki than of Hiroshima, for instance, because the flight to the former city was more dramatic, not more important, than that to the latter. Craig knows enough not to try to get everything in. A skillful selection of details brings the leading personalities alive, conveys a sense of the actuality of the situation, and moves the story along at a good pace.

The book covers a span of less than a year, from the autumn of 1944, when it became clear to many Japanese military leaders that their war was lost, to August, 1945, when their surrender was consummated. The somewhat unexpected hero proves to have been the Mikado. Only his personal intervention on two occasions prevented his army from carrying forward a costly and suicidal struggle after it was clear that there was no hope of victory.

The destructive evidence of the atomic explosions persuaded Hirohito to act as he did. Until then, the military were prepared to resist an invasion of the home islands. Their intelligence was accurate enough to enable them to predict the exact sites of the planned American landings. The Japanese were ready on the beaches of Kagoshima and Ariake in Kyushu, by the time "Downfall," the United States strategic plan for the invasion, was approved. No doubt the Americans would have prevailed in the end even without the atom bombs — but at the cost of many more lives.

The behavior of the Japanese seemed senseless and irrational to those who did not understand the function of suicide in their culture. Through the last year of the war, the worthiness of a voluntary death dominated the thinking of the Japanese military. The kamikaze attacks were effective precisely because thousands of pilots gladly chose thus to give up their lives. Admiral Takijiro Onishi, who devised the kamikaze tactic, later committe hara-kiri himself in expiation fo his failure to avert defeat. The mournful wife of Colonel Ida, who came to the War Ministry to claim her husband's body, was outraged to discover that his friends had persuaded him to go on living. The shock to family honor sent her into hysterics.

The divine Mikado compounded the bewilderment of surrender. The unimaginable trauma of his acceptance of defeat immobilized the officers who really believed that the Emperor was god. They were quite prepared to die for him, but they simply did not know how to behave in the face of an order from him to cease fighting. The pathetic plot of the palace guard to prevent a surrender proved a fiasco. The men who wished to uphold the Mikado's prerogatives could not do so by disobeying him. Later, it made all the difference in the world when the Americans embellished the surrender proclamation with the appropriate Imperial references.

THE TIME OF FRIENDSHIP (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $4.95) is a welcome collection of short stories by PAUL BOWLES, an author who has published relatively little in the past decade. Bowles is a master of his craft. Each story in this collection, as in his earlier books, *The Delicate Prey* and *The Sheltering Sky*, is carefully polished. Although the stories are not long, they leave a sense of leisurely exposition. Economy of organization and careful design permit them to say a great deal within a limited space. Even the least successful of them, "Tapiama," grips the interest.

The tales with an American setting deal with pathological subjects — two mad sisters murder thirty-seven babies, an eccentric plans to distribute poisoned gum through the subway slot machines, a small boy's hatred of his father comes to the surface during a nightmarish Christmas Day. But Bowles is at his best in the stories set in Morocco. Long years of residence in Tangier have made him familiar with the place, the people, and the folklore. Moreover, the culture of the country supplies an especially

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appropriate background for the themes Bowles finds most congenial.

In Morocco, the cultures of Western Islam and of Europe touched each other temporarily and uneasily. Until recently, the Europeans were the superiors in the encounter: they were the rulers, the patrons of the hotels, the managers. The Moroccans were the subjects, the servants, and the laborers. But now the influence of Europe has begun to ebb, and as the thin veneer of its civilization peels away, the older indigenous habits and beliefs are exposed largely as they were before. Thus Driss, a modern soldier who knows that spells and conjurers are wrong, nevertheless reverts to the use of magic in his crisis. In "A Friend to the World," too, the drugs of the witch prove extraordinarily effective, and the enlightened policeman is trapped by his obedience to the law.

The context of incipient decay provides a nice backdrop against which Bowles outlines his characters clearly. The European women feel the effects of the change most acutely. Fräulein Windling, the Swiss teacher who comes to the desert hotel, understands the young boy she befriends but cannot communicate her feelings to him. In any case, nationalism dissolves their fragile relationship. She must leave, and he runs off to join the guerrillas. Mrs. Callender's obsessive insistence upon English properties, in another story, leads first to misunderstanding and then to tragedy.

When the constraints of European obligations drop away, the Moroccan men can once more live fecklessly, taking each day as it comes, reconciled to a fate that is heedless of man's intentions. Salam and "He of the Assembly" have no wish to harm anyone. Their cruelties are the unintentional reflexes of self-indulgent personalities unaccustomed to estimating the consequences of their actions. People who do not believe that they can control their own destiny are constantly tempted to escape into the narcotic stupor induced by drugs or daydreams.

In the world Bowles describes, all efforts to transcend the limitations of culture are futile. His may be an incomplete view which underestimates man's capacity for rising above his environment, but within the boundaries he marks out for himself, Bowles is a perceptive and enlightening observer.

Cultural rebels

The liberal societies of the past century have generally tolerated the coexistence of a variety of cultures reflecting class or ethnic differences and migration. A special place has also been conceded to the creative personalities unwilling to accept the dominant values and standards of behavior. The musician, the artist, and the writer have often claimed exemption from the rules governing other people and have sometimes made good the right to live by codes of their own in communities of their own. The residents of bohemia enjoyed cultural freedom but suffered from a lack of function, which inhibited the use of their talents.

The second volume of THE DIARY OF ANAÏS NIN (Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95) covers five years (1934–1939) in the life of a gifted writer. Anaïs Nin had begun to keep this remarkably candid diary as a girl; she continued to record her impressions as she matured. Since she moved familiarly through the avant-garde circles of Paris and New York, she knew well and commented shrewdly on Henry Miller, Pablo Neruda, Waldo Frank, and Lawrence Durrell. But the selections printed in this volume most often come back to the writer exploring herself as a woman and as an artist.

To others, Anaïs Nin generally seemed buoyant and self-assured. Yet the dominant impression left by the intimate diary for these years is the lack of fulfillment. The Spanish Civil War was the great shock of her generation. "The death of the Republicans in Spain," she wrote, "wounds me like the death of flesh I love." Her Marxist friend Gonzalo burned with fervor to do something. Yet all the passion dissolved in talk. It was significant that Anaïs Nin's medium should be the diary, in which she built a private world, conceding the inability to help build the world outside.

The characteristic figure of a somewhat earlier bohemian generation was JEAN COCTEAU, whose THE DIFFICULTY OF BEING (Coward-McCann, $4.50) is now made available in a good English translation. The loosely connected fragments are

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not, properly speaking, an autobiography, yet they have inner continuity, and amount to an effort to justify the author's career.

Cocteau was a man of abundant gifts, a dazzling innovator on the movie screen and on canvas as well as in print. His talent was genuine, but he dissipated much of it. As the memories of his conversational brilliance and of his flamboyant personality fade, his durable achievements prove to be few in number. In retrospect, too, his taste often seems to have been undiscriminating and faddish.

Cocteau was intelligent enough to know his own faults. "My dreams are nearly always criticisms of my actions, so severe and so accurate that they could be a lesson to me." But self-knowledge did not give him the means to do battle with himself. "I correct carelessly, let a thousand faults pass, am lazy about rereading my work, and only reread the idea." These attitudes may well spring from the undisciplined context within which he worked and from lack of rapport with the heterogeneous audiences he addressed.

Potpourri
by Phoebe Adams

Giving away the plot of a novel is a disservice to the author and to potential readers, and I try to avoid it. Unfortunately, it is impossible to discuss SUSAN SONTAG'S DEATH KIT (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.75) without revealing that the entire action is a dream occurring in the mind of the hero between the time he swallows a clutch of pills and his death in the hospital. This type of construction, which provides the author with an infallible excuse for any eccentricity, always has a tinge of the easy out about it, and while Miss Sontag has played fair with the device, offering the sufficiently suspicious reader a suitable number of clues to the situation in the early pages, she never demonstrates that the device was necessary. To be candid, she never persuades me that this novel was necessary. It is essentially an attempt to dramatize formal psychological theory — the conflict between life force and death wish — and to do it without adding complications of individual character, realistic social consequences, or even reflections and opinions of the author. The proposition, in short, is to remain on the level of a general principle, a decision which reduces the author's area of invention to surface ornament and symbol juggling. Miss Sontag is clever at both, and devotees of literature as jigsaw puzzle will find much to reward them scattered through the pages of *Death Kit*. Taken as a whole, the novel is an immensely elaborate repetition of a psychological concept which was stated clearly and simply several generations back and widely accepted before Miss Sontag was born.

THE EXPLOITS OF THE INCOMPARABLE MULLA NASRUDIN (Simon and Schuster, $4.95) turns out to be a jokebook, a collection of satirical absurdities that have, according to the compiler, Idries Shah, been drifting around the Middle East for centuries. The century part is undoubtedly true; the book contains one mother-in-law joke that dates from the early Paleolithic. But most of these tales have more in common with Aesop and the wilder outposts of Zen than with Joe Miller. They defy man's fate, and even man's nature, and they are gloriously and irreverently funny.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S unfinished pornographic work UNDER THE HILL (Grove, $3.95) has been provided with a conclusion by the Canadian poet John Glassco. The enterprise is interesting but hardly successful. The format is too small to do justice to Beardsley's illustrations, and while Mr. Glassco's extension of the story is ingenious, his style never quite rings true. Beardsley amused himself by applying to his more scandalous inventions such adjectives as sweet, dear, pretty, delicious, and adorable, and by interspersing among these girlish twitterings an occasional phrase of flat-footed, literal bluntness. He was also capable of finishing off a feverish description of an epicene actor by referring to the fellow as "the thing." It is this undercutting of his apparent intention that gives Beardsley's work its interest and makes *Under the Hill* a trifle different from the common run of such stuff. Mr. Glassco has not been able to imitate the effect, probably because there is no clue in Beardsley's surviving text as to what he had in mind to accomplish with the trick.

LADISLAV MŇAČKO'S THE TASTE OF POWER (Praeger, $5.95) is a political novel out of Czechoslovakia, where only parts of it have as yet been printed — evidently, therefore, considered dangerously critical on its home ground, but like so many of these daring works smuggled out of Communist countries, positively mild by degenerate Western standards. It offers the thesis that power corrupts, and it takes a real wrench of the imagination to understand how this chestnut could worry anybody. Since the novel is composed out of a scrambling together of disconnected episodes, it seems probable that concern arises not from the thesis, but from the illustrative events. They look like rearrangements of things that actually happened, improprieties widely known in Czechoslovakia but officially filed under the rug. The author has now dragged them out and employed them to describe the career of a Communist partisan leader of the Second World War, turned administrator, turned, eventually, head of the state — a process that changes him from an honest if ruffianly idealist to a cruel, wily, irresponsible, miserably frightened old man. All this transformation is seen from the outside, reported by an old friend, a system adopted not because the author is afraid to penetrate the mind of his subject (the gallery of subsidiary characters proves that he is willing to tackle anything), but because the man is being displayed as a creation of the Stalin era rather than as an individual. The book is not a complaint against Communism, but a repudiation of Stalinism, which the author views as a regrettable deviation from the proper course of Party history.

IN ROCK ART OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN (Crowell, $12.95), CAMPBELL GRANT has assembled, in tightly condensed form, a great deal of information about aboriginal carvings and paintings: how they were done, where they are located, the different styles involved, the dispersion of certain widely used motifs, how these works can best be preserved or reproduced, who made them, when, and why. The last three points are frequently unknown and unknowable, as Mr. Grant ruefully admits, but he has worked hard on the others. The book is well illustrated with designs that range from mere baffling squiggles to compositions of wit and charm.

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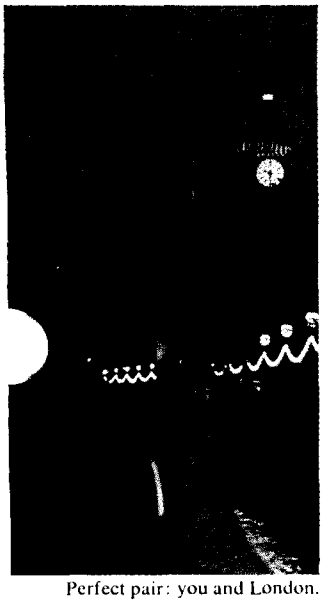

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